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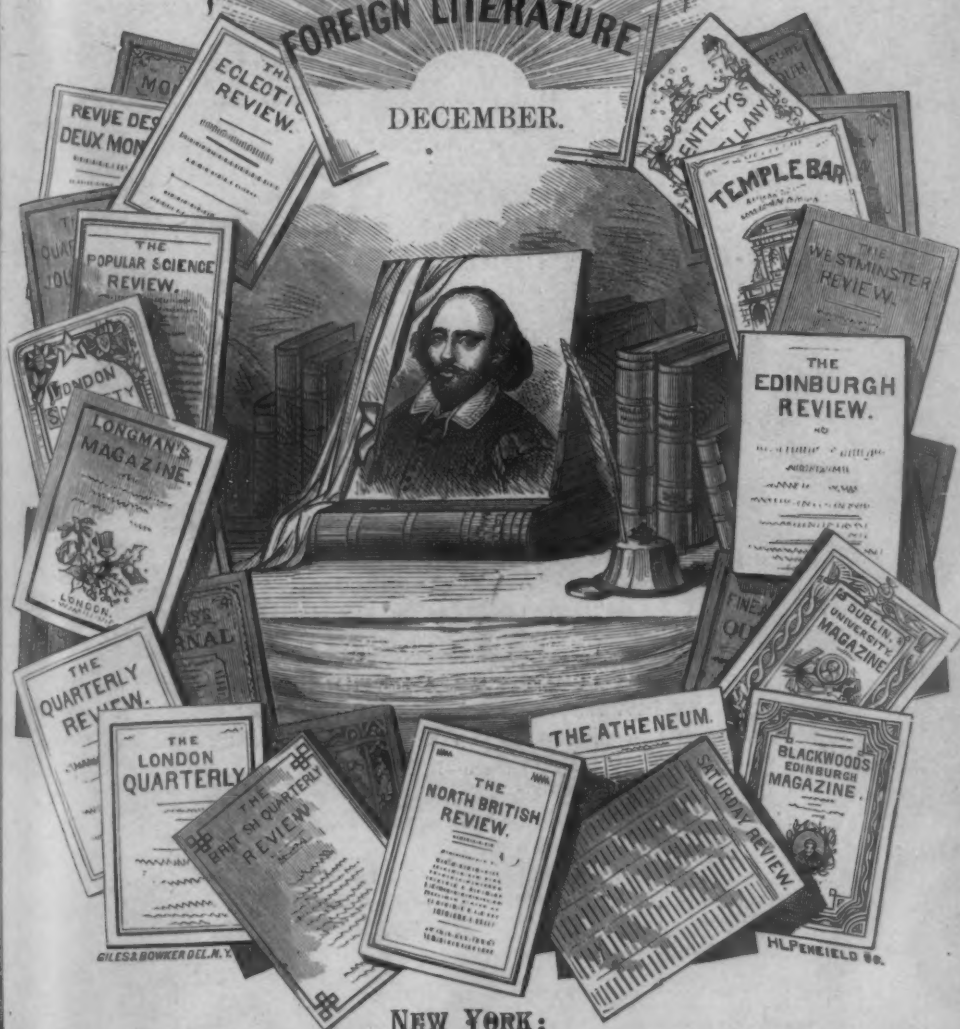
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### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

This number of the *ECLECTIC* closes the forty-second volume of the new series.

According to the custom to which we have adhered for many years, we shall continue to send the *ECLECTIC* to all subscribers who do not notify us of their desire to have it discontinued.

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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

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plete in 63 vols.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS ERROR.

BY JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

It would be easy to expose the errors about me, both in fact and in logic, for which Principal Fairbairn has made himself responsible in his May article in *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, but that would not answer the purpose which leads me to write. Such an outlay of time and trouble is not what those who take an interest in me would thank me for. They would rather wish me to say what I myself think upon the subject he has opened, and whether there are any points for explanation lying about in the vehement rhetoric he has directed against me. Certainly they will not think there is any call for my assuring them that I am not a hidden sceptic; and I can meet them with the thankful recognition that for a long seventy years, amid mental trials sharp and heavy, I can, in my place and in my measure, adopt the words of St. Polycarp before his martyrdom: "For fourscore years

and six I have served my Lord, and He never did me harm, but much good; and can I leave Him now?" But this immunity neither has, nor ought to have, hindered me from entering with sympathy into the anxieties of those who are in this respect less happy than myself; and be it a crime or not, I confess to have tried to aid them according to my ability. Not that I can pretend to be well read in mental science, but I have used such arguments and views as are congenial to my own mind, and I have not been unsuccessful in my use of them.

As I have said in print, "A man's experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others. . . . He brings together his reasons and relies on them, because they are his own, and this is his primary evidence; and he has a second ground of evidence in the testimony of those who agree with him. But

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his best evidence is in the former, which is derived from his own thoughts. . . . He states what are personally his own grounds in natural and revealed religion, holding them to be so sufficient that he thinks that others also do hold them implicitly or in substance, or would hold them, if they inquired fairly, or will hold if they listen to him, or do not hold from impediments, invincible or not as it may be, into which he has no call to inquire." ("Gram. of Assent," pp. 385-6.)

## II.

Enough of introduction. I begin with what is of prime importance in Dr. Fairbairn's charges against me—the sense in which I use the word "Reason," against which Reason I have made so many and such strong protests. It is a misleading word, as having various meanings. It is sometimes used to signify the gift which distinguishes man from brute; I have not so used it. In this sense it is mainly a popular word, not a scientific. When so taken it is not a faculty of the mind, rather it is the mind itself; or it is a generalization, or it stands for the seat of all the mental powers together. For myself, I have taken it to mean the faculty of Reasoning in a large sense, nor do I know what other English word, to express that faculty, can be used instead of it. Besides, "Reason" is of a family of words all expressive of Reasoning. I may add that it is the meaning which Dr. Johnson puts upon the word, and the meaning which he traces through all its derivative senses, corroborating his account of it by passages from English authors. "Reason," he says, is "the power by which man deduces one proposition from another, or proceeds from premises to consequences; the rational faculty; discursive power." Also it is the sense, I suppose, which Principal Fairbairn himself gives to the word, for he speaks of "the region of reason and reasoning" (p. 667).

## III

This being the recognised sense of the word, it is quite as important for my present purpose to show it to be the sense in which I have myself used "Reason" in what I have written at

various times; though Dr. Fairbairn, as having "studied all my books" (p. 663), must be well aware of it already. For instance:

First, I discard the vague popular sense of it as the distinguishing gift of man in contrast to the brute creation. "Sometimes," I say, "it stands for all in which man differs from the brutes; and so it includes in its signification the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong and the directing principle of conduct. In this sense certainly I do not here use it." ("Univ. Sermon" p. 58.)

This is but a negative account of it, but in another sermon I speak more distinctly: "By the exercise of reason is properly meant any process or act of the mind, by which, from knowing one thing, it advances on to know another." (*Ibid.* p. 223.)

Again: "It is obvious that even our senses convey us but a little way out of ourselves, and introduce us to the external world only under circumstances, under conditions of time and place, and of certain media through which they act. We must be near things to touch them; we must be interrupted by no simultaneous sounds in order to hear them; we must have light to see them; we can neither see, hear, nor touch things past or future. Now, Reason is that faculty of the mind by which this deficiency is supplied; by which knowledge of things external to us—of beings, facts, and events—is attained beyond the range of sense; . . . it brings us knowledge—whether clear or uncertain, still knowledge, in whatever degree of perfection, from every side; but, at the same time, with this characteristic, that it obtains it indirectly, not directly, . . . on the hypothesis of something else . . . being assumed to be true." (*Ibid.* p. 206.)

And again: "Reason, according to the simplest view of it, is the faculty of gaining knowledge without direct perception, or of ascertaining one thing by means of another. In this way it is able, from small beginnings, to create to itself a world of ideas, which do or do not correspond to the things themselves for which they stand, or are true or not, according as it is exercised soundly or otherwise." (*Ibid.* p. 256.)

## IV.

These passages are on subjects of their own; but they will serve the purpose of making clear the account which in times past, as now, I give of the reasoning faculty; and, in doing so, I have implied how great a faculty it is. In its versatility, its illimitable range, its subtlety, its power of concentrating many ideas on one point, it is for the acquisition of knowledge all-important or rather necessary, with this drawback, however, in its ordinary use, that in every exercise of it, it depends for success upon the assumption of prior acts similar to that which it has itself involved, and therefore is reliable only conditionally. Its process is a passing from an antecedent to a consequent, and according as the start so is the issue. In the province of religion, if it be under the happy guidance of the moral sense,\* and with teachings which are not only assumptions in form, but certainties, it will arrive at indisputable truth, and then the house is at peace; but if it be in the hands of enemies, who are under the delusion that their arbitrary assumptions are self-evident axioms, the reasoning will start from false premises, and the mind will be in a state of melancholy disorder. But in no case need the reasoning faculty itself be to blame or responsible, except if viewed as identical with the assumptions of which it is the instrument. I repeat, it is but an instrument; as such I have viewed it, and no one but Dr. Fairbairn would say as he does—that the bad employment of a faculty was a “division,” a “contradiction,” and “a radical antagonism of nature,” and “the death of the natural proof” of a God. The eyes, and the hands, and the tongue, are instruments in their very nature. We may speak of a wanton eye, and a murderous hand, and a blaspheming tongue, without denying that they can be used for good purposes as well as for bad.

## V.

It must not be supposed then that I think a natural faculty of man to have

\* I believe that some philosophers, as Kant, speak of the Moral Sense as a Divine Reason. Of course, I have no difficulty in accepting “Reason” in this sense; but I have not so used it myself.

been revolutionized because an enemy of truth has availed itself of it for evil purposes. This is what Dr. Fairbairn imputes to me, for I hold, it seems, that “in spite of the conscience there is” not a little “latent atheism in the nature, and especially in the reason, of man” (p. 665). Here he has been misled by the epithets which I attached in the “Apologia” to the Reason, as viewed in its continuous strenuous action against religious truth, both in and outside the Catholic body. I will explain why I did so. I had been referring to the fall of man, and our Catechisms tell us that the Fall opened upon him three great spiritual enemies, which need to be resisted by means natural and supernatural. I was led by my general subject to select one of the three for my remarks, and to ask how did it act, and by what instruments? The instruments of the Evil One are best known to himself; the Flesh needs no instruments; the reasoning Faculty is the instrument of the World. The World is that vast community impregnated by religious error which mocks and rivals the Church by claiming to be its own witness, and to be infallible. Such is the World, the false Prophet (as I called it fifty years ago), and Reasoning is its voice. I had in my mind such Apostolic sayings as “Love not the world, neither the things of the world,” and “A friend of the world is the enemy of God;” but I was very loth, as indeed I am on the present occasion, to *preach*. Instead then of saying “the World’s Reason,” I said, “Reason actually and historically,” “Reason in fact and concretely in fallen man,” “Reason in the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany,” Reason in “every Government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind,” Reason in the “wild living intellect of man,” which needs its “stiff neck bent,” that ultra “freedom of thought which is in itself one of the greatest of our natural gifts,” “that deep plausible scepticism” which is “the development of human reason as practically exercised by the natural man.” That is, Reason as wielded by the living World against the teaching of the Infallible Church.

And I was sanctioned in thus speak-

ing by St. Paul's parallel use of the word "Wisdom," which is one of the highest gifts given to man, and which, nevertheless, he condemns considered as the World's Wisdom, pronouncing that "the World by Wisdom knew not God."

## VI.

In thus shifting the blame of hostility to religion from man reasoning to man collective, I may seem to be imputing to a divine ordinance (for such human society is) what I have disclaimed to be imputing to man's gift of reason; but this is to mistake my meaning. The World is a collection of individual men, and any one of them may hold and take on himself to profess unchristian doctrine, and do his best to propagate it; but few have the power for such a work, or the opportunity. It is by their union into one body, by the intercourse of man with man, and the consequent sympathy thence arising, that error spreads and becomes an authority. Its separate units which make up the body rely upon each other, and upon the whole, for the truth of their assertions; and thus assumptions and false reasonings are received without question as certain truths, on the credit of alternate appeals and mutual cheers and *imprimatur*s.

I should like, if I could, to give a specimen of these assumptions, and the reasonings founded on them, which in my "Apologia" I considered to be "corrosive" of all religion; but before doing so, I must guard against misconception of what I am proposing. First, I am not proposing to carry on an argument against Dr. Fairbairn, whose own opinions, to tell the truth, I have not a dream of; but I would gladly explain, or rather complete on particular points, the statement I have before now made in several works about Faith and Reason. Next, I can truly say that, neither in those former writings nor now, have I particular authors in mind who are, or are said to be, prominent teachers in what I should call the school of the world. Such an undertaking would require a volume, instead of half a dozen pages such as these, and the study too of many hard questions; and I repeat here, I am attempting little more than to fill up a few of the *lacuna*

to be found in a chapter of the "Apologia," which, like the rest of the book, had to be written *extempore*; certainly I have no intention here of entering into controversy. And further, I wish to call attention to a passage in one of my St. Mary's Sermons, headed, "The World our Enemy," which is not directly on the subject of religious error, but still is applicable when I would fain clear myself in what I am saying of falling unintentionally into any harsh and extreme judgments. A few sentences will be enough to show the drift with which I quote it.

"There is a question," I say, "which it will be well to consider—viz., how far the world is a separate body from the Church of God. The two are certainly contrasted in Scripture, but the Church, so far from being literally and in fact separate from the world, is within it. The Church is a body, gathered together indeed in the world, and in a process of separation from it. The world's power is over the Church, because the Church has gone forth into the world to save the world. All Christians are in the world, and of the world, so far as Evil still has dominion over them, and not even the best of us is clean every whit from sin. Though then, in our idea of the one and the other, and in their principles and in their future prospects, the Church is one thing and the world is another, yet in present matter of fact the Church is of the world, not separate from it; for the grace of God has but partial possession even of religious men, and the best that can be said of us is, that we have two sides, a light side and a dark, and that the dark happens to be the outermost. Thus we form part of the world to each other, though we be not of the world. Even supposing there were a society of men influenced individually by Christian motives, still, this society, viewed as a whole, would be a worldly one; I mean a society holding and maintaining many errors, and countenancing many bad practices. Evil ever floats on the top." ("Sermons," vol. vii. pp. 35-6.)

In accordance with these cautions I will here avow that good men may impute to their great disadvantage the spirit of the world; and, on the contrary, inferior men may keep themselves comparatively clear of it.

## VII.

These explanations being made, I take up the serious protest which I began in the "Apologia." I say then, that if, as I believe, the world, which the Apostles speak of so severely as a False Prophet,\*

\* *Vide* University Sermons, "Contrast between Faith and Sight."

is identical with what we call human society now, then there never was a time since Christianity was, when, together with the superabundant temporal advantages which by it have come to us, it had the opportunity of being a worse enemy to religion and religious truth than it is likely to be in the years now opening upon us. I say so, because in its width and breadth it is so much better educated and informed than it ever was before, and, because of its extent, so multiform and almost ubiquitous. Its conquests in the field of physical science, and its intercommunion of place with place, are a source to it both of pride and of enthusiasm. It has triumphed over time and space; knowledge it has proved to be emphatically power; no problems of the universe—material, moral, or religious—are too great for its ambitious essay and its high will to master. There is one obstacle in its path: I mean the province of religion. But can religion hope to be successful? It is thought to be already giving way before the presence of what the world considers a new era in the history of man.

#### VIII.

With these thoughts in my mind, I understand how it has come to pass, what has struck me as remarkable, that the partisans and spokesmen of Society, when they come to the question of religion, seem to care so little about proving what they maintain, and, on the warrant of their philosophy, are content silently and serenely to take by implication their first principles for granted, as if, like the teachers of Christianity, they were inspired and infallible. To the World, indeed, its own principles are infallible, and need no proof. Now, if its representatives would but be candid, and say that their assumptions, as ours, are infallible, we should know where they stand; there would be an end to controversy. As I have said before now, "Half the controversies in the world, could they be brought to a plain issue, would be brought to a prompt termination. Parties engaged in them would then perceive . . . that in substance . . . their difference was of first principles. . . . When men understand what each other means, they see for the most part that controversy is either

superfluous or hopeless." ("Univ. Sermon," p. 200-1.) The World, then, has its first principles of religion, and so have we. If this were understood, I should not have my present cause of protest against its Reason as corrosive of our faith. I do not grudge the World its gods, its principles, and its worship; but I protest against its sending them into Christian lecture-rooms, libraries, societies, and companies, as if they were Christian—criticising, modelling, measuring, altering, improving, as it thinks, our doctrines, principles, and methods of thought, which we refer to divine informants. One of my "University Sermons," in 1831, is on this subject; it is called "The Usurpations of Reason," and I have nothing to change in it. I was very jealous of the "British Association" at its commencement; not as if science were not a divine gift, but because its first members seemed to begin with a profession of Theism, when I said their business was to keep to their own range of subjects. I argued that if they began with Theism, they would end with Atheism. At the end of half a century I have still more reason to be suspicious of the upshot of secular schools. Not, of course, that I suppose that the flood of unbelief will pour over us in its fulness at once. A large inundation requires a sufficient time, and there are always in the worst times witnesses for the Truth to stay the plague.\* Above all things, there is the Infallible Church, of which I spoke so much in the "Apologia." With this remark I proceed.

#### IX.

I will take an illustration of the prospect before us in the instance of a doctrine which is more than most the subject of dispute just now. Lest I should be mistaken, I avow myself to hold it, not because of the disintegrating consequences of letting it go, but on the simple word of the Divine Informant; yet I want to show the prospective development of error. A century ago the God of Christianity was called a God of mere benevolence. That could not long be

\* *Vide* one of my University Sermons, "Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth."

maintained, first, because He was the God of the Old Testament as well as of the New, and next and specially because the New Testament opened upon us the Woe thrice uttered by the Judge himself, the Woe unquenchable denounced upon transgressors. But the instinct of modern civilization denies the very idea of such a doom in the face of a progressive future. Yet consider—is there not now, as an undeniable fact, a vast aggregate of intense weary pain, bodily and mental, which has existed through an untold length of centuries, all round the earth. Consider only the long pain and anguish which are the ordinary accompaniments of death. Supposing mankind has lasted many thousand years, the suffering has lasted just as long; there has been no interval of rest. But you will say it has an end, and is comparatively brief, to each mortal; then you mean to say that your objection to future suffering would cease were it only for a thousand years and not for ever? Considering what is told us of the punishment of Dives, would that alleviation really content you? I do not believe it; you would not be satisfied with the curtailment of such punishment even to a hundred years; nay, not to twenty, not to a dozen. In spite of the word of Scripture, your imagination would carry you away; you would shrink from the idea of a course of suffering altogether; death indeed you could not deny, but "after death the judgment" and a trial before it, would cease to be a reality to you. It is a subject beyond you; it is not duration which you revolt from, but rather the pain. Indeed, are we sure that long duration intensifies pain? We have no positive notion of suffering in relation to duration. Punishment is not therefore infinite, because it has no end. What alone we know about eternity is negatively, that there is no future when it will be otherwise. All that is necessary for us to be told is that the state of good and evil is irreversible.

## X.

But again, what do we know of the obstacles to a reconciliation between God and man? Suppose the punishment is self-inflicted; suppose it is the will, the proud determination of the lost

to breathe defiance to his Maker, or the utter loathing of His Presence or His Court, which makes a reconciliation with Him impossible. To change such a one may be to change his identity. Moreover, what do we know of the rules necessary for the moral government of the universe? What acts of judgment are or are not compatible or accordant with the bearing of a Just Judge? and by what self-evident process do we ascertain this? What of His knowledge who is able to "search the heart?" We are told He is one who "overcomes when He is judged;" ought we not to have the whole case spread out for us, as it will be at the Last Day, before we venture to pronounce upon its details? They are parts of a whole. Go to what is the root of the mystery, and tell us what is the Origin of Evil. Solve this, and you may see your way to other difficulties. Does not this greatest of mysteries, the "Origin of Evil," fall as heavily upon Natural Religion as future punishment upon Revelation? After all, the Theist needs Faith as well as the Christian. All religion has its mysteries, and all mysteries are correlative with faith; and, where Faith is absent, the action of "corrosive reason," under the assumptions of educated society, passes on (as I have given offence by asserting) from Catholicity to Theism, and from Theism to a materialistic cause of all things. Dr. Fairbairn calls it sceptical to preach Faith, and to practise it.

## XI.

I have confined myself to the Divine Judgment; but this is only one of the doctrines which the abolition of the Woe to come is made to compromise. Here again modern philosophy acts to the injury of revelation. Those solemn warnings of Scripture against disobedience to the law of right and wrong are but the fellow of the upbraidings and menaces of the human Conscience. The belief in the future punishment will not pass away without grave prejudice to that high Monitor. Are you, in losing its warning voice, to lose an ever-present reminder of an Unseen God? It is a bad time to lose this voice when efforts so serious have so long been making to resolve it into some intellectual theory or secular motive. But there is another

doctrine, too, that suffers when future punishment is tampered with—namely, what is commonly called the "Atonement." The Divine Victim took the place of man; how will this doctrine stand if the final doom of the wicked is denied? Every one who escapes the penalty of pain, escapes it by virtue of the Atonement made for it; but so great a price as was paid for the remission supposes an unimaginable debt. If the need was not immense, would such a Sacrifice have been called for? Does not that Sacrifice throw a fearful light upon the need? And if the need be denied, will not the Sacrifice be unintelligible? The early martyrs give us their sense of it; they considered their torments as a deliverance from their full deserts, and felt that, had they recanted, it would have been at the risk of their eternal welfare. The Great Apostle is in his writings full of gratitude to the Power who has "delivered us from the wrath to come." It is a foundation of the whole spiritual fabric on which his life is built. What remains of his Christianity if he is no longer to be penetrated by the thought of that "so great death" from which he had been now "delivered?" Can the religion with which Society at present threatens us be the same as the Apostle's, if this solemn doctrine is in this Religion and not in that?

## XII.

Shall I be answered that it is only dogma which is left out in modern Christianity? I understand; dogma is unnecessary for faith, because faith is but a sentiment; vicarious suffering is an injustice; spiritual benefits cannot be wrought by material instruments; sin is but a weakness or an ignorance; this life has nearer claims on us than the next; the nature of man is sufficient for itself; the rule of law admits no miracles; and so on. There is any number of these assumptions ready for the nonce, and there is Micio's axiom in the play, soon perhaps to come upon us, "Non est flagitium, mihi crede, adolescentulum scortari."

When Reason starts from assumptions such as these, its corrosive quality ought to be sufficient to satisfy Dr. Fairbairn.

P.S.—This is all I think it necessary to set down in explanation of passages in my "Apologia." As to my other writings, I can safely leave them to take care of themselves. Any one that looks into them will see how strangely Principal Fairbairn has misrepresented them. But perhaps, for the sake of those who do not know them, it is my duty to denounce in a few words the monstrous words which he has used about me.

His *organon* of criticism is the old "Fallacy of the Leading Idea," viz., that of imagining to himself an hypothesis, by which he may proceed to interpret such phenomena of intellect as it pleases him to ascribe to me, and thereby to save himself the task of quotations, or any pains to which a conscientious critic would feel himself bound. In fact, though he professes to have read, or rather to have "studied," all my "works, tracts, essays, lectures, histories, and treatises," after all he has selected for adverse notice (over and above the "Apologia") only some clauses in an Oratorian and two sentences in an Oxford Sermon.

As to what he considers my "Leading Idea," it is in truth an imputation as offensive to the feelings of a Catholic as it is preposterous in itself; it is that I have been and am thinking, living, professing, acting upon a wide-stretching, all-reaching platform of religious scepticism. This scepticism is the real key to my thoughts, my arguments, and my conclusions, to what I have said in the pulpit and what I have written in my study. I may not realize it, but I am "a poet," and "it is the unconscious and undesigned" revelations of self "that testify more truly of a man" (p. 663). This, he tells us, is his deliberate view, gained with pains and care, and on my part admits of no escape.

"It will be necessary," he says, when starting on his search for it, "to discover, if possible, Dr. Newman's *ultimate ideas*, or the *regulative principles* of his thought" (p. 663). Next, "It is difficult, almost a cruel thing," still a necessity, "to attempt to reach the *ultimate principles* that govern his thought" (p. 664). "Unless his *governing-ideas* are reached, neither his mind nor his method can be understood" (*ibid.*). Once more: only by holding certain

points distinct "can we get at those ultimate principles or ideas we are here in search of" (p. 665).

At last he has found the object of his careful searching: he quotes some half-sentences from my "Apologia," which he does not understand, accuses me of denouncing the faculty of Reason (*supr.*, p. 460), asks how I come to do so, and then announces his discovery: "The reason must be sought in Dr. Newman's underlying philosophy," which is "empirical and sceptical" (p. 667). From "leading ideas" and "fundamental principles" I have all through my life shrunk as sophistical and misleading, but I do not wonder that Dr. Fairbairn should like them, for they are to him, as I have intimated, of the greatest service. His "underlying philosophy," gained so carefully, enables him to dispense in his criticisms on me with quotations, references, evidences, altogether.

To this use he puts his "Leading Idea" in the very next sentence after he has discovered it; and by the sole virtue of it he at once utters a sweeping condemnation of my "Grammar of Assent," without any one quotation or reference to support him. Thus he writes: "The real problem of the 'Grammar of Assent' is, How, without the consent and warrant of the reason, to justify the being of religion, and faith in that infallible church which alone realizes it. The whole book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical scepticism: this supplies its *motif*, determines its problem, necessitates its distinctions, rules over the succession and gradation of its arguments. His doctrine of assent, his distinction into notional and real, which itself involves a philosophy of the most empirical individualism, his criticism of Locke, his theories of inference, certitude, and the illative sense, all mean the same thing" (p. 667). Not a shred of quotation is given to support this charge—not a single reference; but at the end of it, instead of such necessary proof, a sentence is tacked on to it, which after some search I found, not in the Essay on Assent, but in one of my Sermons, written above thirty years before, taken out of its context, and cut off from the note upon it which I had added in its Catholic edition. Such is

the outcome of Dr. Fairbairn's scrupulous care, that "lectures and treatises should be chronologically arranged" (p. 663). Such, above all, is the gain of a "Leading Idea," and it is irresistible in the hands of Dr. Fairbairn; it ignores or overrides facts, however luminous. The instance I have given is a strong one, but I will set down some others.

For instance: 1. When I have with warmth and strength of words denied that the alternative of atheism is my only argument for believing in the Catholic Church, and given evidence in contradiction of the charge, he answers that it is "*certainly true*," on the contrary, that "I believe it is the only *real* alternative" (p. 664).

2. When I express my recognition of the "formal proofs on which the being of God rests," and "the irrefragable demonstration thence resulting," he says that my "recognition must be criticised in the light of my own *fundamental principle*; it is to me entirely illegitimate" (p. 668).

3. He cannot help being obliged to quote me as saying that the "unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God;" still he boldly says of me that "in my intellect, as I know it, in my reason, as I interpret it, I find no religion, no evidence for the being of a God" (p. 669).

4. When I say that I am a Catholic because I believe in God, and that Theism is attainable even under paganism ("Univ. Sermon," p. 21), "No," he answers, "you really mean that you are a Catholic in order that you may continue Theist" (p. 665).

5. And when I say that the Church's infallibility is "far from being" the only way of withstanding "the energy of human scepticism" ("Apol." p. 245), he answers that my "*position* will not allow me to hold that Theism existed without and independently of Catholicism" (p. 665).

6. "Reason," I have said in my "University Sermons," "when its exercise is conducted rightly, leads to knowledge; when wrongly, to error. It is able from small beginnings to create to itself a world of ideas. It is unlimited in its range. It supplies the deficiency of the senses. It reaches to the ends of the universe, and to the throne

of God beyond them. Also, it has a power of analysis and criticism in all opinion and conduct; nothing is true or right but what may be justified, and, in a certain sense, proved by it; and unless the doctrines received by faith are approvable by Reason, they have no claim to be regarded as true" (pp. 182, 206, 207, 256).

How carefully he has "studied" my writings! The account he gives of their teaching about Reason is this: "There is another and still deeper difference—the conception of the Reason. . . . Dr. Newman's language seems to me often *almost impious*" (p. 673).

Such are the convenient uses to which he puts his fundamental principle. No wonder he gratefully recognizes and records the service which his fundamental principle has done him in dis-

pensing with any more of that anxious searching which he found necessary in attaining it.

"Detailed criticism," he says, "of Dr. Newman's position, with its various assumptions and complex confusion of thought, is of course here impossible" (p. 669). Of course; impossible, and therefore let alone.

Marvellous is the power of a Fundamental View. There is said to have been a man who wrote English History, and could not be persuaded that the Heptarchy was over or Queen Anne dead, I forget which; and who, when pressed with a succession of facts to the contrary, did but reply, as each came before him, "O but, excuse me, *that* was an exception!" Dr. Fairbairn reminds me of that man.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### THE NOVEL OF MANNERS.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

In one of the most curious discussions which ever escaped being brought to an untimely close by a request for definitions, Dr. Johnson in his usual oracular fashion observed: "Sir, there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners, and *there* is the difference between the characters of Richardson and those of Fielding. Characters of manners are very entertaining, but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart." By way of further illustrating his meaning the Doctor went on to remark that there was as great a difference between these two writers as between "a man who knew how a watch was made and a man who could tell the hour by looking on a dial-plate." The analogy, though not at all expressive of the real distinction between the two great masters, and though it seems at first sight even unfair to the inferior of the two forms of art thus compared with each other, will be seen on a closer view to be marked by Johnson's customary felicity of comparison. Undoubtedly there is a way of studying

men and women which exactly resembles a reading of the hour on the dial-plate of a watch, and another way of studying them which bears as exact resemblance to an examination of its works.

But Boswell, in remarking by way of reply that "the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial-plates are brighter," was talking more than usually off the matter. His true answer to his "venerable friend" would have been first to have disputed the soundness of the distinction between Richardson's and Fielding's characters as "characters of nature" and "characters of manners;" secondly, to have denied that the two forms of characterisation need be, or in the highest art could be, mutually exclusive; and, thirdly, to point out that the question for the critic is not how much a novelist *knows* about human nature, but how much of it, and with what accompaniments of artistic charm and intellectual interest, he succeeds in exhibiting to his readers. A character of manners which is not also a character of nature becomes a study of superficial eccentricities; a character of nature which is not

also, at least to some extent, a character of manners becomes a piece of bare psychological analysis. The one is not high art; the other is not art at all, but science, or quasi-science.

Of course the aim both of Richardson and Fielding—and whenever they are at their best their attained aim—is the exhibition of human nature; and the latter no more forgets this aim in his descriptions of manners than the former attempts to dispense entirely with descriptions of manners in his constant effort toward that aim. As to “diving into the recesses of the human heart,” both of the two men have done that, as every man must before he can tell other people what is to be found there. The difference between them is a mere question of method. One of them will not, or cannot, give you much information as to what is to be found in the human heart without compelling you to join him yourself in the diving process; the other allows you to remain on the surface while directing your imagination unerringly to what lies beneath. Which of the two methods implies the more artistic skill, and gives the more artistic pleasure, is a question which I should think it hardly open to doubt.

In the matter of truth of portraiture and vividness of representation, the two methods, no doubt, occupy more equal ground; but, even here, the analytic has certainly no advantage over the dramatic method. Nothing, surely, but Johnson's invincible prejudice against Fielding could have persuaded him that *Lovelace* is a more real and living character to us, a more thoroughly comprehended and appreciated individuality, than *Tom Jones*, or *Clarissa Harlowe*, than *Amelia Booth*, or *Sir Charles Grandison* than *Squire Western*. The two last-mentioned characters stand at the two opposite poles in the matter of manners; and considering how strongly marked, in their own way, are the manners of each of them, their creators might alike have left them to tell their own story to the reader. True to his method, however, Richardson is perpetually “diving into the recesses” of *Sir Charles's* heart. Hundreds of pages are filled with minute accounts of what other people think of him, and a good many score with indications, direct or indi-

rect, of what he thinks of himself. But compare the effect of all these laborious efforts to complete and define our conception of the baronet with the enlightenment of a single dramatic stroke of self-disclosure on the part of the squire. “I don't know how 'tis, but, Allworthy, you always make me do just as you please; and yet I have as good an estate as you, and am in the commission of the peace just as yourself.” What is the illuminating power of all Richardson's thousands of carefully arranged candles to that of this one penetrating electric flash? But it is hardly fair, perhaps, to take such an example. Humor is the only generator of this sort of electricity; and Fielding was as consummately skilled in the production and storage of that force as Richardson was utterly incapable not merely of directing its action but even of comprehending its properties.

The essential unsoundness of Johnson's distinction is, however, too obvious to us in these days to need insisting on; nor, by consequence, is there any necessity for asserting the essential unity, as regards aim and criterion, of all fictive art under whatever forms. What was unperceived by this robust and well-equipped critic of a hundred years ago has become a commonplace in these days to men who do not aspire to be called critics at all. The effort of every novelist, and the demand of all but the most porcinely voracious of novel readers, is for as true and complete a representation of human nature as the insight and skill of the novelist enable him to compass. Whether his characters be “characters of manners” or not, he endeavors to make them, and his public resent the failure if he fails to make them, “characters of nature” also. So thoroughly, indeed, is this taken for granted, that no novelist for whom his admirers claim a place in the first rank would for a moment be admitted by them to be only a portrayer, however faithful and humorous, of mere “manners,” in Johnson's sense of the word—that is to say, if merely the more strongly marked, superficial characteristics, moral and intellectual, of men and women—of their “humors,” as they were called by an earlier Jonson and his contemporaries.

To take an example. Just as there were Pelagians and semi-Pelagians, so there are Dickensians and semi-Dickensians, who, while thoroughly united in their admiration of that master's portraiture of "manners," part company altogether in their estimate of its relation to nature. But the true Dickensian regards this last point as "the root of the matter." He would think his own creed not worth holding if he made any concession to the theory that Dickens was only a divive caricaturist, whose personages, or the more successful among them, are simply insulated oddities or personified foibles. A belief in their correspondence to some objective reality in nature is his *signum stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*; and this, indeed, is the criterion which is nowadays universally applied—at any rate to every novel whose writer and readers claim for it any place of importance as a work of art. The demand, in fact, for strict fidelity to nature has become so imperative that it is at last producing something like a revolt against the dramatic method of Fielding, so long predominant in English literature, and a reaction in favor of the analytic method of Richardson.

We have nowadays an increasing school of novelists, who are so afraid of being suspected of confining themselves to the delineation of the mere externals of character, that they will hardly give us any externals of character at all. Their men and women are almost disembodied emotions, which the reader is invited to study, not as they objectify themselves in incident or action—for of incident and action there is almost none—but subjectively and from the inside. The heroes and heroines of Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James do not indeed, like those of Richardson, describe or have described for them, in interminable letters, their subtlest shades of feeling; but their creators do it for them, and with a minute delicacy which Richardson himself has not surpassed. Decidedly we have, under the guidance of the American school of novelists, travelled far enough from Fielding's conception of the novel, as a stage on which character might be left to enfold itself in action and dialogue, with as little assistance as possible from the

soliloquies of the chorus. In our modern novel of analysis Chorus is more often on the stage, and for longer periods together than any of the actors.

This reaction, however, is of very modern origin. For a full century after Johnson delivered the above-quoted criticism the method of Fielding enjoyed so complete a triumph over the rival method of Richardson—the objective and synthetic school succeeded in beating the subjective and analytic school so utterly out of the field, that even the distinction so dogmatically propounded by Johnson to Boswell would, to the ordinary modern reader, be unintelligible. To-day it requires reflection and study of its context to ascertain its meaning. What Johnson meant by "manners" is to the modern reader so indispensable an incident of "character," and so common an index to nature, that he does not readily apprehend what is meant by opposing "characters of nature" to "characters of manners." Every portrayal of human nature in fiction must be, it seems to him, a portrayal of manners, in Johnson's wide sense of the word—that is to say, a delineation of those individual peculiarities of conduct, speech, and action whereby the inner nature of a man is revealed to his fellows. Long familiarity with this method of portraiture, and a blessed ignorance of its opposite, has persuaded the ordinary modern reader that it is the only one possible in the nature of things. He has never pored hour by hour over Richardson's laborious engraving, and watched that great but exasperating artist portraying nature after his relentless fashion; with almost no assistance from the exhibition of anything which can in the loosest acceptance of the word be called "manners," but simply working away with his amazing complacency at "how he felt," "how she felt," "what he thought," "what she thought," until, little stroke by stroke, he has traced out for us a human soul.

The ordinary modern novel reader knows nothing, I say, of all this; and though I yield to no one in admiration of Richardson—though I would say ditto, in fact, to almost any praise of him which keeps short of the extravagance of Diderot's—I could not, in common humanity, recommend the or-

dinary modern novel reader to exchange an ignorance which, if not bliss, is contentment, for a wisdom which, if not folly, is fatigue. Knowing nothing, however, by painful experience, of Johnson's novel of "nature," he so confidently regards Johnson's novel of "manners" as the only possible novel, that he has virtually dropped, and forgotten the ancient meaning of, the qualifying suffix; and, if any one should now speak to him of the novel of manners, he would understand the phrase in the later and more limited sense in which it is employed at the head of this article. He would take it, no doubt, as equivalent to the "novel of society," at least as that last word was understood before it underwent that process of fashionable vulgarisation which has made it a fellow-sufferer with the word "gentleman."

The novel of society, or the novel of manners, he would say, is the novel which professes to present only a picture of life as it appears to the student of a more or less restricted circle of men and women, and to portray human nature only as it displays itself under those limiting conditions. Now no such limitations were imposed, it is obvious to remark, either by Fielding or by Richardson on their respective exercise of their art. Jones and Andrews move freely among all sorts of company, and Fielding delineates nature as he conceives it on every level of the social scale. The unhappy *Clarissa* is brought into contact with many other sorts of people than fine gentlemen and ladies; the virtuous *Pamela* has to do with housekeepers and lackeys as well as with amorous squires. Society as such, the ways and characteristics, the virtues, vices, and humors, of a world of actual or nominal equals, bound together by certain more or less elastic, but still perfectly definite and well-understood, conventions, may be regarded as still untrodden ground to the novelist after Fielding and Richardson had ceased to write.

By the comic dramatists of the Restoration, indeed, and by one inimitable poetic satirist of the age of Anne, "society" had been brilliantly depicted, and between 1775 and 1780 the comedies of the *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* had signalled the rise of a wittier Con-

greve and a more masterly stage-limner than Vanbrugh. But no novelist had as yet held up the mirror to nature as she appeared at the drum and the rout, amid the fops and coquettes, the dowagers and *débutantes* of the polite world. Or rather, since universal propositions are dangerous, let us say that down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century no mirror held up by the hand of any novelist had as yet presented a reflection sufficiently clear and truthful to arrest the public gaze. The fame of that achievement was reserved for a London music-master's daughter, who, in the year 1778 and at the age of six-and-twenty, set all London in a buzz of curiosity and admiration by the production of the novel of *Evelina*.

There are two things which a critic of to-day would be glad to know about this young lady: the first, what had been the nature of her early reading; and the second, what was the quality of her previous and unpublished attempts at fiction. Macaulay dwells much upon the advantages which she derived from the curiously mixed society which surrounded her in Dr. Burney's house; and no doubt these advantages count for something. But in the presence of so palpable an imitation of Smollett as is the character of Captain Mervan, one may be slow to believe that all the other portraits in this singular gallery were studied from the life. And it is perhaps as permissible to doubt, upon internal evidences of style and structure, whether *Evelina* was not the result of a good many antecedent efforts at composition. The novel, as we know, was reported, before its author's name was known, to be the work of a girl of seventeen, and perhaps some part of its extraordinary vogue may have been due to this flattering mistake. But the main element in its success must surely, I should think, be sought in the fact that it was the first "novel of manners," in the later sense of the word, that had ever been offered to the public. It was a picture of life in London, life at Bath, life at the Bristol Hot Wells, in the later eighteenth century—principally, indeed, of modish life, but with just so much of a side glance at the gaieties and affectations of the middle class as would give it additional piquancy to the taste of

the superiors whom they strove to imitate. The delights of Ranelagh and the watering-place assembly rooms are varied by those of the suburban subscription ball. The amusements, the interests, the conversations, are all those of the polite or of the would-be polite world. The course of true love is hindered by the machinations of an unscrupulous baronet; the heroine marries a virtuous peer. Society was unused to finding itself made an object of such direct and minute presentation, unused to studying the history of fictitious personages whose circle of occupations, hopes, fears, desires, ambitions, was so exactly identical with its own. And while society read the book eagerly, and as eagerly sought out and lionized the author, so the literary coteries, or rather the one literary coterie of the day, partly following the fashion, partly led by its own autocratic leader, gathered round her also. Dr. Johnson was the warm friend of her father, and had an almost fatherly affection for Fanny herself. Macaulay's assertion that "Burke, Windham, Gibbon, Reynolds, Sheridan, were amongst her most ardent eulogists," requires probably as many grains of salt as the statement just before it, that the "timid and obscure girl found herself on the highest pinnacle of fame." But no doubt she was the rage of fashionable London, and had secured the high though clearly not the unprejudiced commendation of the first critical authority of the day. Others, or others at least who were men of critical capacity themselves, must simply have praised the book in that half-conscious, half-unconscious excess into which praise is so likely to pass in the case of a literary production which is at once new, popular, and the work of a young woman.

For no tenderness toward this subject of a hundred-years-old nine-days' wonder ought to induce a candid critic of to-day to conceal his conviction that *Evelina* is a very inferior performance. Macaulay, whose professed admiration for it was perhaps artificially heightened by his antipathy to Croker—who thought meanly of it—excludes it, we may observe, from his detached criticisms of its author's gifts and manner, and draws all his illustrations from *Cecilia*. The

only circumstantial reference to the earlier novel in his well-known essay on Madame D'Arblay's *Diary and Letters* is as follows:—

One favorite story in particular haunted her imagination. It was about a certain Caroline Evelyn, a beautiful damsel, who made an unfortunate love match, and died, leaving an infant daughter. Frances began to image to herself the various scenes, tragic and comic, through which the poor motherless girl, highly connected on one side, meanly connected on the other, might have to pass. A crowd of unreal beings, good and bad, grave and hideous, surrounded the pretty, timid young orphan—a coarse sea-captain; an ugly, insolent fop blazing in a superb court dress; another fop, as ugly and as insolent a one, lodged on Snow Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead ball; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English; a poet, lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. By degrees these shadows acquired stronger and stronger consistence, the impulse which urged Frances to write became irresistible, and the result was the *History of Evelina*.

Unfortunately the shadows, in acquiring consistence, have too often become the crudest caricatures. The coarse sea-captain is as coarse as any of Smollett's "salts," and with less humor to redeem his brutality; the fops, less extravagantly treated, have no flavor of original study and first-hand drawing; the rouged and wrinkled old woman is sometimes a mere tedious infliction, at others a violent impossibility. The scenes of horse-play, in which she figures with her tormentor the captain, and in one of which she is actually made to spit in his face, cannot possibly have corresponded to anything within Miss Burney's personal experiences. They can only be the result of a purely imaginative attempt to describe what seemed to her the probable consequences of turning a "sea-dog" loose in a drawing-room. It is not necessary to have lived in the last quarter of the eighteenth century to feel certain that they desperately offend probability; for they plainly exceed what the author's own account of the conventions of the society she is describing shows to be the limits of the possible. The humors of Captain Mervan and Madame Duval are no doubt the worst blots on the book to the taste of a modern reader; but *Evelina* is a gallery of very coarsely handled portraits, di-

versified by a few feebly executed sketches, from end to end. The hero, Lord Orville, is a lay figure; Sir Clement Willoughby has but intermittent life; the Branghtons, though they are drawn with more spirit, and certainly seem to be sketches from nature, are but moderately successful. It is only in the characters of Lady Louisa and her indifferent *fiancé* that we seem to come upon traces of anything but the most superficial observation, and the most rudimentary art. Nothing, in a word, appears to me to explain the extraordinary popularity attained by *Evelina* except its mere novelty of *genre*, aided, it may be, by the purely accidental cause which has been suggested above.

At the same time it would be too much to say that the book shows neither ability nor promise. It shows something of the one, and more of the other; and *Cecilia* is undoubtedly an incomparably better novel than *Evelina*. Most of the conversations and incidents are at least possible; the colors of characterisation are less glaring; the heroine is a more clearly defined individuality; the story of the novel possesses far more variety and interest than that of its predecessor. It is admittedly Miss Burney's best work: it was certainly her most popular one (for *Camilla*, published fourteen years afterward, gained nothing like the reception of her two earlier novels), and it would be unjust to deny it the merit of a certain liveliness of dialogue and animation of narrative. But the language in which Macaulay speaks of it—even when he professes to be recording and not expressing opinion—cannot be read, I think, by any one who compares the book, not only with earlier but with later novels, with other feelings than those of blank amazement. As a novel of manners we may concede it a right to a certain artificiality of style and tone: as a novel of "humors," to adopt Macaulay's classification of it, we might make allowance for a certain considerable latitude in the way of caricature. But really, that any critic of such copiously informed if somewhat unequal judgment as Macaulay should seriously and without protest write of it that "those who saw *Cecilia* in manuscript pronounced it the best novel of the age," that "*Cecilia* was placed by gen-

eral acclamation among the classical novels of England," and that the critic who wrote thus should be capable of proving in the same essay that he was able to appreciate the genius of Jane Austen—this must surely be attributed rather to some persistent influence of early traditions than to any independent and deliberate exertion of the critical faculty. He says with obvious truth that "humors," meaning individual eccentricities, "ruling passions," hobbies, do exist, and are therefore proper subjects for the imitations of art; and he adds as truly, that though "the imitations of such humors, however skilful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order," though "they are rare in real life, and ought to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life," a writer "may nevertheless show so much genius in the exhibition of these humors as to be fairly entitled to a permanent and distinguished rank among classics." Sterne's is a case in point. He is essentially a portrayer of humors, but his genius for that order of portraiture has justly earned him a permanent and distinguished place among English classics. But can a claim to genius even under these limitations be seriously put forward on behalf of Fanny Burney? If it is admitted that we must not look in her pages for Fielding's vigorous truth to nature, or Goldsmith's delicacy and subtlety of delineation, can we look there without disappointment, I will not say for Sterne's mastery of the grotesque, but for any signs of a cognate power? To reduce the question to the simplest of all possible tests, are Miss Burney's caricatures funny even as caricatures? Speaking as one who may claim to have served a fairly long apprenticeship as a taster of the humorous, in every variety of age and body, I own that I can detect very little flavor in any of the Burney brands, and I have some difficulty in believing that it ever really outlived the year of their vintage. Is Mr. Briggs humorous? Is Mr. Hobson? Will any reader lay his hand on his heart and declare that the "skipping officious impertinence" of Mr. Morrice diverts instead of boring him? Or if he does find some drollery in these characters, will he contend that the "genius

shown in the exhibition of these humors" is sufficient to compensate for the monstrous outrages on probability which are committed whenever Mr. Albany appears on the scene? Miss Burney lays claim to wit as well as humor, but has she succeeded any better in her endeavors after this much commoner kind of excellence? Let the sarcasms of Mrs. Selwyn in *Evelina*, and those of Mr. Gosport in *Cecilia*—sarcasms almost comparable with the rude and flippant sallies which pass for epigram in the second-rate comedietta of the present day—supply the answer.

The fame of Miss Burney declined pretty rapidly after the publication of her third novel. This did not appear till fourteen years after *Cecilia*—namely, in 1796. But her publishers, from whom she is said to have received a large sum of money for *Camilla*, on the strength, it is to be supposed, of her previous reputation, must have burnt their fingers by the venture. It failed to hit the public taste—failed as completely as Miss Burney's subsequent memoirs of her father, and, indeed, as everything else that she subsequently wrote. She seems, in fact, to have been the "Miss Betty" of the literary world; and it is as difficult to understand in these days that she could ever have been the admiration of a lettered coterie, as it must have been for the friends of the "Young Roscius's" later years to realise in the person of that stout middle-aged respectable gentleman the juvenile prodigy for whom the play-going public had for the time deserted all the great actors of their day. Yet the tradition of her great merit as a writer, or rather of the great merit of her two principal novels, must have survived well into the present century, since it has so strongly influenced the mind of a man like Macaulay, who could hardly have spoken—consistently at least with his appreciation of far better art—in the terms in which he does speak of Fanny Burney, unless some of the purely imitative predilections of boyhood had been allowed by him to mingle untested with the judgments of his maturer years. The comparison which he institutes between the authors of *Evelina* and the author of *Emma*—the former highly skilled in "the exhibition of humors," but unable, like the latter, to set before

us an entire character—is perfectly sound, but at the same time so comically inadequate as to provoke a smile. It is as though one should gravely point out that Sir Joshua Reynolds is a greater master than an ale-house sign-painter because the faces of Sir Joshua's portraits display great potentialities of varied emotion, whereas the worthy sign-painter is content with having exhibited the single quality of rampancy in a blue lion. We admit the justice of the remark, but cannot feel that it is the last word of discrimination between the two pictorial styles. And without, of course, going so far as to say that the great novelist of manners of the early nineteenth century is raised so far above her immediate predecessor of the eighteenth as Sir Joshua excels the limner of the blue lion, one can and must say that the points of distinction between the two writers (points from which Macaulay has, for the purpose of his argument, selected one alone) are at least as numerous and as salient as those which can be traced between the two painters.

It must be admitted, however, at the outset, that the common subject-matter of the two writers had undergone an extraordinary transformation, to the advantage of the latter, between the dates of their respective writings. The French Revolution occurred within ten years of the publication of *Cecilia*, and before Jane Austen had reached her twentieth year. The chief works of the younger novelist are divided by less than a generation from the most successful production of the elder; but as pictures of society, what a gulf divides them! In truth, if we wish to gain an adequate idea of the social, moral, and intellectual changes wrought in Europe by the portent of 1789-93, we should look for them not in English poetry but in English fiction. The spirit, manner, and poetic canons of the school of Wordsworth do not differ so widely from those of the school of Pope as do the social tone and language, the social usages and ideas which pervade the pages of Miss Austen from those which we meet with in the pages of Miss Burney. Allowance made for the purely superficial distinctions of costume and outward behavior, a greater ceremoniousness of demeanor, and a few, a very few, occasional archaisms of

language, the men and women of *Pride and Prejudice*, or of *Northanger Abbey*, are the men and women of the Victorian age. With a few similar allowances, the men and women of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* would pass for the men and women of the age of Anne. It would seem as if the broader and deeper characteristics of English society had remained unchanged for nearly ninety years, and then had been suddenly transformed into a shape which they were to retain for eighty or ninety more.

The change, however, was one eminently suited, by its tendency to a greater simplicity, to promote the artistic development of the novel of manners. And accordingly, the highest point to which it has ever been, or to which perhaps it ever can be, brought, it has reached in the hands of Miss Austen. No other writer of fiction has ever achieved such great results by such insignificant means; none other has, upon material so severely limited, expended such beauty, ingenuity, and precision of workmanship. Her novels, indeed, are novels of manners in a sense in which certainly not those of Miss Burney—since not even those of Thackeray—can be said to deserve that name. For Miss Burney continually, and Thackeray in no inconsiderable measure—even in the novels of the *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* type—seek attractions for the reader in much else than the simple portrayal of character. Sentiment, not to say sentimentalism, plays a large part in the work of the former; plot and incident, though not abundant, are by no means wanting to that of the latter. The author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* is liberal of her moral reflections; the author of *The Newcomes* and *Barry Lyndon* is mainly prized by many of his admirers for a caustic criticism of life. But all these devices of the art of the story-teller—partly, no doubt, through limitations of personal experience, but also, I imagine, and in much greater measure, by her own deliberate choice as an artist acutely sensible of where her real power lay—Jane Austen entirely denied herself. The plots of her stories, though excellently conceived for her purposes, are usually of the simplest and most obvious description; her characters are, so far as their positions and circumstances go,

just such as might fall in the way of any young woman of the upper middle class, resident for the most part in the country, but varying her life by occasional visits to Bath or London; her incidents are just what might find daily entry in such a young woman's diary. The parson and the squire, the young military or naval officer, the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate, the retired professional man with his wife and daughters, and occasionally the titled Lady Bountiful of a rural parish—these are the commonplace personages who fill her pages, and in our presence live their commonplace lives. It has often been observed that Miss Austen never brings before us, except in the briefest possible fashion, any man, woman, or child of the poorer classes; she almost never introduces us to any of the nobility either; and when she does, as in *Pride and Prejudice*, it is perhaps with something less than her usually unerring felicity of touch. She confines herself all but wholly to the class in which she was born and bred, and which she had studied; neither, as has been said, did she invent interesting situations for her personages of this class, but was content to take them as merely performing the every-day acts and undergoing the unromantic experiences of the society around her. Never was drama so unsensational enacted on a stage so sternly denuded of scenic accessories of any sort; yet never was drama enacted from first to last in so resolutely dramatic a spirit. Passion, the word and the thing, is absolutely unknown to any hero or heroine of Miss Austen's; the mere excitement and exhilaration of rapid action she deliberately foregoes; but yet, while surrendering all these facilities and resisting all these temptations of the dramatic form, she never deviates from that form, never needs relief from it herself, nor, with the sublime presumption characteristic of genius, ever allows herself to suppose that her hearers can need such relief themselves. Neither does she turn aside, or imagine that you will care to turn aside, from the exquisite life-studies which she is executing before you, to gaze, even for the briefest interval, at external nature. That perpetual *diversorium* at which the novelist of to-day is perpetually "putting-up" is not for her.

It may be supposed that, if she had no high æsthetic sensibilities in that regard, she possessed at any rate that appreciation of the simple rural beauty of England which no country-bred Englishwoman of refined life and thoughtful disposition is likely to be without. Yet it would be difficult to find two consecutive pages, if even two consecutive paragraphs, of landscape painting in the whole of Miss Austen's works. Nor does she take refuge from her labors of minute portraiture in that other common solace of later novelists—the impersonation of Chorus. No one soliloquizes so rarely as she. Her characters hold a score of conversations with each other for one that she holds with the reader. Nothing can differ more than her manner in this respect from that of the inferior artist who doth so abound among us at this day—that keeper of the marionettes whose puppets explain so little of their characters in the course of their rare and ineffective dialogues with each other that the voice of their manipulator can never afford to be long silent at the wings. Miss Austen compels character to unfold itself in dialogue and action, unaided, or almost unaided, by comment and criticism of the writer's own. Only those who have attempted this feat for themselves can be fully sensible of its difficulty; but others may form some rough estimate of it by observing the regularity with which it is shirked by nineteen novelists out of twenty.

It is one of the great merits of Scott's vivid and faithful draughtsmanship that he makes this so constant an aim of his endeavors; but no one more generously admitted that difference of conditions which made it a so much easier achievement for him than for her. An often-quoted passage in the diary from Lockhart's Life contains the fullest recognition of this. "Read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting

from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" But much more, of course, than "truth of sentiment and description" goes to the creation of Jane Austen's power and charm. A profound insight into the workings of the calmer and commoner human feelings and motives—this and a marvellously subtle humor were the two gifts which she was the first to bring in anything like such profusion to the "novel of manners." And the purest novels of manners, in the sense in which I have endeavored to define the phrase, her stories are. They give, and they confine themselves strictly to giving, a picture of human life as it presents itself under the most rigid rules of social convention, with only such actions described, such characters and feelings depicted, as these rules permit of being displayed.

The problem which she proposes to herself is, in fact, this: Given just so many and no more inches of upturned mould on the surface of human nature, to determine the character and constituents of the subsoil to as great a depth as possible. That of course is the problem which every novelist of manners must propose to himself who wishes to rise above the level of a moral and mental *modiste*, merely doing for the manners of society what the fashion-books do for its costumes; but one may safely say that the marvellous success with which that problem might be attacked was never revealed nor could ever have been realised until the creator of the Bennets and the Dashwoods first took it in hand. Then for the first time a woman showed the world that human nature trimmed and parterred by the hand of the gardener, Society, in accordance with the primmest Dutch taste is human nature still, and that it was within the power of the botanical expert to trace the affinities of its most highly cultivated specimens with the wild growths, and sometimes even with the noxious weeds, that flourish beyond the garden wall. The saving qualities which redeem this operation from both the dulness and the repulsiveness of science are, of course, the qualities of sympathy and humor—qualities the utter absence and the apparently unus-

pected need of which form together the amply sufficient explanation of much of that dismal writing of the "analytical" order which nowadays imagines itself to be art. The quickness and the breadth of Miss Austen's sympathy with moods and temperaments the most various may be traced on almost every page of her writings; and that subtly humorous aroma which impregnates nearly every sentence would require a whole essay to do it justice. But what is still more striking about her, and, indeed, what probably is alike the secret of her extraordinary insight into character and of her admirable finesse in delineating it, is the unusually perfect balance which humor and sympathy seem to have always maintained in her mind.

It is sympathy which saves the novelist from over-drawing human foibles, humor which prevents him from over-estimating human virtues. To be reasonably just to his characters the novelist must possess at least a more than average share of both qualities. When both, as in Miss Austen's case, are equally balanced, and when, above all, the more wayward of the two instincts is held in check by an imperious artistic conscience, the result is perfect truth. But the artistic conscience—the power of self-restraint, the ability to hold the hand and to refrain from that last touch to which the undisciplined instinct of comedy so alluringly persuades us—this, after all, is the great thing to possess, and the difficult thing to obey. To those who are at all capable of measuring the humorous possibilities of a situation or of a character, there is something no less surprising, and to some, perhaps, no less disappointing, than admirable in Miss Austen's masterly reserve. Among all her delightful pieces of comic portraiture I know of but one instance in which her sense of humor has overcome her fidelity to nature, and strict artistic truth has been sacrificed to the desire of heightening the absurdity of one of the most exquisitely absurd of moral grotesques. I refer to the character of Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice*. Here it seems to me that, for the first and last time, she found the humors of one of her own creations irresistible, and allowed herself to be betrayed into a caricature of which, however, even the

sternest of critics would be loth to part with a single ridiculous trait. It is this severe reserve of Miss Austen's which makes her seem to some readers tame and colorless. To such we can have nothing to offer but a recommendation of patience, and the assurance that, if ever they acquire the taste for this simplest and yet most delicate of literary diets, they will grow to wonder that their palates could ever have relished any coarser food.

What, the question of course arises—what, in this day of universal novel-writing, is the present position of the novel of manners? During the second quarter of the century it found, as every one knows, its most brilliant representative in the person of Thackeray. It would be preposterous to rank Miss Austen with Thackeray in respect of intellectual grasp, and both idle and invidious to attempt any comparative estimate of their respective styles of workmanship. In breadth both of stroke and canvas, they differ vastly from each other, and Thackeray is yet further distinguished from Miss Austen in having travelled, and with signal success, beyond the region of the novel of manners into that of historic romance and imaginative study. Miss Austen not only never attempted anything like *Esmond* or *Barry Lyndon*, but she never finds occasion even for the accidental display of these peculiar qualities which make an *Esmond* or a *Barry Lyndon* possible. Yet in his other books, and those perhaps on which his fame most securely rests—in *Pendennis*, in *Vanity Fair*, in *The Newcomes*—one may describe him, subject to the reservation made a few pages back, as hardly less emphatically a novelist of manners than Miss Austen herself. His range of characters is of course larger than hers, but their *caste*, their *order* is the same—or, rather, it is the same, with an addition in Thackeray's case which is practically no addition—that of the class of domestic servants; the butlers, footmen, valets, lady's-maids, housekeepers whom he has sketched so admirably, but who really mix with, belong to, and must be studied as adjuncts of those upper classes to whom in other respects his study was entirely confined. Thackeray, in short, lives, and will live, in our history as essentially the great

novelist of manners of the period during which he flourished—a period, be it remembered, which, among writers in the same order of fiction, included Disraeli (considered from the non-political side of him) and (when he was not in the big bow-wow vein) the first Lord Lytton.

The third quarter of the nineteenth century has been the flourishing time of perhaps the most popular novelist of manners who ever lived—the late Mr. Trollope: to whom no one can deny the merit of careful observation, and who, if he could have brought himself to recognise that a man may become a machine, that machines do not think, and that thought is as necessary as observation to intelligent portraiture, might have well deserved all the popularity which he achieved. Since Mr. Trollope's death it would be hard to name any living representative of the school. Indeed, there is some reason to suspect that the school, as a school, has perished. In one sense almost every novelist we have is a novelist of manners; in another sense none of them are. That is to say, there is not an inventor of sunsets and love-scenes, not a chronicler of "runs" and steeple-chases, not a delineator of theatrical life and character, not a feminine diarist of the doings of the wicked guardsman, who would not be seriously offended at the imputation that he or she fails in the accurate portraiture of contemporary manners; but, on the other hand, all of them—"spooning" novelists, sporting novelists, theatrical novelists—are concerned with scenery, passion, incident *first*, and with manners afterwards. They all make grandly *nonchalant* pretences of knowingness in the ways of the world in general, and of modern society in particular; but where the

novel of manners has not degenerated in their hands into that very different article, the "fashionable novel"—where it does not recall the vulgarity without recalling the unquestionable cleverness of the once famous Mrs. Gore, it is hardly to be recognised for what it professes to be. The novel of modern life and society, in so far as it does not rely for its attractions on mere sensational incident, is generally a study of male and female character—mostly, indeed, of one male and one female character—with a few elaborate sketches of scenery for a background, and a clumsy caricature of some two or three well-known contemporary personages thrown in to give it an air of actuality. The close objective study of social *types*—not of their superficial peculiarities only, but of their inner being—appears to be becoming a lost art. Where, indeed, are we to look for the observation, the humor, to say nothing of the *wisdom*, which was brought to bear upon this branch of the art of fiction by its great masters in the past? We have but one living novelist with the adequate intellectual equipment; but Mr. George Meredith is poet, philosopher and politician, as well as novelist, and we must be satisfied, I suppose, that brilliant studies of manners form an element, and an element only, in his varied and stimulating work. For the rest, we have pretty writers in abundance, and a few of genuine power in the creation of individual character. But the generalising eye, the penetrative humor, and the genial breadth of sympathy which is needed to portray the social pageant as a whole, appear to be gifts which are becoming rarer and rarer among us every day.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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## MEN AND MANNERS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY PHILO TURK.

To those who are not personally acquainted with the Queen of Cities, any phrase indicative of its social life, supplemented as it is by the delightful accounts of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's *fête champêtre* at Be-jcos—an event

which marks the social apogee of his visit—will suggest a host of attractive ideas. What a field for the observer of human nature, many may naturally exclaim, is here opened up; to what a conglomeration of nationalities and characters, to

what a cosmopolitan congeries of men and women, shall we not be introduced ; how instructive must it prove to see men of no common nationality, of no common creed, of no common interest, held together by the gregarious instinct and self-adaptiveness of humanity ! Alas ! I can only describe that which exists, and strict regard for veracity compels me to declare that society in Constantinople cannot be called cosmopolitan, although guests of many nationalities may at times be found in the same room. How could it be otherwise ? All creatures and all institutions must have some primary vital force, some central and inspiring mainspring. I see a great many wheels, spindles, and levers in a clock, but so long as they are not in motion, and the force to set them in motion is lacking, they can serve no useful interdependent purpose, however admirable be their finish and workmanship. This is just the case of society in Constantinople. The component parts are numerous enough, but there is no force to give them cohesion, no head to society, no social order.

His Majesty the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is a most high and puissant monarch. His will is law, and his nod is death. He has many palaces ; he rules despotically over a vast empire ; he makes quantities of pashas cross their fawning hands whenever he looks at them ; he has the power to do anything to any one of his faithful subjects—except recall him to life after he has killed him. But social power he has none. His life is passed in an endless round of official drudgery, nay, positive servitude. Each minutest detail of business, from the highest visions of diplomacy down to the opening of a new coffee-house on the shores of the Bosphorus, passes through his august hands ; and each incident of every transaction forms a focus of intrigues which, in their conglomerate mass, it would take twenty sultans with a hundred times Abd-ul-Hamid's power to disarm and defeat. What time, therefore, can he have to spare for society ? The Commander of the Faithful may be seen any week as he goes to his Friday's prayer. Then, before the gaze of an adoring populace, through lines of splendid troops, crowds of brilliant aides-de-camp and pashas, fair veiled ladies,

braying brass bands, and screaming dogs, there passes a thin-faced, long-nosed, grizzled-bearded, pale man in a half-closed carriage, nervously fluttering his hand before his face by way of salute, and receiving the low salaams of all in return. He hurries into the mosque, scarce giving himself time to throw a half-frightened glance round, and so is lost to view before he can well be seen. When one considers why that face is so worn and pale, why those hands are so nervous, how the heart behind that blue military coat must be beating like a roll of drums, one feels grateful that one is but a private individual, and not His Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid the Second, living as he does in perpetual fear of assassination.

The head of the State neither caring nor daring to assume his position in society, no other Turk essays the rôle of social leadership. Not only might such an attempt cause him to be unfavorably regarded by his sovereign, but the Turk has neither, by temperament nor custom, any inclination to mix in European society. It is too gay, too animated for him. He is a quiet, sober, reflective creature, who, after his day's work, likes to return to his house, put on his old slippers and his old coat, and, after his evening meal, devote himself to contemplative smoking amongst his women-folk and children. Or, if he is in a more social mood, he will perhaps invite some of his intimates to smoke, and chuckle over childish stories with them in the outer chamber. Again, he cannot return hospitality ; the harem system puts that out of the question. Finally, he likes to go to bed and to rise early—habits incompatible with social duties.

It might be supposed that the Grand Vizier, the Ministers of the Cabinet, and the principal State officials, being more or less in constant relation with Europeans, might, for political reasons, develop social aspirations. Away from the Porte, however, one seldom sees them. *Apropos*, you may be permitted to make the acquaintance of the Grand Vizier. He is, physically, just the opposite of what one would expect a Grand Vizier to be. There peers up at you, from above a little insignificant figure of diminutive stature and rather crooked build, a deadly pale face with queer

irregular features, ornamented by a long black beard, and with no particular characteristic to strike your attention until you see a pair of glittering, piercing black eyes closely observing you. Those eyes do everything. As conversation proceeds, you forget all the rest of the man, and address yourself to the glowing orbs of the dignitary. His voice also is peculiar: cold, deliberate, passionless, every word carefully weighed and carefully spoken. Unquestionably you will have been talking with a very remarkable man, of keen intellect, clear design, and immense tenacity and strength of purpose. In a country where every minister, more especially a Grand Vizier, is looked upon principally as a target for volleys of intrigue, Saïd Pasha has for five years, with, I believe, only two interruptions of very short duration each, stood firm and unmoved, and is at this time more securely rooted in power than ever. But in society he never appears.

If none of the official class take any social position, are there, it may be asked, no great Turkish families which, breaking through tradition, favor society with their presence? The inquiry proceeds on the hypothesis that great Turkish families exist; they do not exist. The social tendencies of the despotically ruled Turks are eminently democratic. There is no hereditary or any other nobility. Such titles as pasha, bey, &c., are significant only of military or civil rank, not of any social distinction, and are theoretically bestowed for merit alone, never being made hereditary. The sons of the Sultan are mere effendis—Mr's. There are no laws of primogeniture. Land is unfettered. The son of a common peasant may end, often has ended, his life as a high functionary of State just as well as the son of a pasha or a bey. The Government alone is aristocratic—a relic of the past, a little altered in character, however diminished in extent, since the days when the roving tribe, under the hero Orthoguel, marched westward to the help of the Seljuk Sultan of Komiah. The modern Sultan of Turkey is the chief of the tribe. He selects from his tribesmen those whom he considers most competent to advise him. The tribe itself camps out in peace or in trouble as the case may be; and

when it is forced to withdraw itself and pitch its camp a little further away (as was the case after the late Russian war), it leaves, beyond a little waste, no signs of itself behind. From this old tribal spirit have sprung almost all the maladies, and, unless conquered, will proceed the death, of Turkey. In Constantinople there are certainly here and there Turks of considerable fortune. But a Turkish fortune never lasts long enough to confer any solid position on its possessor. A man's goods at his death are divided pretty equally amongst his children, and if he be rich his sons are certain to rush off to Europe and devour their portions in riotous living. Thus society in Constantinople is influenced in no way by the Turks, who are, with one or two exceptions, completely unrepresented.

Of these exceptions the principal is Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies to the Sultan—a man of irreproachable character and courteous, dignified manner. There is rarely a party of importance given by an ambassador or ambassadress at which you do not see his big broad shoulders and dark bearded face, brightened by a cordial smile, in some convenient corner where he can talk with his friends, and contemplate the skittish European at his ease. It is he who has the privilege of introducing ambassadors, special envoys, travelling monarchs and princes, and persons of similar distinguished rank, to the Sultan. All of these, and perhaps in a special degree Sir Henry Wolff, will have kept a pleasant recollection of Munir Pasha.

Izzet Bey, a Turkish officer frequently to be met at social gatherings, is a man of very different stamp. He is the grandson of the great Fuad Pasha, celebrated for having run his country into debt at the fastest pace on record, and for having accompanied the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz on his European tour, a privilege which led to his downfall and ruin. Personally, Izzet Bey is uninteresting. Considered as a type of young Turk which affects ultra-European manners and contempt of all things Turkish, he is worth a glance. He is a short, fat, pompous man, whose eyebrows combine a perpetual upward cast—to express the consciousness of a careless elegance, unap-

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Izzet Bey, a Turkish officer frequently to be met at social gatherings, is a man of very different stamp. He is the grandson of the great Fuad Pasha, celebrated for having run his country into debt at the fastest pace on record, and for having accompanied the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz on his European tour, a privilege which led to his downfall and ruin. Personally, Izzet Bey is uninteresting. Considered as a type of young Turk which affects ultra-European manners and contempt of all things Turkish, he is worth a glance. He is a short, fat, pompous man, whose eyebrows combine a perpetual upward cast—to express the consciousness of a careless elegance, unap-

proachable by others, but natural in him—with a perpetual frown denoting a legitimate pride in something which has not yet been discovered. He dresses in brilliant uniforms of the most superlative cut, wears a portentous eyeglass, and high, patent-leather boots; speaks beautiful French, and disappears with a regularity only equalled by that with which he reappears, apparently richer than ever—a standing puzzle to the good Constantinopolitans. He is an excellent revolver-shot and good fencer; in a word, a formidable duellist. He is one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp, and at this present moment graces Parisian society in the character of military *attaché* to the Ottoman Embassy. Most of Izzet Bey's characteristics are shared by his few and faithful followers. These are, in their way, the "mashers" of Stamboul. Like their British prototypes, they are not wholly devoid of meritorious qualities, but there is a decided impression in Constantinople that the good old honest, retrograde Turk is preferable to this more modern edition.

Other Turks, or types of Turk proper, are so rarely seen in society that it is needless to describe them. But something must be said about a Pasha, Italian by birth but, for half a century, Turk by adoption and feeling, of all the Sultan's subjects perhaps the most loyal and devoted—Rustem Pasha, the ex-Governor of the Lebanon. He is a man who has filled many of the highest offices of State with a capacity, integrity, and usefulness beyond all denial. Speak with him for a few minutes; note his spare, wiry figure, his aquiline features, his penetrating glance; hear the authoritative voice in which he delivers his opinion on any subject that may be discussed; and you will recognise in him a man of no ordinary calibre, and of inflexible will. He is a despot, though of a benignant and merciful order. Wherever he has governed or served, he has made the Turkish name obeyed or respected. He is an excellent linguist, speaking most European languages with equal fluency and correctness. Courteous in his address and manner towards men, he has an air of respectful, old-fashioned gallantry towards ladies. There is no man more thoroughly respected and liked in Constantinople than Rustem Pasha.

Hobart Pasha is the most distinguished officer in the Turkish navy, and has rendered conspicuous service to the Turkish State. He has been for twenty years in Ottoman employment, and the effective condition of the Turkish navy is notorious. He is, as he will lose no opportunity of telling you himself, the confidential adviser of the Sultan on all important State matters, and does not shrink, according to his own account, from addressing his Majesty with the simplicity and bluntness proper to the unsophisticated sailor. He is also understood to be the trusty councillor of the English Government, Liberal or Conservative, on Eastern matters. The Admiral is not one of those men who was born with all the trump cards in his hand. He had to find his cards; he has found them, and in his honest, jolly-tar way, has played them uncommonly well. He is now, after an eventful existence of some six decades, hale and hearty, with a dash of the salt sea in his face, an active and wonderfully juvenile figure, a merry grey-brown eye, and the power of physical endurance of a man half his age. He is a first-rate sportsman, possesses an endless fund of anecdote, and is a capital companion—when he is not in the political vein. At such times he is less amusing and more omniscient. His reputation of a "good fellow" is deserved, and in Constantinople it will be long before the name of Hobart Pasha is forgotten.

Turkish ladies, it is unnecessary to explain, are never seen in general society. There are, however, one or two of them who receive visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, at their own houses. Of these the principal are Madame Hilnis Pasha and her sister Zara. The rooms are European; the ladies wear Parisian dresses and talk Parisian French; and their nationality only reveals itself occasionally in the habit of sitting cross-legged on the floor and smoking cigarettes. Sometimes a reaction follows on the long seclusion of the harem life when broken through. Such was the case with Madame Kiazim Pasha, the mother of Izzet Bey. She received *à la Européenne* for some time, and no one thought much about it. But one day Constantinople was startled by the announcement that Madame Kiazim had eloped

with a Belgian Secretary of Legation, and would be seen no more. The happy couple married when they got far enough away, and are now, I believe, enjoying the pleasures of one another's society in Paris.

So very limited a sprinkling of Turks can evidently leave no perceptible influence on society, while the Armenians and Levantines, in spite of the strength of numbers and riches, make little more appearance than the Turks. There was a time when the Armenians might not only have ruled society, but have held the whole empire under their sway. Their intelligence, energy, and practical business-like qualities, give them immense advantages over the slower and more easy-going Turk. It was not so long ago that they seemed likely to hold the reins of government at the Porte, and to reign supreme at the Palace. And, indeed, so they still might. But they have two fatal defects—intense jealousy of one another, and boundless power of intrigue.

Some five-and-forty years ago or more, when reigned the Sultan Mahmoud of glorious memory, there lived a certain Djezaïli, next only to his imperial master in riches and honor. His word with the Sultan was all-powerful. Never was a favorite more caressed. Estates and houses, riches of all kinds, were heaped upon him. He married a beautiful young wife, and heaven seemed determined that all should prosper with him. But the gods smile on those they would destroy, and—he was an Armenian. So one fine morning poor Djezaïli's head was, by his master's order, severed from his shoulders. Madame Djezaïli awoke to hear, not only that she was a widow, but that, of all her riches and possessions, her clothes alone were left her. What diabolical ingenuity of intrigue had compassed this ruin was never really known. But it was beyond doubt that the machinations had been prompted by the jealousy of Djezaïli's own compatriots, and by them carried into execution. Madame Djezaïli managed to retain a few jewels out of her own abundance. Gradually, to keep body and soul together, she parted with them. At last, in utter destitution, she was reduced to plying the trade of a washerwoman. And still an old woman of

over seventy years, arm-deep in soap-suds, may be seen reflecting in patient sorrow over passed glories in a miserable little street near the town of Galata. Many nearly equally striking instances of internecine jealousy might be given. If one Armenian begins to prosper, a dozen others will strive their best to ruin him.

Both from difference of habits and customs, and from a mistaken contempt in which they are held, the Armenians make no show whatever in European society. There is nothing they dislike so much as being on good behavior. Now and then, by a strong effort of will, they give great receptions in huge rooms all gilt and glass, hideously magnificent and supremely stiff and unpleasant. But of society, in the sense of constant intercourse with others outside the pale of the family, they know nothing. The ladies seem to spend most of their time in sitting in the windows and looking down on the streets, an amusement which they prefer to any other, even to the reading of French novels. The standard of morality amongst the Armenians used to be high, but civilisation is doing the usual work of its early stages. Civilised customs are misapprehended and wrongly acted upon. The Armenian ladies, in their desire to emulate the frisky reputation of European dames of fashion, are sometimes carried across the Rubicon, while their European sisters for the most part are not. But the tendency of the Armenian nature is good, and the failing just noticed is due to a fault of method rather than of morals.

The Levantines in the same way as the Armenians, but in a lesser degree, are not held in high esteem by Europeans, and in spite of their wealth, which is often considerable, have no appreciable weight in society. I have never yet known a man confess himself to be a Levantine. He is always English, or French, or a member of one or other of the great nations of Europe. And, indeed, whatever he may call himself, there is probably some grain of truth in his assertion, for the mingled blood of most peoples runs in Levantine veins. You never can tell in what language a Levantine will address you; for, having none of his own, he can speak five or six

tongues with perfect incorrectness. Levantine English, for instance, is simply another edition of "English as she is spoke." Levantine French is not much better, and so of all other Levantine languages.

The colonies of the different European nationalities are principally composed of English, French, German, Italian, and an enormous quantity of Greeks. But with the exception of bankers, these are almost entirely small shop-keepers or petty merchants, and, so far as society is concerned, have no existence. This remark, however, does not exactly apply to the English. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, at Scutari, Candilli, and Kadikieni, are established small settlements of English families, which in their sturdy British way have set up a little society of their own, independent of what is looked upon as society at Constantinople. Now and then on great occasions this little society joins hands with that of Constantinople proper; but they do not mix particularly well, and have but little intercourse.

Asiatic life is entirely lacking in Constantinople. There are no actors and no musicians. One solitary painter is there, a Turk, Hamdi Bey by name, whose pictures command great prices, by reason probably of their rarity, for from an artistic point of view they are almost worthless. But this lonely artist is not any very great addition to society; he is rarely seen, and is of a somewhat sombre and taciturn disposition. Literature is also represented by one single man, Mr. Edgar Whitaker. This gentleman is the editor of the principal local daily paper, correspondent of one or two London papers, and the author from time to time of articles in the leading London magazines. The daily press of Constantinople has a hard time of it. It is under a strict censorship—so strict indeed that not unfrequently large spaces left in expressive blank are to be seen in leading articles, traces of the heavy hand of the censor who, at the last moment, has excised some objectionable passage. No telegrams on public matters are allowed to be published, or even received. The space has to be wearily eked out by extracts from European papers of recent date, as much scandal as can be picked up or invented, odd bits of local

news, and advertisements. The surprising thing is that under such conditions the local press continues to exist at all. But where others fail Mr. Edgar Whitaker flourishes. His pretty turn for composition, and a talent which he has for covert sarcasm, give a zest and piquancy to his paper wanting in every other. His occupation has brought him, nevertheless, an eventful life. Twice, I believe, he has been exiled. Once certainly he has sustained a prolonged siege in his printing-offices against the infuriated authorities. How many times his paper has been suppressed, and under how many new names it has reappeared, I should be afraid to say. But nothing seems to affect him. Exiled or besieged, suppressed or in the full swing of editorship, he preserves the same imperturbable equability of temper and good-humor. Amongst other things he is a gifted musician, and in hard times of enforced idleness he will retire smiling to his music-room and play the violin. His energy is extraordinary. He is always trying to set on foot something to render life in Constantinople more passable. Is there a philharmonic society to be founded, a concert to be given, a public entertainment of any sort to be arranged, a charity to be furthered—Mr. Edgar Whitaker will plunge heart and soul into the whole thing. On the whole there are few persons to whom society owes more enjoyment than to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Whitaker.

This gentleman's name suggests naturally that of Halim Pasha, of whom he is the political guide, philosopher, and friend. Prince Halim is the uncle of the present Khedive Tewfik, and has a strong wish to replace his nephew on the throne of Egypt. Personally he is, like all his family, short, thickset, and dark. He has a cordial, pleasant address, and is a good sportsman; goes but little into society, and is ever ready to demonstrate to you that of all men living he is the most fit to mount the viceregal throne. To attain that end he is known to spend considerable sums of money out of his vast fortune; otherwise he is thrifty and economical. He has, however, a promising family of sons, who are doubtless educating themselves to spend freely in the future.

I have now enumerated the only elements of society in Constantinople which exist, except *la haute finance* and the *société diplomatique*. To the embassies, an exaggerated importance, compared with that attributed to them in the other great capitals of Europe, is assigned: each ambassador is a king, each ambassadress a queen; the secretaries and *attachés* represent the highest aristocracy. It follows that some jealousy exists between the different embassies, and that they have little cordial intercourse with one another. Each seems to possess a little circle of adorers of its own. Thus, an already very limited society, which can ill-afford to lose what little substance it might have, tends to be broken up into *côteries*. Constantinople presents, in fact, the sight of a large capital with an essentially small town system of life. There being no recreations, no distractions, no intellectual resources of any sort, no political or artistic life, the soil is eminently adapted for the promotion of petty jealousies and discords, and society passes its time in disparaging its neighbor, in profitless gossip, in the discussion of scandal, or in the invention of scandal to discuss. A wonderful amount of pushing, of heart-burning, of toadying and intriguing, is perpetually on foot. To be on good terms with your ambassador should hold a high place in your ambition; to be on good terms with all the ambassadors should be your ambition's extreme limit. It does not in the least follow that because your own embassy receives you into its arms the others will follow suit. You have to scale the heights singly, and in gaining one you run an exceedingly good chance of losing some of those your prowess has already conquered. Some people of independent spirit have at times affected to laugh this diplomat-worship to scorn, but it is of no avail; in the end they are either left out in the cold altogether, or obliged to bow down at the general shrine, and the latter is the course usually adopted. If the diplomatists themselves exhibit at Constantinople a consciousness of complete superiority which they do not show in the other capitals of Europe, is there anything to be wondered at? My only surprise is that they treat their votaries with as much of considerate condescension as

they do. On the whole, the moral tone of this society is good. It necessarily takes its cue from its leaders, and diplomatists being, by their very position—indeed, in order to keep their position—bound to behave in such a way as not to discredit the countries which they represent, any real scandal is rare.

Considering the lofty position assumed by the embassies in Constantinople, it may seem singular that their influence with the Porte, weak and helpless as this latter institution is supposed to be, is so feeble. The days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe are gone forever. The Turks no longer put their trust in words and professions; they require a very substantial *quid pro quo* for everything they may do. They have tried the friendship of most of the nations of Europe, and found them wanting. Now, in spite of showers of diplomatic notes, and any number of ambassadors, they will quietly go their own way, and no one else's. But this does not detract from the social, and even semi-regal, position of ambassadors in Constantinople society. I have known, whilst reigning in the English Embassy, Sir Henry Eliot, courteous, and a traditional diplomatist from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; Sir Henry Layard, rough and rude in manner, the very reverse of what any diplomatist should be; Mr. Goschen, cordial and great-hearted, never resting until he has convinced himself of the true way to act in any given circumstance. The last occupant of the throne, Lord Dufferin, was the personified sum of the whole series of diplomatic talents and graces. His manner to every one was equally bland, gracious, and sincere. For every one he had the same pleasant smile, the same cordial greeting, the same exquisite politeness. With all this fascination of manner he combined the advantages of a first-rate reputation for talent. To my mind that talent was never better proved than by Lord Dufferin's treatment of the Turks. He knew it was useless trying to work with them, so he refrained from working. Once, just before the bombardment of Alexandria, it is said, he did apply his whole strength of mind and head to the task of persuading them to fall in with English suggestions. He failed; and from that time forward, taking

the right view of things, he devoted himself to the extraction of the largest possible amount of enjoyment from life. He painted, he yachted continually ; he amused himself in a variety of ways. It will be long, too, before Constantinople sees the like of Lady Dufferin again. Her sweet and gracious manner, her boundless hospitality, her warm-hearted charity, the endless trouble she would take in any good cause, justly endeared her to Constantinopolitans of every degree. It was a day of very true regret which saw her take leave of them for good and all. Lord Dufferin's successor has not yet assumed his post. The affairs of the Embassy are being carried on *ad interim* by Sir William White, the English Minister at Bucharest. He is a big, hearty, energetic gentleman, with a powerful voice, a foreign accent, and an unfailing fund of strong, clear common sense.

English *haute finance* is represented in the first place by Mr. Foster, the chief of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. This gentleman occupies a unique position. By his straightforward dealing, his practical common sense, and an integrity rare amongst financiers in the East, he has succeeded in winning the confidence of every successive Minister of Finance. He is equally respected by society. His very appearance carries with it the conviction of honesty and rectitude of purpose. A man with his hearty English face, his venerable white hair, his portly figure, could, you would say at first sight, never be capable of anything but what is absolutely good. The Ottoman Bank never did a wiser thing than when it chose Mr. Foster to be its figure-head. He is now more seldom seen in society than formerly, and the hospitality which he rejoiced to dispense has become less frequent. But whenever he appears he is welcome ; wherever he is he seems to shed a genial light around him. Mr. Vincent Caillard, the President of the Department of the Public Debt, is in many respects the exact opposite of Mr. Foster. He is young and reserved. His talents are reputed to be great. He is a frequent, if frigid, attendant in society's drawing-rooms, and, being married to a charming wife, his house is often thrown open.

The Marquis de Noailles, who reigns

over the French Embassy, has less in him of the diplomatist than of the intellectual literary man. He is the author of more than one work of solid merit ; his spare form and bowed head are typical of the man of continued reflection and thought. Quiet and reserved in manner, he displays, on closer acquaintance, an unsuspected vein of dry humor. He does little for society, and is rarely visible at society's gatherings save upon occasions on which his absence might be interpreted as a slight. Madame la Marquis is seen as seldom as her husband, save at her every evening receptions. In the French Embassy, perhaps more than in any other, one is conscious of the small *côteries* into which society is broken up. Unless you are in the "French set," which is decidedly limited, you will probably find yourself, on entering the drawing-room, amongst people who are either entire strangers to you, or with whom you are on terms but of the slightest acquaintance, received by the master and mistress of the house, but the guests evidently look upon you in the light of an intruder. Except for these nightly entertainments, the French Embassy never throws open its hospitable doors.

It is different at the German and Austrian Embassies, where one finds society in its most cosmopolitan form. Monsieur de Radowitz, the German Ambassador, is one of those men who cannot bear a dull environment. He has a way of always looking at the sunny side of things, and he likes to see other people merry and happy too. It is no wonder that with his bright nature, his flow of sparkling conversation, he should be uniformly popular ; and he is admirably assisted in his social duties by Madame de Radowitz. She also is endowed with the happiest and most kindly disposition ; she is ready to welcome every one with the same sincere cordiality and goodwill. If she can only make people feel at home with her and enjoy themselves, she considers that one of her principal duties in life has been accomplished. Accordingly, you will meet in the German Embassy, English and French, Austrians and Italians, of course Germans, Greeks, Levantines, sometimes even Armenians, and you might almost persuade yourself for the time that no

such thing as a *côterie* existed in Constantinople. The same good feeling reigns in the Austrian Embassy under the auspices of Monsieur and Madame de Cabie, but the lady being unfortunately an invalid, it is necessarily less apparent.

Round the orb of M. de Radowitz revolves that constellation of lesser German luminaries which Germany, to mark her goodwill, has lent to Turkey. The greater number of these honest Teutons work conscientiously for their money, and, with a brave disregard of probabilities, consider their presence in Turkey will have extremely beneficial results, and will eventually lead to the regeneration of the Turkish Empire. This is the value they set upon themselves. The value which the Turks set upon them is different. As has been already pointed out, the Turk will regenerate his empire on his own lines, or he will not regenerate it at all. The honest German sends in long, painstaking reports on every imaginable subject connected with financial, military, or Government matters. The wily Turk receives them, and, smiling, pops them into remote pigeon-holes. Those are not what he wants. Being under the impression that the friendship of Germany and Prince Bismarck is of vital necessity to the Turkish Empire, he thinks that, by showing an apparent deference to German superiority, and a feigned yearning to be taught by German wisdom, that friendship will be gained. Thus, whilst English officers of the *gendarmérie* are dismissed with scant courtesy, and without their pay, one sees the Turks begging for more German tutors, and from time to time increasing the salaries of those whom good fortune has already sent to serve them. Whether this particular object will be gained is a very open question. But Prince Bismarck is too wise not to turn to account any advantage, however small, which may be placed in his hands. The Turkish service is used as a convenient place of honorable rustication for German officers of whom the home authorities desire for a time to be rid. I may instance Von der Goltz Pasha, a man of undoubted ability, and formerly an officer of considerable distinction on the German Grand General Staff. He wrote

a pamphlet in which he expressed ideas not in consonance with those of the powers that be. Such audacity had to be punished, and he was begged to retire for a season to Turkey until—being a very valuable officer—he might be received back into favor again. I might further instance Ristow Pasha. He once in public smote a brother-officer—the son of a great German banker—on the cheek for improper behavior on the occasion of the attempted assassination of the German Emperor. The banker's son refusing to demand satisfaction, a court of honor was held, and he was dismissed the service. Ristow Pasha had broken a regulation, and stern justice must be satisfied. He was therefore lent to the Turks for a time, until the affair could be decently forgotten. Thus the whole arrangement is admirable. It is convenient to the German Government. The good German officers are happy in the belief that they are regenerating Turkey, and in the receipt of handsome pay; the Turks imagine that they are gaining the friendship of Bismarck. All the parties are pleased and contented.

Is there an Italian "set" at Constantinople? I think not. Of course there is an Italian Ambassador. But he is even better known in London than in Constantinople. Any one moving in London society must be acquainted with the short figure, jaunty step, grizzled hair and beard, and queer humorous face of Count Corti. He speaks English like an Englishman. He affects English manners, and wears clothes of English cut. I believe his greatest pride, when not in an official capacity, would be to be mistaken for a Briton of the most uncompromising sort. In London only is he really happy, where, amongst old friends and familiar faces, he may live English life with the Englishmen he loves, appreciating and being appreciated in return. If the diplomatic history of Constantinople during Count Corti's ambassadorship came to be written, it would be found that he had rendered loyal and valuable services to his English colleagues. Constantinople does not suit him; there is not enough of the English element in society, and he is unmarried. Count Corti is of the English set, and will always remain so.

The English Embassy is a kind of second home to him, and he is most deservedly liked and respected by all the English who know him. When he departs from his present post, Constantinople will sustain the loss of a kind-hearted, sterling gentleman. But his real friends will not regret his departure if only he be moved to the Embassy at London. Not only might London society be rejoiced at the appointment, but Count Corti will have attained the summit of his ambition.

There could be no greater contrast to Count Corti than that presented by M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador. In the first place, there is not, of course, the same mutual sympathy between the English and Russian Embassies. Then, whereas Count Corti is somewhat silent, M. de Nelidoff has an endless flow of conversation at his command. The former does not speak unless he has something to say; the latter, with nothing to say, will rattle away with extraordinary rapidity, lead you dancing along through whirls of words and torrents of sentences, and finally leave you breathless and annoyed, without having communicated a single idea which you will find worth retaining. And M. de Nelidoff never looks bored; he is always gay, fascinating, and full of life. I have, however, never yet seen any one who has got behind the first flash of voluble cordiality. With all his rattle and ready conversation, he is a man of great reserve; he is, in fact, a born diplomatist, and he looks it. In figure he is well set up, and he is always perfectly dressed; and there is something attractive in his pale expressive face, with its iron-grey beard and piercing brown eyes. Madame de Nelidoff is an easy-natured lady, taking things as they come. There is, of course, a set which worships at the Russian shrine. There being very few Russians proper, it is composed chiefly of Levantine magnates and others, and is less known even than usual to the other component parts of society. At the one or two entertainments given annually by the Russian Embassy—for its hospitality is somewhat limited—you are certain to meet quantities of people you will never see anywhere else.

Much more important to society is the

family of M. Onou, the Russian *conseiller d'ambassade*. He himself is a hospitable, pleasant gentleman, shining chiefly in the light of his wife. To obtain the familiar entry of Madame Onou's *salon*, you need belong to no particular set; it is necessary only that you should not be dull or uninteresting, and that you should have, or at least be reputed to have, abilities somewhat above the ordinary run. Madame Onou herself possesses more than the usual share of wit; her conversation is brilliant and inexhaustible, her reading wide and varied. The ordinary platitudes and dull generalities of society conversation she cordially detests. Do not begin them with her; she will make you discover your mistake with a rapidity more striking than agreeable, and you will heartily wish you had kept silent. If you show some signs of originality and cultivation you will be warmly encouraged, and will be made welcome whenever you appear. Should you, on increased acquaintance, find great favor in the eyes of Madame Onou, you may possibly be admitted into her inner circle. Your reputation for brilliancy and intellectual attainments is then established forever. You are one of the *âmes d'élite*. *Les âmes d'élite* is a title which a band of the chosen few, with Madame Onou at their head, have conferred on themselves as a distinctive sign. They look down on the rest of society from an intellectual height which an ordinary mortal may envy, but may not hope to attain. From time to time they meet in happy conclave, to enjoy the feast of reason and to promote the flow of soul. Chosen subjects are then discussed with beautiful and tender sentiment, with profound knowledge and learning, with brilliant coruscations of wit. Poetry is declaimed—the more inspired showing a preference for poems of their own composition. You breathe the atmosphere of intellectual refinement and of fervid genius. The entertainment is a little serious, but you go to improve, not to amuse, yourself. Be very careful not to laugh at the wrong time. This crime was once committed whilst, I think, a leading *âme d'élite* was reciting to his fellow-souls a poem which he had written. The two criminals—there were two of them—were banished from the sacred circle, never again to be ad-

mitted. The most important member of this little sect—if so I may call it—next to Madame Onou is M. Ecsarho, the Roumanian Consul. He is a gentleman small in stature but big in soul. Like most Roumanians, he talks perfect Parisian French. He is of very poetic temperament, an actor of really remarkable merit, and probably invaluable as an *âme d'élite*.

The antithesis to the *âmes d'élite* is the set which gathers round Madame Wallenberg and her sister, Miss d'Ehrenhoff. These ladies are the daughters of the Swedish Minister; but their mother was English, and they are, to all appearance, much more English than Swede. Being young and charming, always in high spirits, excellent horsewomen, ready for almost anything, from driving tandem to an *impromptu* dance, they have the *jeunesse dorée* of Constantinople at their feet. With them it is not necessary to speak of poetry or learning. It is not even desirable, for they would not understand you. Horses, dogs, riding-parties, dances, dress, flirtation, and such light matters are the subjects they and their society mostly affect, and if you depart from these you will be looked upon as "a bore," and your acquaintance will be discouraged. This does not in the least prevent the male *âmes d'élite* from sharing in the general adoration of the Swedish ladies, who receive their homage with that strict impartiality which distinguishes them. But the *âmes d'élite* are none the less obliged to descend from their intellectual pedestal, and to adapt their minds to the more mundane subjects above enumerated. Both ladies make sport of the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men. Old or young, English, French, German, Austrian, Russian, Italian, or Greek, every one is in turn equally favored and equally disappointed. But if they take nothing seriously, they have never given Mrs. Grundy material wherewith to reproach them.

The Greek set is by far the largest of all; it is at the same time the least known. The Greeks have enormous power in the country, financially and politically. Quite three-quarters of the Constantinople bankers are Greeks, and the official departments swarm with them. But they keep to themselves. Be-

yond leaving a few formal cards every now and then, the diplomatists take no notice of them; and as the diplomatists give the cue to society, society takes no notice of them either. In this I am bold enough to think that society is mistaken, for not only is the Greek section exceedingly powerful, but there are amongst them some very charming people. The Greek Legation is presided over by M. Condouriotis. It is quite useless for me to endeavor to give a description of this gentleman, for I have only seen him once, and that at a distance. He has such an absolute distaste for society that he is practically never seen. I am prepared to lay heavy odds that quite half Constantinople society is in a more unhappy state than myself, and does not even know the Greek Minister by sight. Madame Condouriotis is, on the contrary, one of the most familiar sights of Constantinople. Her large form and good-natured face, and her cloud of unmarried daughters, will never be missed from any social gathering entitled to the name. I am not aware that the Greek Legation ever opens its doors for hospitality's sake. It is nevertheless considered the right thing to call there on Sunday afternoons. You are pretty sure there to find every one worth knowing in Madame Condouriotis' drawing-room, drinking tea. It is not particularly lively; no one seems to know exactly why he should be there. But it is the right thing to do, and it is there that you may meet the great Greek bankers—the Zarifis, the Engenides, and all those names so well known at the Porte and so little in society. You will find them pleasant, highly educated, intelligent, and in every way worthy of cultivation. But to cultivate them is difficult.

There are others whom I fain would portray—Mr. and Mrs. Heap, of the American Consulate-General, Mr. and Mrs. von Püts, of the Dutch Legation. But these ladies and gentlemen, though taking prominent places in society, have no distinct "sets" attendant to them. And so my imperfect sketch is finished. If I have seemed to have treated my theme in a narrow and disjointed way, I can only repeat that it is itself so narrow and disjointed that it could not faithfully be treated otherwise.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## IN THE PIT OF A THEATRE.

DURING an enforced holiday, when the "Sovereign people" in London and other cities wills it that business shall be laid aside between a Saturday and a Tuesday, it is no small rest to a busy man to find himself safe in his *sanctum* at home, and monarch of all he surveys, in the company of his truest friends—his old books. Amongst these old friends are many who have seen better days, as regards their outside covers, in the shape of old dramas, play-bills, operas, and other books pertaining to the stage; and it is not strange that my mind wanders back to the time when, as a boy, passing through London on my way to a public school, I was generally allowed one, and sometimes two nights in 'Town to "go to the play."

In country villages, people who had been to London and had gone to the play were "somebodies" when they described the glories of a London theatre, and though there were amongst our rural population people who thought "a 'playhouse' a 'pandemonium,'" still I observed that they listened attentively to the narrative of any bold explorer, who on his return was relating the wonders which he had seen, before they gave vent to their opinions against secular amusement. As a schoolboy, of course, if I went to the play, nothing would satisfy me but a seat in the dress circle, and going in full evening dress, and white kid gloves, and possibly scented—for the abomination called "scent" was much used by young men and affected by boys many years ago. Not unlike Master Augustus Jones, who accompanied Mr. "Spec" to the play and overflowed with delight on recognising "Smith," a schoolfellow, in the pit (for details whereof see Thackeray's "A Night's Pleasure"), I was recognised by a schoolfellow who was sitting in the pit, but I tried not to catch his eye: so you see, if we all speak the truth, we cannot help admitting that in our passage through life we feel self-convinced of having been contaminated by puppydom and false pride.

It must have been nearer fifty than forty years ago that I first was introduced to the London theatres; and on

coming to reside in London, after leaving school in 1842, it so happened that I boarded at a house, the owners of which were connected with the theatrical profession, and I had the opportunity of learning what was the best thing to see or hear. I soon abandoned my grand ideas about the dress circle, evening costume, and white kid gloves, and learnt the lesson that the coat must be cut according to the cloth, and my experience was that, not only was the pit much cheaper than the boxes, but there were two other great advantages in going there: first, there was an absence of the nuisance of the opening and shutting of doors, and being disturbed by people coming late and chattering; and secondly, in the pit, those on all sides of you came to see and hear the performance and enjoy it, and by a general agreement the greatest order and silence were preserved, while there was a strong feeling of mutual respect between the actors and the pit audience.

London was half its present size before the railway days, money was much scarcer than now, and amusements which cost money were less frequently indulged in by young men who were learning a profession. And the birds of passage, in London to-day and gone to-morrow, were comparatively few.

There were no stalls, and people did not come to the pit for fashion's sake; and on Shakspeare nights a large number of the audience brought their books and ran over the coming scenes before each act. Whenever any celebrated passage was about to be delivered, there was a deep "hush" amongst the old play-goers, who had been *habitués* perhaps for the last forty years, and it was interesting to watch their faces for expressions of approval or disapproval, as the case might be; if the former, when a thing was well done they almost exploded with delight; if on the contrary, there would be a suppressed sigh and half-uttered expression of reproach.

Many of the old school had seen Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Miss O'Neil, and were very ready, when asked by youngsters who wished to learn, to give their experiences of the

great actors and actrèsses of the past. Of course there were amongst them *laudatores temporis acti*, but the old critics on the whole were very fair, and kept before their eyes the fact that the performers were working for their bread, and if they did their best, any errors in the opinion of their judges in the pit were lightly passed over, provided there was not any suspicion of carelessness. If an actor or actress was not word-perfect, or altered the text in any way, it was a grave offence to the pit; and such things have been seen as an unsteadiness of gait or huskiness of voice which told their own tale, but this was very seldom. I remember one very painful scene, when a singer came on to sing a time-honored ballad which was anxiously waited for, and, staring vacantly at the house, he fairly winked, and then lurched against the scenery. The same thing had happened once before to the same actor, so it was not the first offence. There was a howl of execration, and cries of "Put him to bed!" "Put him under the pump!" No apology would be accepted.

The supper after the play was a great institution. Young men went pretty much to one of the singing places so graphically described by Thackeray under the names of the "Cave of Harmony," or "The Back Kitchen;" but the Café de l'Europe, in the Haymarket, or the Albion, opposite to Drury Lane Theatre, were much frequented by the regular play-goers, as many actors came to one or the other after the performance; and though they kept pretty much to themselves, people liked to see them off the stage.

It was at such places as these that we met some of our old friends whom we sat near in the pit, and they would not be unwilling to continue their talk about the past days, and the celebrities in the days of their youth.

The prominent actors and actresses whom I saw when I was a boy and a young man, and whose names come to my mind, were Macready, Phelps, Charles Kemble, the Keans (Mr. and Mrs. Charles), Vandenhoff, Miss Vandenhoff, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Nesbit, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Warner, Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), James Anderson, Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs.

German Reed), Mrs. Glover, W. Farren (the most finished English gentleman as regarded perfect ease and lofty courtesy on the stage), James Wallack, the Keeleys, Buckstone, Bartley, Elton, Harley, Compton (an admirable Touchstone), Anderson, Terry, Walter Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Leigh Murray and Mrs. Leigh Murray, Ryder (who has just died in harness after fifty years' service), Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Benjamin Webster, O. Smith, Wright, Paul Bedford, Oxberry, Madame Céleste, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon), not forgetting T. P. Cooke, R.N., the prince of stage sailors, and "little Clark," as he was always called at the Haymarket, which is believed to have been his *only stage*.

One old public favorite deserves a special notice, for his life was very eventful, and a fair specimen of what used to be "general utility." Those of the present generation saw him at the end of his performance when he was almost worn out, not *exactly* playing "the buffoon," but when (as he said himself) he had become "very dicky on his pins," because the old *habitués* of the Adelphi "*would have Paul on*" to look at him. I allude, of course, to Paul Bedford. Probably no man ever played so many parts. He was well educated and came from Bath, where he was articled to an auctioneer's firm of great eminence; but being stage-struck from witnessing Richardson's show, he first plunged into private theatricals, and when very young, after making his *début* at Swansea, was engaged at the Bath Theatre, which ranked in the early part of this century next to London.

Paul Bedford, when almost a youth, played Norfolk in "Richard III.," when Edmund Kean was starring in the West, and was taken up by and became a fast friend for life of the great tragedian. He had a rich and well-cultivated voice, and sang much at concerts, amongst others with Malibran, Catalani, and old Braham; took good parts in English operas under good managers; sang at churches, chapels, Vauxhall, and public dinners, and was equally at home in "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "The Crown Diamonds;" in "Jolly Nose" in "Jack Sheppard" and in the "Gloria

in *Excelsis*" in a Roman Catholic chapel; he played in melodrama, "screaming farces," and burlesques, and was the king of men at a Greenwich or Richmond dinner. He was recognised by every one in London, from a royal duke to a crossing-sweeper, and in his time had been well known to Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Daniel O'Connell (by the last two of whom he had been specially noticed), and to Louis Napoleon, afterward Emperor of the French, Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington's circle at Kensington Gore, and also to the dandies in London, old and young, lords and commons, military and civilian. He was genial, eccentric, good-natured, and never out of temper. Bedford and Wright, who was a foil to him—in fact, to use a vulgarism, they were "chopping-blocks to each other"—were inseparables on the Adelphi stage; and Miss Woolgar, so to say, grew up on that stage under them, and was a kind of adopted daughter to both. The three acted so much together that their daily work became almost a relationship; the two actors were old stagers, and Miss Woolgar was a young girl beginning life. Wright was allowed the greatest liberties in "gagging," and such a thing has been witnessed as a personal appeal by Wright to the audience against the rough conduct of Mr. Bedford to him in the farce, the tendering and acceptance of Mr. Bedford's apology, the applause of the audience at two such good fellows having shaken hands; numbers of the audience who came from the country thinking that the scene was real.

Paul Bedford was a fair specimen of a "general utility" man; one who did a great many things which others could not, who amused at least three generations, and who labored according to his lights in a kindly and humorous manner; though never within the meaning of the word "an actor."

In this article I am not alluding to the operatic and musical world, but to those who belong to what we called "the play" in days gone by. The transpontine theatres were mostly given up to the nautical drama at the Surrey, "cut-and-thrust and murder" at the Victoria (where the nobility and gentry of the Borough Road sat with their coats off

in the boxes sometimes, and publicly eat "whelks" with a pin, and whistled cheerfully to any friend they might recognise); and to horsemanship at Astley's.

Acting must in those days have been terribly hard work, for the performance went on from half-past six or seven till midnight, and there was a half-price at nine o'clock—now very wisely abolished—and those who came at half-price wanted a long spell for their money. I have seen Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris play through a whole evening at the Olympic (including the fairy extravaganza); and the Keeleys would do the same at the Lyceum. Acting was not mixed up much with tableaux, and processions, and dancing, as is the custom at some theatres of to-day, and the staff must have been sorely taxed to fill up the evening.

Charles Mathews, Keeley, Buckstone, Paul Bedford, and Wright were in their everyday characters precisely the same off the stage as on; there was something irresistibly comic in everything each of them said or did. The first named was possibly the most accomplished man in the profession, for he was a splendid linguist, and could play, draw, fence, dance, sing, and mimic anything or anybody; yet, curiously enough, he regretted throughout his life that he did not follow his profession as an architect.

In Macready's *Reminiscences* it is stated that the great tragedian did not follow his calling for love of it; and Mrs. Butler (*née* Fanny Kemble), in her *Reminiscences* says that she *hated* acting Shakspeare's characters, as she thought the plays were intended for private study and reading, and ought *never* to have been put on the stage at all.

The Mrs. Glover of the past is represented by the Mrs. Stirling of the present, who is now filling such parts as the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," Mrs. Malaprop, &c., which characters can only be represented by some lady who has passed a lifetime on the boards; and it is a great pleasure to have seen them both and to write them down in one's mind as *equales*. Accomplished ladies of this class hand down the traditions of the stage. It is always pleasant, when one meets any of the few remaining old favorites in the street, to take one's hat off in grateful respect for the amuse-

ment and instruction which we have received from them in our and their younger days.

Now let us look into old Drury Lane in the Macready days. Macready was notoriously one of the most violent-tempered men in England, and in his Life it is recorded that he prayed earnestly to be delivered from his violent fits of passion. Macready was a scholar and a gentleman, and most conscientious in his endeavors to make the stage what it ought to be, a school of dramatic art to his audience. Naturally he had a very fine voice, susceptible of great modulation, especially in the representation of pathos. But, from an over-anxiety to make everything that he said reach every one of his audience, he had fallen into a painful habit of breaking up his sentences, which not only marred the rhythm of the verse he had to speak but gave a "jerky" unevenness to his elocution that became at times irritating. Another drawback that he created for himself was this: he made the most horrible faces when his passions were roused, insomuch that I was once nearly put out of the theatre for bursting out laughing in "King Lear," when the mad king *shrieked* out, "Look! look! a mouse," and he made such a tremendous face and rolled his eyes in such a supernatural manner at so small an animal, in his imagination, that if it had been at the end of the world, I could not have kept my countenance. Nevertheless, on looking back I feel fully convinced that a Shakspearian performance at Macready's theatre gave one a great zest for reading and trying to understand Shakspeare.

There was great public sympathy with Macready in his management, because he made the hazardous experiment of trying to make the house pay its own expenses without the "Saloon," which used to be let at a very high price for the purpose of making it a lounge for the least desirable company, and of selling the worst possible wine at the highest possible prices.

"Macbeth" was a great draw at Drury Lane, and Mrs. Warner often played Lady Macbeth. It was a favorite piece, as the music by Locke, and the witches and the general weirdness of the scenes, always have had a fascina-

tion for the British public. In the first "Macbeth" I saw, Macready was Macbeth, Phelps was Macduff, Anderson Banquo, Elton was Rosse, and Mrs. Warner Lady Macbeth.

"As You Like It" was also popular, and perhaps the best adapted of all the plays for putting on the stage, and Macready's Jaques was a very fine study: the character fitted him exactly, and the music also was attractive. In the first performance of "As You Like It" under Macready which I saw, Mrs. Nisbet was Rosalind: in the last "As You Like It" I saw under Macready—and that was by Royal command—Anderson was Orlando, Helen Faucit was Rosalind, Keeley was Touchstone, and Mrs. Keeley was Audrey. I am not going to make out a list of performances from old play-bills, but I venture to remark here that it appears from memory and from record that there was in those days in London a sure supply of first-rate talent for tragedy and comedy; and well-known actors and actresses migrated from theatre to theatre as seasons ended and engagements closed, and whether there were special stars or not, at the first-class theatres the parts were well filled.

Phelps was a great deal with Macready, and was of the same high stamp, a scholar and a gentleman. His Iago played to Macready's Othello, with Helen Faucit as Desdemona, was a treat to see; and when Phelps took his benefit they reversed the parts, and Macready played Iago to Phelps' Othello. Phelps made a bold experiment and opened Sadler's Wells Theatre, which used to be a very second-rate suburban theatre, with Shakspeare. He "lived down" the opposition of the "roughs" in the gallery, and fairly educated his audience to understand the beauties of the greatest of dramatists. His Master Ford in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was a masterpiece; so, too, was his Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and he must be ranked amongst those who in a somewhat rough theatre promoted the interests of the drama most successfully.

And now, if you please, I must ask for "hats off" to a lady—who was supposed to be a link between the days of the Siddons and the O'Neil school and her own day—whom I saw play "The

Lady Constance" (as it was always called, though the text says "Constance" only) in "King John."

Of course we youngsters only knew of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil by tradition, but we sat side by side with those who had seen both of the celebrated *tragédiennes*, and they admitted Miss Faucit's excellence—sometimes possibly with a little qualification, such as "Oh, yes, sir, that is very good, but *the* Siddons and *the* O'Neil each of them raised her right arm in that exit, which 'took her off' better." I liked the Toryism of the old boys who stuck to the friends of their youth, whether they were right or wrong.

Sydney Smith said that Mrs. Siddons, when he met her at dinner, "stabbed the potatoes, and called for a fork as she would for a dagger." Well, times alter; counsel, who used to hold up both hands and appeal to heaven as Brougham did, would be nowhere now; while men who, under the guise of preaching, used to fill a church by bringing to bear a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, a diamond ring, and gesticulation—à la Charles Honyman—accompanied by brimstone threats, would in these days empty a cathedral.

Just so the rant and "the wait" for the roar of the house, which was the custom in Mrs. Siddons' days, as our forefathers informed us, was out of fashion when Helen Faucit held the stage at Drury Lane.

I first saw that lady, then in or just out of her teens, as Constance in "King John." Macready was the King; Phelps was Hubert; Anderson was Falconbridge; and little Miss Murray, I think, was Arthur, and played the part in *white kid gloves*!

Now King John was my favorite aversion in history; I always looked on him as a coward and a sneak, and I hated the horrible legend about Prince Arthur and the red-hot irons; the very story kept me awake of a night. So I went rather against the grain, but I wanted to see Helen Faucit.

Of course numbers of good-natured friends told me that I was wasting my time and money to go and see "Helen Faucit go mad in white satin." However, I went on my own account, not much liking the play, and I am bound

to say that the first part fell rather flat. I had it on my mind that there would be "alarums" and soldiers and armies in sautépans without handles for head-pieces; and having lived near a garrison town all my life I always had a contempt for stage "supers" as substitutes for soldiers.

In the second act, directly Constance speaks for the first time—

Oh, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love—

I felt in hearing Helen Faucit I was listening to something different to anything I had ever heard before.

Helen Faucit's personation of character was a gift. Indignation, irony, scorn, tenderness, affection, and sorrow were depicted by her in the most natural manner, and she had the advantage of a grand presence, great flexibility, clearness, and mellowness of voice, somewhat of a low pitch, but very distinct, with a passionate expression; any one could see that she felt the part she played, whatever it was.

Her burst of indignation at the opening of the third act in "King John"—

Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!  
False blood to false blood joined! etc.

was very grand. Later on, when Arthur says, "I *do* beseech thee, madam, be content," and she replies—

If thou that bidst me be content were grim,  
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,

I would *not* care; I then would be content,  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown;  
But thou art fair—and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great—  
etc.

the wonderful tenderness and pathos and change of voice and manner at the words "But thou art fair," etc., were very effective.

In the same scene, when she refuses to go with Salisbury to the Kings of France and England, and Salisbury says—

Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings,

Helen Faucit, without any ranting, turned on Salisbury with withering scorn—

Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will *not* go with thee,

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;

For grief is proud and makes his owner stout,  
etc.

and I call to mind the stately way in which she seemed gradually to sink into the ground—never taking her eyes off Salisbury—with a kind of long sweeping curtsy, and never dropping her voice until her body rested on the stage, and the mournful cadence of the words—

Here I and sorrow sit ;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

And I can hear also in imagination the taunting sarcasm to Austria—

Thou wear a lion's hide ! Doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on thy recreant limbs ;

and then again the prayerful appeal to the Cardinal,

And, Father Cardinal, I have heard thee say  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven ;

If that be true I shall see my son again.

The scene before the final exit of Constance, commencing with—

*Constance.* He talks to me that never had a son.

*King Philip.* You are as fond of grief as of your son.

*Constance.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child—

Lies in his bed—walks up and down with me—

Puts on his pretty looks—repeats his words—  
etc.,

was very memorable ; and when Helen Faucit tore off her head-dress, exclaiming—

I will not keep this form upon my head  
When there is such disorder in my wit !

crazed with grief, she concluded with the agonizing cry—

Oh Lord ! my boy ! my Arthur ; my fair son !  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

(*Exit.*)

This made a grand exit, and I was glad that Helen Faucit's part ended there, for the nerves may get overstrung, when the whole thing to the mind was a reality : it was not an actress that spoke, but a deeply wronged and cruelly treated mother—just as Shakspeare meant it.

I saw Helen Faucit in very many of

her characters, but her Lady Constance was my beau-ideal of a tragic actress, and I thought she could not equal it until I saw her in "The Lady of Lyons," some time afterwards.

Now, it is high treason to say so, but the play itself does *not* display much amiability among the characters. Old Damas, the tough old soldier, is the *only* unselfish, honest spoken character in the piece. All the other people are scheming and lying and deceiving, worshipping money and rank, and planning revenge and ill-nature. Pauline is a frivolous, empty-headed girl ; and her rhapsody of fervid love, in answer to Claude Melnotte's suggestion that if he *had* been the gardener's son she would not love him, is worth nothing, because she believes that he is a prince all the time.

There is not a scintilla of evidence that she cared for him any more than a London beauty in her first season would be believed by her mother, in her heart of hearts, if her daughter suddenly told her that a Duke had proposed to her and that she *must* die if she did not marry him.

It is all a pretty picture, and a good stage story for effect ; but the first time that we really sympathise with her fate is when Pauline breaks out with the natural burst of indignation—

This is thy palace ! where the perfumed light  
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps, etc.

That passage took the house by storm, and if Pauline had been Jezebel herself we would have fought for her—it was so grand and majestic in delivery, and she had been so brutally wronged.

Then the lover preaches a sermon on love, and tells his story, and she "tones herself down" to him off-hand. This kind of thing may be *art* quâ the stage, but it is not nature.

We are up and down like buckets in a well, and are relieved at last when Melnotte has done preaching and comes forward to take Pauline's hand ; and then the actress takes the weight off our minds. Without any artificial stage effect, but shrinking from the man as any one would from a noisome reptile, Helen Faucit let word by word drop in a tone of settled despair and contempt—

No—touch me not !

I know my fate ; you are by law my tyrant.

And I—oh Heaven!—a peasant's wife. I'll  
 work,  
 Toil, drudge—do what you will—but *touch* me  
 not!  
 Let my wrongs make me sacred.

Nothing could surpass the acting of Helen Faucit throughout the fourth act, when she is persecuted and jeered at by Beauséant, or the effectiveness of the scene when in Melnotte's absence she crushes Beauséant, her persecutor, with her indignant reply—

A husband's roof, however humble, in the eyes of God and man, is the temple of a wife's honor.

The situation was startling and the sentiment noble; but, unfortunately for its reality, we must give Pauline credit, according to the text of the play, for using it out of disgust towards Beauséant, and not out of regard to her husband's roof, as, a minute or two before, Pauline, in her soliloquy, says—

If he were but a poor gentleman, or even a merchant—but a gardener's son!—and *such* a home! Ah, no!—it is *too* dreadful.

All Melnotte's fine speeches and quasi-penitence come when the man is "cornered" and disgraced, and is the object of general detestation; somehow there is little interest in his character.

Throughout the last act, when Pauline is about to be sacrificed to Beauséant to save her father's fortune, and Melnotte, as Colonel Morier, under a feigned name, is talking to her about the absent Melnotte (as she supposes), Helen Faucit's acting was very fine; and after two years and a half one has a right to suppose that she would prefer Melnotte to Beauséant, a man whom she hated and despised; when the *dénouement* came, and Morier turns out to be her own husband, her surprise and joy were so real and natural that one would imagine it to be like what any one would be at coming back from the dead. The acting was a great triumph, without exaggeration. The drawback to the play is that Melnotte is rather a bore and preaches too much; as even at the end, when he has a great deal to repent of in reality for all the misery he has caused, he gives himself rather a good character than otherwise—like Zacchæus extolling himself from the sycamore-tree—and walks off with the honors of war. There can be no doubt that Helen Faucit made

the success of "The Lady of Lyons" by her creation of a very difficult character; and the great compliment to such creation is that the ambition of every new star on the stage is to play Pauline to a London audience (who are very particular about the old traditions), and many have made the attempt with varied results.

I am bound to say that I never saw a Claude Melnotte—that is, any one who could look and play the part of a love-sick peasant. I saw Macready when middle-aged, also Anderson, and G. V. Brooke; and not one of them came up to the ideal Claude Melnotte; it requires a young man and a very finished actor. Perhaps there may be Claude Melnottes now, and Paulines too, but I left off with Helen Faucit's Pauline, and I like the green spot on my memory which has been left by her splendid acting to remain there. There is no secret about the cause of Helen Faucit's success. Her very soul was in her art, and she made her audience feel the reality of the scene she was representing just as Grisi did in Lucrezia Borgia.

Madame Vestris possibly was a woman of the finest taste in her stage arrangements of her time, and one of the most charming actresses and singers. Nothing came amiss to her; she was quite at home in Shakspeare, light comedy, farce, as a "Buy a broom" girl, or Scotch fishwife, or a waiting-woman, and her singing was very charming. Her "little Olympic," as it was called, was what would now be styled "a bijou theatre." Economy was *not* her forte. Her entertainment at the Olympic consisted mostly of light, sparkling pieces, and a fairy story at Christmas. Her Covent Garden management was very unfortunate, and involved both her and Charles Mathews in heavy pecuniary difficulty.

Mrs. Nisbet again was a universal popular favorite. She sparkled all over with brilliant wit and humor, and she liked to have a part where her laugh could be heard before coming on. It is doubtful whether her Mrs. Ford or Rosalind was her best Shakspeare character, but she was admirable in both, while her Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," her Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," and her

Constance in the "Love Chase," were perfection.

The Keeleys had a great time of it at the Lyceum, and brought out a number of Planché's fairy stories at Christmas, and they always had a good company. "To Parents and Guardians" was a piece which had a long run, and it was in that that Alfred Wigan made a great hit as a poor French usher in a school of which Mrs. Keeley as a boy, Bob Nettles, was champion.

When the Shakspearian drama had nearly died out in London the Kears, some few years later on, took the Princess's for the reproduction of the "legitimate drama." They were supported by the first people in London society, and antiquaries and savants conspired to have the plays mounted *secundum artem*.

"Richard II.," with a very good reproduction of Old London, very much in the style lately exhibited at the Fisheries, was a great draw. Amongst other plays, some of the old stock pieces of the Kemble and Siddons days, such as "The Gamester" and "The Stranger," appeared again, but it was clear that the British public was not much enamored of either, as these plays belonged to the days when Dr. Watts' hymns formed the only "pathway of safety" to young sinners, and vice and virtue had to be painted in very strong colors.

There was a mannerism about Charles Kean which many people could not tolerate at any price, and of course there was a "Kean" and "Anti-Kean" party; but impartial people should take a broad view of things when judging a manager, and should consider whether he is doing all he can within his means to promote the pure drama. Money, of course, is the main object in opening a theatre, but it must never be forgotten that in the theatrical profession there was, and is, a great deal of honest pride, and, in promoting their own interests, managers were, and are, delighted to find their audiences and public opinion with them.

It would be ungrateful to omit all notice of the "old Adelphi"—the home of melodrama and screaming farce; and where, when a boy, I saw Rice—

Turn about, wheel about, and do just so;  
Every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow—

in a kind of patter song and dance, which introduced all imaginable eccentricities, and which were the forerunners of minstrel melody and of great fun and laughter, aye! and of tears, too, for "Lucy Neal" and "Mary Blane," before the abolition of slavery, caused many a moist eye.

The world has changed immensely during the last forty or fifty years. We travel by express; talk—and for our sins quarrel too—with all the world by telegraph; we are living two days to our forefathers' one now; we cannot stand the solid beef and pudding, the beer and sherry, and strong port after dinner, and five-act plays, and a pantomime to follow, with oysters and porter, and cold beef and salad and bottled stout, and punch and tobacco on the top of the lot, as our forefathers did, and as we used to do, once in a way. No—our manners and customs have changed; we like a light dinner and light wines, a good entertainment to amuse us, and not too much of it.

Our old-fashioned clown and pantaloons, and the conventional sausages, and goose, and red-hot poker are giving way to "semi-political," "semi-society" pieces, called the "sacred lamp of Burlesque," supported by singing, dancing, grand spectacles, and grotesque fun and humor at very high prices. Stalls have usurped the places of private boxes, and the world goes its own way, and pays what it pleases for what it has, and no one has a right to complain if the public get what they want; and if the stage gives a living to more people so much the better.

It is childish to compare the past with the present, but the pleasures of memory are very grateful and very harmless. No doubt the Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble school would be quite out of place now, as it would have been in the days of which I write; but we have reason to believe that could Edmund Kean come back as he was when he made his début as Shylock, he would have delighted and surprised us still. Belonging myself to a school who sit mostly at home, I do not often see modern performances of any kind; but when I do I make a note of them, and I vote cordially with those who maintain that dramatic art

belongs to this age as much as to any other, according to the peculiar style and fashion of the present time.

I am as ready to take up the cudgels for the creators of such characters as "Lord Dundreary," or "The Buttermilk," or "Galatea," or "Polly Eccles," or "Sam Gerridge," as I am

for actors and actresses and the plays of days gone by.

The stage is to the public a *table d'hôte* which people may dine at or not; the banquet is spread nightly, and those who wish to sit down may do so, and those who do not so wish may pass it by.  
—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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## THE CHESS-PLAYER.

### CHAPTER I.

THOSE whose interest in records of the supernatural is based chiefly, or entirely, upon what is monstrous or horrible, will find little pleasure in the perusal of the following narrative;—a narrative of events most wild, truly, and most strange, yet in themselves most simple. Regarding the *facts* of which I speak, to their truth I can bear witness. That they have filled me with amazement, with perplexity, even with dread, I freely own; but their reality I cannot deny, unless I refuse the evidence of my own senses. As to explanation, that is another matter. On that point I prefer to remain silent, and to content myself with a plain narration, since I confess I am not able to advance any conjecture which a sound judgment could approve, or which would not lay me open to a charge of superstition.

It was towards the close of a dark, heavy, and sombre autumn day that I, together with the messenger who had summoned me, arrived in sight of the house in which my services as a physician were required. It stood on the further shore of a black and silent lake, round which the solitary glades and mountain passes extended for many miles without other sign of human habitation. The spot was, indeed, in the last degree wild and lonely; nor did the aspect of the ancient mansion, black with age against the edge of the black water, do much to relieve the melancholy impressiveness of the scene.

The only way of approach to the mansion lay across the lake. My guide unfastened the chain of a small boat which slept among the sedges at our feet, and having taken my seat in the prow, we pushed off into the dark water.

The shore receded, and the two great hills from which we had descended. Before us lay the mansion, backed by still loftier mountains, the peaks of which rose far into the sky. As we approached the building I regarded its details with growing curiosity; the strangeness of its situation, locked, as it were, in a recess of rock—the moss-grown castellated walls—the ancient tower—the narrow slit-like windows—the flight of steps descending to the water. What strange inhabitant was this, I wondered, who preferred this aged tenement, in its solitude, its wildness, and its glamour, to the luxuriant surroundings of a modern dwelling? Who could support, day after day, and season after season, the lifeless lustre of that inky lake, the unchangeable oppression of those overwatching hills? Certainly, no common person.

"Certainly, no common person." As I repeated these words to myself the boat touched the fungus-tinted granite of the steps ascending to the archway of the door. Another servant appeared at the entrance, who, taking my bag and wrapper, preceded me into a dusky hall, where the light which entered through the deep-set pointed windows was barely sufficient to reveal the rich oaken carving of the walls and ceiling, the ancient and faded tapestries which veiled the doorways, and the spectral gleaming of suspended arms. Nothing here seemed to have been disturbed for ages. Not a sign of modern life was visible. The dust of centuries blackened the rafters. The scent of antiquity was in the air.

Thence I was conducted through many narrow, shadowy, and winding corridors to a small chamber at the other end of the building. This room was furnished in a more recent style, and indeed, except for the scarcity of light occasioned

by the same pointed and narrow windows which I had before observed, might have been called a comfortable apartment. The floor and ceiling were, indeed, of the same black oak as before; an antique lamp hung from the roof by a long chain; the door was screened by a curtain of tarnished tapestry: so much was ancient, mediæval. But the walls were surrounded with shelves and stored with books, papers and writing materials lay on the table, and an easy-chair stood invitingly beside a cheerful fire. The room was empty.

"My master will be with you immediately, sir," said the servant. With this announcement he retired, and I was left alone.

As I now stood before the fire, it struck me for the first time as a little remarkable that I did not even know my patient's name. I had been summoned on this errand by mere chance, my door-plate having happened to have been the first to catch the eye of the messenger. I was a new arrival in the neighborhood and knew little of the residents. Of this remote and singular dwelling I had never so much as heard. I looked round the room. Immediately my attention became arrested and my interest awakened. Whatever sort of person might turn out to be the owner of this strange place, it was evident that he had one passion in common with myself. On the table stood a chess-board with a game half played. Beside the board lay a note-book, in which seemed to be pencilled remarks on the position. I approached the bookshelves. One whole shelf—some dozens of volumes—contained solely works referring to the game, from the largest German *Handbuch* to the thinnest pamphlet; transactions of chess societies in all parts of the world; bulky scrap-books filled with cuttings of problems, games, and annotations. Several of the volumes were of the rarest kind, such as I had never hoped to set my eyes on. And I too was a *virtuoso*, and a poor one! Is it any wonder that for some minutes at least I envied the fortunate possessor of these treasures, with all my heart?

I had, however, little time to moralise upon this villainy of fortune. My reflections were cut short by the opening of the door. I turned, and found myself

face to face with the object of my envy. For a moment we looked at each other in silence, and with mutual surprise. I saw before me a man somewhat past the prime of life, with a face which could not but be called beautiful even in its extreme fragility and pallor. I have said that he appeared to be somewhat past the prime of life; but his true age would have been difficult to determine. One who had looked only at his face, and at his strangely bright, yet tintless eyes, would have pronounced him young; yet his hair was the hair of a very old man, being as white as snow or ashes.

The surprise with which I regarded him, however, arose not from his appearance, but from a strange discovery which I made as my eyes fell on his person. Long though it was since I had seen him last, these peculiarities of face and figure were perfectly familiar to me. It was impossible that I could be mistaken.

"Philip—Philip Froissart!" I ejaculated at last, recovering a little from my astonishment.

"What," he answered on his side, "Paul Seldon!" And thereupon we clasped hands with all the cordiality of an old regard.

Strange and unexpected meeting! Five-and-twenty years—the quarter of a century—had passed since I and Philip Froissart had met. As undergraduates of the same college, we had once been close and intimate friends; and I had known as much of Froissart as it was possible to know of a person of his peculiar nature. But from the time of our leaving the University, our ways of life had drawn us far apart; me to walk a London hospital, Froissart to wander in luxurious idleness to all parts of the civilised world. The circumstances of our life had been wholly different. Each had been carried away by separate billows of the Great Ocean; and thus it happened, as it often does happen in such cases, that though our friendship had never been broken, nor weakened, nor forgotten, we had passed out of each other's sight "like ships upon the sea." And now our paths had crossed again—how strangely! Yet my surprise was not so great as it might have been had I not been well acquainted with the character of my friend. I knew that neither

his tastes nor his actions nor his motives were those of other men. I knew the *mysteriousness* (I can find no better term) which shadowed his character from the common eye. I knew well his passion for the singular, the strange, and the fantastic. I remembered his reserve, his love of solitude. The strangely interesting place in which I found him seemed, indeed, the fitting habitation of such a man. An ancient saying, picked up I know not where, preserved in I know not what "untrodden region of my mind," passed through my brain, "As the eagle inherits the mountain summits, the owl the hollow yew-tree, the hermit the hill-cave, and the corpse the tomb,"—so seemed this old, this time-dimmed mansion, so remote, so strange, so melancholy, so forgotten, the fitting and congenial home of Philip Froissart.

We sat down; and for some moments regarded each other in silence. Although I had not failed to recognise him at first sight, on thus observing him with attention I found that years had not passed without leaving their mark on Froissart. The alteration was not so perceptible in his face and figure as in his voice and manner, which from having formerly been remarkable for their weighty calmness and self-possession now seemed nervous, restless, and agitated.

The appearance of illness—perhaps I should rather say, of disquietude and agitation—in his face recalled to me the purpose for which I had been summoned. I inquired whether it was on his own account that he had sent for medical advice. He replied in the affirmative. What then were his symptoms? What did he suspect?

Froissart answered me with clearness and precision. I gathered from his replies that he was suffering from disorder of the nervous system, accompanied by prolonged insomnia. He had, moreover, lately had suspicion, from certain sensations in that organ, that his heart was affected. "I am not naturally a nervous subject," he added with a melancholy smile, "but at present I am no better than an old woman, Paul. I fear you will find me quite a ruin, perhaps beyond the capacity of your art to restore."

I sent without delay for my bag, pro-

duced a stethoscope, and examined him carefully. I could find nothing wrong; on the contrary, all the important organs of the body were in sound condition. The nervousness, together with the resulting insomnia, of which he spoke, proceeded therefore from some outer cause, which it now became my business to discover. The supposed affection of the heart was merely imaginary.

"Froissart," I said, when I had finished, "I can only account for your state by supposing you to be subject to some secret cause of agitation of which you have not spoken. If such be the case you must not hide it, or I can do nothing for you."

As I said these words Froissart started and regarded me with agitation—but he was silent. The action was not lost on me. I did not think fit to increase his disturbance by pressing the question further; but I paused a moment, so as to give him space to answer, if he pleased. He understood my silence.

"It is just," he said at length, "it is very just. I will not hide it. I have—I have a most strange story to tell you, Paul. And it is because it is so strange, so unaccountable, so incredible, that I hesitate to tell it, lest you think me mad or dreaming."

He paused; the tone was peculiar; I waited with much curiosity for him to continue. But my curiosity was doomed, for the time, to disappointment.

"But not now," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "not now. This is neither the time nor the place; and I am ashamed to have kept you here talking about my ailments when you must be dying of hunger. It is true that if I lived like a hermit in a rock I could hardly be more solitary than I am; but my fare is somewhat better than an anchorite's, as I hope to show you. Come."

Curbing the curiosity which his words, and no less his manner, had excited in me—(perhaps the more easily owing to the fact that I was really beginning to feel a little hungry)—I followed Froissart into a neighboring apartment, where a table was already spread for two persons. This room, like the hall into which I had first been ushered, was of dark and ancient aspect. The silver

on the table bore the same impression of antiquity—it was massive, richly wrought, and stamped with a device of armorial arms. Froissart had not exaggerated when he likened himself in solitude to a hermit. His establishment, it appeared, consisted of himself alone, together with the few domestics necessary for his requirements. Notwithstanding this, the dinner to which we sat down was excellent; the wine was choice; and I secretly applauded Froissart's good sense and taste. I am no *bon vivant*; yet I confess I have much sympathy with the dictum of the great humorist, "I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal." I noticed, however, that Froissart himself ate little, though he drank with less moderation;—a sign from which I boded ill. I need not say that I observed him with attention—at least I need not say so to one of my own profession. No lynx, no eagle, has, nor needs to have, such eyes as a physician. And I was a physician watching a friend.

As we dined, our conversation, as might have been expected, turned upon the events which had filled the lives of each of us during the twenty years and more which had elapsed since we had parted. Froissart's life, as he related it, had, however been a singularly uneventful one, while, at the same time, it had been essentially characteristic of the man. Many years before, he told me, he had fallen in with the owner of that house, and had accepted an invitation to pass a few days in his company. A strong community of tastes drew together host and guest; days flew by, and still Froissart lingered; days passed into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and still he and old Martin Sombras—a bachelor like himself—lived together in the solitary mansion. The life suited them both, and, what is more singular, they suited each other. Their days were occupied in scientific investigations, in which both took much interest. Their evenings passed—in *playing chess*, which game was in Sombras an engrossing passion.

I could not conceive why Froissart, as he mentioned this very simple and natural fact (for I well knew his old skill and love of the game), should exhibit a return of that same nervous agi-

tation which I had observed in him before. It was but for a moment, it is true; and yet I was sure that I was not mistaken. It was strange.

In this way, Froissart continued, they had lived together uninterruptedly till three months ago, when old Martin Sombras suddenly died, leaving the house and the whole of his property, which was considerable, to his companion of so many years. Since that time Froissart had lived absolutely alone, nor had he even crossed the lake since the day on which he had seen his old friend carried to the grave—"That lake," he so expressed himself, "over which all worldly rumor flies as slowly, and perishes as surely, as birds that wandered of old over the waters of Aornis."

As Froissart spoke, a picture arose in my mind's eye. I saw again the gloomy water, as it was when I had crossed it in the afternoon—black, impenetrable, stilled as night and death. The fancy struck me at the moment to ask Froissart the cause of the remarkable appearance of the water—so lustrous, yet so sombre.

"I suppose," I said, "the lake is unusually deep?"

"Deep?" he repeated. "You are right; it is so. *How* deep I am unable to tell you. There is an old saying in the neighborhood that it reaches to the centre of the earth; and the legend, however absurd, shows that the extreme depth of the water has been long known. It is, I believe, an undoubted fact that the lake has never been fathomed."

Froissart rose from the table as he spoke, and led the way back to the library, where our coffee was brought to us by a man-servant. Evening had now closed in, and the burning fire and the lighted lamp made the room look warm and comfortable. And yet I felt, without precisely knowing why, a curious uneasiness. Perhaps, scarcely recognised by myself, the recollection of the mystery of which Froissart had obscurely spoken continued to haunt the inmost recesses of my mind. Froissart, however, made no further allusion to the subject, and I forbore to press him for an explanation, which might not perhaps be agreeable to his humor. He should choose his own time. We had arranged that I should stay with him for

a day or two at least—perhaps longer ; so that there was no occasion for haste.

It so happened, however, that this very evening was not to pass by without a beginning of those strange events which it has so singularly fallen to my lot to chronicle.

For something unusual, even startling, I was of course to some extent forewarned by the sentences which Froissart had let fall. For what actually occurred, however, it is impossible that any mortal could have been prepared.

I have said that, in spite of the warmth and comfort of the surroundings, I was conscious of a sensation of uneasiness. It was perhaps—or certainly—the steady growth of this sensation over me which at length prompted me to speak of it aloud.

"Froissart," I said suddenly, after a long interval of silence, during which we had both become engrossed in our own thoughts, "there is something about this old house of yours which makes me shiver. What is it? Have you not felt it? It is something ghostly, I am sure."

I said these words of course merely in jest ; but Froissart started, as if my voice had roused him from a reverie. His strange agitation returned ; he grew paler than before, gazed at me with a most singular expression, and seemed about to speak—but, as before, after a moment's hesitation, he remained silent. At the same time he glanced at the ancient timepiece which stood over the fireplace, as if suddenly reminded of something he had forgotten.

"Paul," he said, hurriedly, "I must leave you for a short time. I shall probably be back in a few minutes ; but if I am detained you will not mind amusing yourself with a book, I know. I am exceedingly sorry to leave you even for a minute, but you will excuse me, I am sure." And murmuring apologies for leaving me alone, he hurried out of the room.

I was so much surprised at the strangeness and excitement of his manner that for a moment I did nothing. Then I sprang from my seat, and followed him. A sudden impulse resolved me to urge him to grant at once the confidence he had promised me, and not to endanger his health further with agita-

tions which he was evidently in no condition to bear. My intervention of course might not be necessary ; so much the better if it were not. But I chose to be on the safe side.

When I gained the door, Froissart was already at the end of the corridor ; in a moment more I lost sight of him. When I reached the spot where he had been, he was no longer to be seen. There were, however, two ways only which he could have taken. On the right was another gallery which opened out of the one in which I stood ; on the left was a dark and narrow flight of stairs which appeared to lead upwards into the tower. Had he taken the gallery he would, I thought, still have been visible—for he would hardly have been able to reach the end of it in so short a time. He must then have taken the stairs.

I stopped, and listened. The flight, as I have said, was dark, and I could see nothing ; but listening, I thought I heard a sound above as of the unlocking of a door. This decided me. I turned towards the stairs.

I ascended slowly and with caution, for the steps were cramped and winding. Once or twice I stopped and listened ; but I could now hear nothing. After what seemed to me an interminable ascent, the stairs came out upon a broad landing on which two or three doors opened. From one of these, at the opposite end of the landing to which I stood, a light shone ; and now I could see that Froissart was there, and in the act of striking a light and kindling a lamp. I was about to advance, when the lamp flamed up, and the interior of the room became visible. It was of small dimensions, and seemed to be fitted up as a workshop. I saw a lathe, a bench, a small forge, a confusion of wood and iron materials, and a quantity of tools. But I did not see these only.

To my extreme surprise, Froissart was not alone. The room was already tenanted.

In the middle of the chamber was a small, low, square table, the top of which was fitted with a chess-board. The pieces, of red and white ivory, were drawn up as at the commencement of a game. At this table a man was already sitting, with his side face turned towards

me, and his eyes apparently fixed upon the board. His aspect was singular, not to say startling,—it was that of a foreigner—of an Oriental. His dress consisted of a coiled turban, a long, loose flowing robe, hanging sleeves, a crimson scarf, and a jewelled collar. His complexion appeared to be swarthy; he wore a long grey beard; and he sat before the table in a thoughtful attitude, his elbow resting on the arm of his chair.

I have said that I was surprised—startled; so much it was natural that I should be. The unusual dress and nationality of the figure, especially strange in that place, was sufficient to account for such sensations. Yet neither word describes with exactness the nature of my feelings. My heart trembled in its seat; my blood was troubled in its current. It was as if the uneasy feeling I had previously experienced had suddenly become intensified a hundredfold as my eyes rested on the chequered table, and the figure which sat before it. *Are there mysterious influences, not human, which make their presence felt like witchcraft, unintelligible to men? What was near me?*

Froissart, having lighted the lamp, took his seat at the table opposite the Oriental. His behavior surprised me much. Even from the distance at which I stood, I could see that he was laboring under strong excitement. On taking his seat, he looked tremulously towards the turbaned figure, and hastily moved a pawn. Then he remained gazing at his opponent without moving or speaking, as if in a sort of fascination.

The feeling of breathless expectancy, which seemed to possess him, extended itself to me. I waited silently, even in trepidation, for what would happen next.

Five minutes wasted—ten minutes—still Froissart sat thus, his eyes fixed intently, eagerly, upon the face before him. My surprise increased; I could not conceive why the other did not move his pawn in answer. The first moves in a game of chess are stereotyped, and require no consideration. Yet the player continued to gaze fixedly at the board, apparently absorbed in thought, and gave no sign of motion.

A hundred thoughts, surmises, perplexities, speculations, flitted through

my brain, each more bewildering than the rest. How came this strange personage to be sitting here alone in the dark tower before Froissart came? What was the cause of Froissart's curious agitation? For what reason had he left me to play chess with this mysterious stranger? Wherefore did the stranger thus refuse to play? And wherefore—above all!—did I feel myself so chill, so shaken, as if I had beheld a resurrection from the dead?

As I was vainly endeavoring to conjecture what could be the explanation of these things, or rather, not so much conjecturing as lost in a bewildering sense of their existence, Froissart changed his attitude. He rose, drew a deep breath, and prepared to extinguish the lamp. Had I been capable of feeling further surprise, I think I should have felt it. Nothing had happened—nothing which explained the presence of the stranger, nothing which even suggested a motive for Froissart's visiting the tower—yet he was evidently coming away. As he stretched out his hand to take the lamp, I advanced towards the door. He heard my step, and, turning round and seeing who it was, he came forward at once with the lamp in his hand, shutting and locking the door behind him.

"How did you find your way up here?" he said, in a voice which he strove, not altogether successfully, to render easy and unconcerned. "Have I been long gone?"

I told him—I explained without reserve the reasons which had induced me to follow him. He understood me; he pressed my hand in silence. We descended the stairs together.

"To-morrow," he said—"to-morrow I purpose to tell you all. To-night it is too late, and my story is a long one; nor do I feel at this moment either the courage or the humor. Did you see?"—dropping his voice to its lowest key—"did you see?"

"I did," I answered, replying to his look; "and I will ask you but one question, Froissart—perhaps a very strange one. Is that figure yonder—is it, or is it not—*alive*?"

We had, as I have said, been descending the stairs as we spoke thus; and we had by this time reached the door of the chamber in which I was to pass the

night. Froissart regarded me with a singular expression.

"I know not whether you will decide that I am mad," he said, "if I answer truthfully that question. Perhaps you would be justified in so thinking, though you would be wrong. Yet I will answer it. You asked me whether or not yonder figure is a living being; and I now tell you—that *I do not know!*"

As he returned this strange reply, his voice, his manner, thrilled me. I looked attentively at Froissart. His face was now composed, his voice steady, his eye clear and calm. I could perceive in him no trace of aberration or illusion. And yet his words were surely "wild and whirling" as those of nightmare, of frenzy, of delirium!

#### CHAPTER II.

WE separated for the night; but it was long before I retired to rest; and when at last I did so, I lay awake for hours, my brain busy with conjectural explanations of what I had seen and heard. No explanation, however, presented itself to my mind which I could accept as being in the least degree satisfactory. The only solution which seemed at all possible was that which had been present to my thoughts when I put to Froissart the question which he had so strangely answered—that the figure I had seen was a machine, skilfully constructed in human shape—in other words, an automaton. And yet how to reconcile his answer with this theory?—a theory which, moreover, after all, explained nothing, neither Froissart's agitation, nor the motive of his visit to the tower, nor his behavior in the presence of the figure, nor his inexplicable answer, nor my own sensations. No; this solution would not serve. Yet I could think of no other which did not seem still wilder and more fantastic. At length I gave up in despair the attempt to find an explanation of the mystery, and, weary of vain conjectures, I fell asleep.

But now the events of the day, pursuing my vexed spirit through the veil of slumber, again rose up before it, clad in wild disguises, arrayed in changed and bewildering phantasmagorical forms. I thought I was again in the small boat in which I had that afternoon been ferried across the lake, and was crossing, as

then, the unfathomable waters towards the mansion. But now, though as before I sat in the vessel's prow, I was not alone—Froissart was by my side; and in the place of the old man who had been my guide another figure occupied the stern—a figure veiled, shadowy, heart-shaking. As I gazed stupefied at this presence, suddenly it rose up, enlarged itself, towered up gigantic, and grew distinct and brilliant: and now I knew again the turbaned figure of the dark tower! For some moments it held itself motionless; then its hands were outstretched, its eyes glittered, its mouth parted, and it advanced upon us. Froissart shrank before it, cowering behind me. Still it came on, nearer, nearer; till in the terror of the moment, and unable to endure further the agitation its presence caused me, I sprang up suddenly before it. The figure recoiled, tottered, lost its balance, and fell heavily over the side of the boat into the gloomy flood, in which it instantly disappeared. At the same instant I awoke and saw Froissart himself, who had come to call me, standing beside my pillow.

It was on my lips to tell him the strange imaginations which had possessed me; but I refrained. I rose, and we descended to the room in which we had dined the night before, and where the morning meal awaited us. Somewhat to my surprise, and much to my disappointment, Froissart made no reference to the events of the preceding night, nor to his promise of revelation. We passed the hours of the morning in conversation on many subjects; and I found that my curiosity was doomed to be prolonged. It was not until the afternoon, when the brief November day was already dying, that on a sudden, and with considerable abruptness, Froissart rose from the chair where he had been sitting for some time in reflection, and desired me to follow him.

I had no need to ask him whither. His voice, his face, his manner, answered me at once more clearly than words. At last the hour was come!

Froissart led the way in silence to the dark tower.

We reached the stairs—we mounted—we stood before the door. Froissart inserted the key, the door opened, and we entered.

The figure I had seen the night before was sitting before his chequered table, with the turban, beard, and flowing robe, exactly as I had seen them. On one point, however, I found that I had been mistaken; the eyes of the figure were not fixed, as I had supposed, upon the pieces, but were gazing straight before him.

I regarded him with strangely mingled sensations of curiosity and awe. The latter feeling I could not entirely account for; I reflected that it was probably a survival of that which I had experienced the previous evening, strengthened by a memory of the strange dream which had disturbed my sleep. Otherwise, I saw no cause for agitation. On viewing the figure thus closely by daylight, I discovered at once that my supposition had been correct. The figure was an artificial construction, a machine in the shape of a man. There was no room for doubt; the beard was stiff and lifeless, the features mask-like, the eyes of glass. It had been merely the effect of distance and uncertain light which had deceived me. I spoke my thoughts aloud.

"It is, then, really an automaton."

"It was so," returned Froissart, with a curious emphasis. I looked at him inquiringly, not comprehending.

"It was so!" I repeated. "And what then is it now?"

"As I have said," he answered, "an automaton it was. What it now is, God knows. Let us be seated, Seldon; and listen to a most strange story. If you find it not altogether incredible I shall be amazed. And yet of its truth I cannot be less firmly assured than I am of the reality of my own existence."

He paused for a moment; then resumed:

"This figure—this automaton, since I must call it so—was the invention of my old friend, Martin Sombras. It was devised, as no doubt you have divined, to play a game of chess with an opponent. Many such figures have been constructed, differing more or less in detail, but all depending for their mode of action upon the presence of some human player carefully concealed either within the figure itself, or in a chest upon which the board was placed. Sombras's idea, however, was radically dif-

ferent from these. He conceived the possibility of constructing an automaton which should be really such—that is, such that any move made by its opponent should set in motion a part of its machinery, which would thereupon cause the figure to make the answering move required by the particular combination of the game. Impossible as this may seem at first sight, the method by which it was accomplished was in reality wonderfully simple. Indeed, if you are acquainted with certain devices of somewhat similar nature—Babbage's calculating machine for example—you will be aware that this is not the only instance in which machinery has been made to accomplish, by most simple combinations, results apparently impossible."

I admitted that this was so.

"I need not then go into details," continued Froissart, "which are, moreover, unnecessary to my story. I may just mention, however, that the squares of the board are movable, and the men are variously weighted. The fact is, the design was never completed. Three months ago, just as it was finished, requiring only a screw or so to be put in, Sombras died, as I have told you.

"I must now relate to you more particularly the manner of his death. It was one evening when we were engaged as usual in playing chess. The game was an absorbing one. It was the last of a series which we had been playing in order to test the merits of an opening which Sombras had discovered, and which, with the fondness of a discoverer, he held to be invincible. For some time I had maintained the contrary; yet, as Sombras beat me game after game, I began to feel shaken in my opinion. At last, however, I believed I had discovered a weakness in his method. That game was to decide it. If I failed this time, there could be little doubt that Sombras had hit upon a discovery which might revolutionise the game.

"We began to play; and it seemed that I had been right. The move I had devised appeared to have broken up the attack; so at least I thought as I sat waiting for Sombras to reply to it. He was already putting out his hand to do so when to my horror he paused, uttered a deep groan, and sank back in his chair—insensible. Perhaps the excitement,

the strain of thought, had brought on the attack ; which is the more probable as his health was at that time perilously feeble. But whatever was the cause, the result was terribly sure. He was carried to his room, doctors were sent for, and arrived—too late ! Long before they came, my old friend was dead."

Froissart paused, and his voice trembled. I said nothing ; and presently he resumed :

"I have hurried over this part of my story as briefly as possible, for the deep pain of it is with me still. It was by far the saddest moment of my life when I returned from the melancholy duty of following his coffin to the vault, to this old house where he and I had lived together so long. The evening of that day was gloomy and depressing ; a low cloud brooded over the country like a pall ; a fine and steady rain fell dolefully. Melancholy and sick at heart I roamed aimlessly and in silence through the empty house, regarding in every room the well-remembered tokens of my dead friend. At last my restless wanderings brought me to the tower—to this apartment. It was already dark when I entered it, and I carried in my hand no lamp.

"The room, I say, was dark when I entered it, and I struck a light and kindled the swinging lamp. As it began to glimmer fitfully, and to throw a doubtful light about the interior, my heart all of a sudden gave a great bound, and then seemed to stop beating. I was not alone ! Some one was sitting there in the middle of the room. For some minutes, as the lamp glimmered and spluttered and would not blaze up into a clear flame, I stood there with a shivering feeling, only to make out that a dark and silent figure, a mysterious presence, was before me. In another moment the lamp flamed up brightly and gave forth a clear light. What a delicious sensation of relief I felt ! The startling object, on becoming visible, turned out to be nothing more terrible than the automaton, which I had quite forgotten, seated as usual before his little table.

"I broke into a laugh at my own folly, not without a reflection that my nervous system must certainly be out of order. To think of my being frightened

by that familiar figure, which I had seen a hundred times, sitting there so tranquilly before his chequered board ! The sight of it touched me with a strange sense of the pathetic. I remembered how it had been for years the occupation and delight of my old friend, to work at it, to calculate for it, to invent for it new movements and improved details. I knew how it had come to form at last—this creature of his brain—the interest of his life. He had loved it, as it grew into perfection, as a parent loves an only child. And now he would never watch it play a game, as he had planned ; never see the moment on which his heart had been set. And he had died, moreover, leaving unaccomplished the one other ambition of his life, to have linked his name immortally to the game he loved, as the inventor of a new and grand and revolutionary opening.

"My thoughts, however, were suddenly diverted into another channel. I was struck with a discovery which puzzled me greatly. The chessmen on the table at which the figure sat were not ranged in order as at the commencement of play, but were stationed irregularly about the board, as in the position of an unfinished game. Several pieces on both sides had been taken, and lay on the table beside the board. But what amazed me was the fact, that the position of the men on the squares was perfectly familiar to me. I recognised it in an instant ; I could not be mistaken. It was the game which I and Sombras had last played together, and which had been broken off on account of his attack.

"I say I was amazed, and with good reason—my poor friend had never, I knew well, entered that room after his seizure. Who then had placed the men in the position they now occupied ? The more I thought of this matter the more unaccountable it seemed. Yet there could be no doubt of the fact. In order to be sure that the positions were indeed identical I examined the board closely, in case I should have been deceived by a partial similarity. But no ; the pieces stood man for man as I remembered them. I even recollected to what the move I had made seemed to lead up, and what I had intended to play afterwards—a move which opened

out an exceedingly interesting and novel combination. The move was possibly unsound; and yet I believed that I had analysed it correctly. As I now looked at the board the whole returned to my mind as clearly as when I first conceived it. I found myself repeating in my mind that the only plausible retort on the part of my opponent would be such-and-such a move—P. to Q.B. 3, as a matter of fact. Half unconsciously I took a seat before the board opposite the automaton, and became gradually quite lost in speculation. At length, in order to consider what the effect of my purposed move would be, I placed my hand on the Queen and played the move I contemplated—Q. to K. 5.

"Instantly the figure on the other side of the table stretched out its hand deliberately over the board, and made the answering move—P. to Q.B. 3.

"I will not attempt to describe my amazement. I fell back in my seat and gazed for many minutes in stupefaction at the figure of the automaton; nor could I, during that time, had my very life depended on the action, have risen from my seat or uttered a sound. The figure sat there motionless, with its eyes apparently fixed upon the board. Presently, however, finding that I did not move again, it raised its head and fastened its glassy orbs on mine. There it sat, looking at me with large mild eyes, which now (I am ready to swear) seemed to be *alive*. Great Heavens! Oh, ancient earth and sky! It *must* have been my fancy! I thought the face of the figure *now* bore a strange and dim, yet frightfully distinct, resemblance to the features of old Martin Sombras, its dead creator.

"At that sight my blood ran chill and my hair rose up. Had I beheld before me the ghostly presence of Sombras in his own likeness, I believe I should have still preserved some degree of self-possession. But there was something in this manner of his appearance which shook my very heart. I do not know how long it was before I could collect my faculties sufficiently to become conscious of the unreasonableness of my fears, and the shame of superstitious terrors in an intellectual being. Was not this spirit—if spirit it were—that of my old friend? What harm would it do

me, even if it had the power? Reflecting thus, and summoning up what courage I had left, I made an effort to speak, and this time my voice, though strangely altered, returned.

"'Sombras,' I said earnestly, though my voice quavered, 'if you are here indeed, though by what mysterious means I know not, speak to me! What would you have me do?'

"The figure was silent; only its eyes rested intently on the board.

"'I understand,' I said; 'I am ready. Yet if you have the power of speech, I charge you, by our ancient friendship, speak to me, Sombras!'

"The eyes of the figure burned with a strange fire; but it answered not a word.

"'This game, so strangely set,' I said—'do you desire to play it?'

"I thought the figure bowed its head. Its eyes were still fixed upon the board as if impatient to proceed. I *dared* make no delay. I trembled, but I no longer hesitated. I knew my move beforehand, and I made it. The right hand of the figure immediately extended itself over the board, and made the answering move.

"It was not a move which I had expected; I was surprised. Strange as it may seem, impossible as it may seem to any but a true disciple of the game (and to such it will appear natural, and indeed inevitable), in spite of the sensation with which my veins were chill, I became interested, then absorbed. I thought I saw the object of the move; but I was not certain. I did not move without deliberation; but again, as soon as I had played, my opponent, without the hesitation of an instant, stretched forth his hand and moved in his turn. This extreme promptitude surprised me at the time; I did not reflect that I was not playing against flesh and blood.

"Moreover, the move itself perplexed me. I saw that the advantage I had gained was vanishing. I began to tremble with excitement, as I had lately trembled with dread. And yet I know I played my very best; my senses seemed to myself extraordinarily acute. The combination which I had devised again appeared irresistible—a stratagem certain of success. I had the game within my grasp; I thought myself on

the point of victory. Suddenly, as my opponent moved a piece, a low sound caused me to look up. The automaton was regarding me with a full gaze; and *now*, it was unmistakable, the resemblance in its features to those of Martin Sombras was no figment of my brain. The look was exactly that unmalignant glance of triumph with which my old friend had been accustomed to announce a victory. Involuntarily I cast my eyes down to the board. I could hardly believe what I saw; I was checkmated!

"For the first time I saw it all. I saw before me the most subtle combination which ever proceeded from a human brain. I believed it to be impossible for any ingenuity to have seen through such a movement. Many times since have I played over the game in solitude, and proved to demonstration that the mate, from the moment we began to play, was inevitable against that evolution, so veiled, so overwhelming. Sombras's theory had, after all, been sound.

"So deeply was I absorbed in wonder and admiration, that I half forgot the strange antagonist to whom I owed my defeat. When shall I forget—I never shall forget—the circumstance which recalled me to myself? A slight noise, I know not what, caused me to look up. I raised my eyes and looked again at the figure. As I did so, the resemblance which had existed to the face of my old friend suddenly vanished. The eyes again became glassy, empty, and devoid of speculation; the life, the movement, which had animated the figure died out of it; and there was nothing left before me but mere wood and painted cloth. It was as if I had seen my old friend die twice.

"Up to that moment I had preserved my faculties, if not from amazement and trepidation, yet from the full sense of an unearthly presence, which now rushed across my spirit in a flood. The excitement which had buoyed me up deserted me. The lifeless eyes of the figure, vacantly staring, seemed now a thousand times more awful than their previous supernatural life. I could bear no more. Hardly knowing what I did, nor whither I was going, I staggered from the room, and from the house."

Again Froissart paused; I thought he

had finished his story; but presently he resumed:

"Many days passed before the terrors of that night gave way to a calmer, if not less solemn feeling. Then a most strange idea took possession of me, and left me not a moment's rest or peace of mind. *What if the spirit should return?* Something persuaded me that it *would* return; that at some time, which I could not foretell, the mysterious fire would once more kindle in the glassy eyes, the living likeness waken in the vacant features, the startling hand extend itself over the table, and I should play yet another game of chess with my old friend. Reasonable or unreasonable, the persuasion took firm hold of me, and possessed, as it still possesses, my whole being. Not a night has passed since then but, under an uncontrollable impulsion, I have taken my seat, never without a thrill of awed expectation, before the table, and making the first move, waited for the figure to reply. Hitherto, I have waited in vain. Last night, as the nights before, it did not stir. To-night—it *may*!"

### CHAPTER III.

As Froissart uttered the last words of his most strange story, I will not deny that I shivered, as if with cold. Evening was beginning to fall, and the light of the room was shadowy, haunted, and uncertain. On the other side of the table sat the mysterious figure, motionless, spectral in the twilight, and looked at us silently with its glassy eyes.

We sat in silence. I knew not what to think. Had I not heard the story from Froissart himself, I should doubtless have judged him, as he had said, to be mad or dreaming; it was necessary to have heard him, and to have watched him to be *sure* that he was not. And yet there was an alternative; the whole might have been a hallucination. What was there to show that it was not so, that it was not the illusion of a disturbed and excited brain? As if I had put the question aloud, Froissart answered my unspoken thought.

"Hallucination?" he said. "You think so, naturally—and certainly I thought so also the next morning. I was then as cool and collected as ever I was in my life, I mean as far as my *in-*

tellect was concerned ; and I was disposed to laugh at my own wildness of imagination, which had played me such a prank. I easily persuaded myself that I had been, as you suppose, merely the victim of a singular delusion. I told myself that it *must* be so—and I added that at least I could not *prove* it otherwise."

"Very true," I interposed.

"But as I was thus thinking, a sudden thought came into my head. I *could* prove it. I had but to go to the tower and examine the position of the chessmen on the board. If they stood as usual, I had been deceived. If not—"

"Well?" I said hastily. "Well, you went?"

"I went," said Froissart, "I opened the door, laughing at my agitation, repeating to myself that I should find the pieces drawn up in rank, and there would be an end of the mystery—a proved delusion. I had played, as it happened, with the black men—"

"Well?" I said again.

"The pieces were stationed irregularly about the board. The Black King was checkmated."

Again, as Froissart spoke, my mind fell back upon itself, foiled and disconcerted. I could not deny the cogency of his argument; nor could I forget, what he himself knew nothing of, the strangeness of my own sensations in the presence of that mysterious figure. I said nothing.

"Seldon," said Froissart, after a time, "I have told you my story. I see that you are shaken. Do you now believe as I am forced to believe, or do you not?"

"I do," I said; "I must,"—at the same time I started from my seat. "I must, Froissart. But another thing is clear to me—that this figure is likely to kill you before long. If the apparition comes again, you will die of shock; if it does not, you will die of tension. Neither shall happen if I can help it—of that I am determined. To you, Martin Sombras, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, is rightly sacred. To me, a living

friend is more than a dead stranger or a wandering spectre. Come!"

With these words I advanced upon the turbaned figure, and before Froissart could prevent me, or indeed become aware of my intention, I seized it in my arms, and bore it towards the open window.

It was the only window in the castle which was of modern size, a fact which arose from its having been enlarged for the purpose of giving sufficient light for the working of delicate mechanism. Sheer below it, at an immense depth, lay the lake, gloomy with the coming night. Exerting all my strength I raised the figure to the lintel, and launched it forth into the empty space.

It fell like a plummet. I watched it falling.

Heavy internally with brass and iron, it struck the water with amazing force. A cloud of spray flashed upwards and the space around it whitened and seethed with violence. Nothing was to be seen except the agitated water. The figure had vanished like a stone.

It was gone—eternally gone! Evil or harmless, earthly or supernal, it was gone, and its mystery with it. Even as I looked the lake resumed its sombre and undisturbed and fathomless lustre. Its waters slept again their sleep of death and night. The automaton was buried in their depths—for ever.

A few words only need be added. A month has passed since that night, and Froissart is himself again; though assuredly both to him and to me the recollection of the automaton will remain lastingly connected with the most inexplicable experience of our lives. The "perturbed spirit" of old Martin Sombras may also rest in peace, his life's ambition being attained. His great gambit, so nearly lost, so amazingly revealed, will shortly appear before the world, edited with notes and analysis by Philip Froissart; and will assuredly create, among chess circles, a paroxysm of excitement, the result of which I will not attempt to prophesy.—*Temple Bar.*

## "AS YOU LIKE IT" AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY SIDNEY L. LEE.

PRACTICAL Englishmen are often inclined to ridicule the sentiment that prompts lovers of Shakespeare to make pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. They glibly assert that the dramatist is for all time and place. They are content to take what they assume to be his own word for it, that he was "of imagination all compact," and owed little or nothing to his temporary personal environment. The spirit of the historian rightly rebels against so unsatisfactory a solution of the Shakespearean problem. Great and small men alike are in a great degree the creatures of circumstances, and to ignore the fact that Shakespeare lived and died at Stratford is to neglect a very possible opportunity of accounting for a part of his unique characteristic. Stratford life in Elizabethan times may appear to many of us very petty and very uninspiring; but even if, after full study, that be our final conclusion, the interval that separates the life of Stratford from the life portrayed in Shakespeare's dramas—more particularly in the very early ones—exactly measures the transmuting force of Shakespeare's genius. In the life of his neighbors and relatives at Stratford Shakespeare's "fine frenzy" undoubtedly found its earliest sustenance.

The general reader rarely perceives how large a part rural life plays in Shakespeare's early comedies, and how large a claim Shakespeare there asserts to be regarded as the poet of living pastoral—of pastoral which bears little relation to the airy nothings of the professed pastoral poet. For the Shakespearean student, no play better repays careful study than "Love's Labor's Lost," and it is of evil omen for Shakespearean criticism that no play is less valued by him or his teacher. Without dogmatizing as to its date, all internal evidence proves "Love's Labor's Lost" to have been Shakespeare's earliest essay in comedy—his first endeavor, after arriving in London, to produce a play that should be all his own. And what is the method pursued by the lad who has spent his score or so of years almost

entirely in a country village—first at the free grammar-school, and afterwards in the service of his father, a woolstapler? Naturally enough, he seeks in his own rural experiences, narrow as they have been, the chief substance for his experiment. He produces a play defective in plot, and very colorless in its characterisation of court ladies and gentlemen; in his leading theme he brusquely jumbles together the fact and fiction of contemporary political and social life, and gives his comedy the flavor of political extravaganza.\* But artistic faults are atoned for by the humorous fidelity with which the writer depicts the chief dignitaries of a contemporary village—the curate, the schoolmaster, and the constable—and the honest fun which he extracts from the misadventures of a country clown and village wench. Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's observation of his father's friends there in his school days, could alone have served to endow his work with such characteristics as these.

The wariest of critics may prove this inference for himself by examining the schoolmaster, Holofernes. It should be borne in mind that the Stratford schoolhouse, which still survives by the Guild Chapel in Church Street, was in Shakespeare's time attended by every burgess's son for a term (as a rule) of seven years. Founded in the fifteenth century as an adjunct of the mediæval guild of the Holy Trinity—a religious friendly society whose records date as far back as the reign of Henry III.—it was restored and re-endowed by Edward VI. a few years after the dissolution of the guild in 1547, and had attained before the end of the century notable efficiency. It is an all but recorded fact that, between 1571 and 1580, Shakespeare, the son of Alderman John Shakespeare, crept thither daily, "with satchel and shining morning face," from his father's house in Henley Street. Elizabethan schoolmasters pursued a constant sys-

\* See my paper entitled "A New Study of Love's Labor's Lost" in this magazine for October 1880.

tem of education. From the Latin accidence they led their pupils through Lilly's grammar, through vocabularies and conversation books—the chief of which was the "*Sententiæ Pueriles*"—up to Mantuanus, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, and Plautus. It is this mode of tuition with which Holofernes is alone familiar, and his acquaintance with it is remarkably thorough. As soon as he appears on the stage, he pompously quotes from Lilly's grammar, "*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*" From the *Sententiæ Pueriles* he borrows his not very apt remarks, "Sanguis, blood . . . Cælum, the sky, the welkin, the heaven . . . Terra, the soil, the land, the earth," and thus illustrates the schoolmaster's practice of inviting boys to supply English synonyms to the Latin words proposed by himself. In most of the early conversation books formal dialogues with no particular application are frequently met with, and Holofernes engages in one of these with the curate, Sir Nathaniel:

*Hol.* Novi hominem tanquam te: anne intelligis?

*Nath.* Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

*Nath.* Videsne quis venit?

*Hol.* Video, et gaudeo.

Nor does this exhaust Shakespeare's avowed debt to the Stratford school-house. He especially ridicules the conversation which the schoolbooks recommend for use between the boys and the master. The master is there credited with such remarks as:—

He speaks false Latin. Diminuit Prisciani caput.

It is barbarous Latin. Olet barbariem.

and Holofernes burlesques the first phrase in his criticism of Sir Nathaniel's Latin as "Priscian a little scratched," and the second in his remark that he smells false Latin when Costard misreads "ad dunghill" for "ad unguem." As striking reminiscences of the contemporary rural grammar school are Holofernes' citation of a line and a half from the eclogues of the good old Mantuan (or of the mediæval poet Mantuanus), which was the ordinary reading-book of Elizabethan fourth forms; his vain attempts to recall his Horace; and his praises of Ovid when he finds not the apostrophes, and so misses the accent in the curate's verses.\*

\* See my "Stratford-on-Avon from the earli-

Antony Dull the constable is every whit as literal a transcript from the life as Holofernes. The office of constable in an Elizabethan village was of some dignity. Shakespeare's father held it at Stratford for two years, and the occupier of the house adjoining his father's house in Henley Street during his childhood was similarly honored. There is a Dogberry-like sound in the Stratford municipal by-law which directed that once every month from Michaelmas to Candlemas, or oftener, "as the case requireth it," the constable was "to call to him certain of the council and some other honest men, and keep and have a privy watch for the good rule of the town." The journey, too, between Stratford and London must have given Shakespeare every opportunity of studying the eccentricities of village constables and watchmen. According to Aubrey, the dramatist "happened to take the humor of the constable in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at Grendon, Oxford;" but since there is no constable in "Midsummer Night's Dream," we may interpret the antiquary to refer either to Dogberry or Dull. Lord Burghley, writing to Walsingham in 1586, when Shakespeare was travelling (in all probability) for the first time to London, described how on a long journey he saw the watch at every town's end standing with long staves under alehouse pentices, and how at Enfield they stated that they were on the look-out for three young men whom they would surely know because "one of the parties hath a hooked nose." Lord Burghley makes the humorously prudent comment on this expectation that "if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof." It is clearly to such ludicrous inefficiency that Shakespeare is bearing witness out of his own experience in "Love's Labor's Lost" in the person of "goodman" Dull.

Many other are the glimpses that Shakespeare affords us of his early Warwickshire life in his earliest comedy. Nowhere else (as we might expect) has he made reference to so many rustic

est times to the death of Shakespeare" (Seeley & Co., 1885), pp. 49-52.

games. The whipping of tops, hide-and-seek, more sacks to the mill, push-pin, and nine men's morris, all receive grateful recognition. For the first of many times he pays tribute to "the noble art of venery," and makes merry over the numberless titles granted by huntsmen to the deer. The village pageant is presented to us in the show of the Nine Worthies, and is the first rough sketch of the rural play at which "hard-handed men" labor in "Midsummer Night's Dream." And finally Shakespeare sets before us in the concluding songs of Spring and Winter all the delights of painted meadows and all the troubles with which winter and rough weather infest country life—

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw.

From most of the early comedies we could extract almost as convincing examples as from "Love's Labor's Lost," of Shakespeare's readiness to draw upon his rural experiences. A Pentecost village play is fully described by Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Horses and hounds are noticed by Theseus in the detail dear to the country-bred in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Records prove the country tinker of the "Taming of the Shrew" to have been a character well known in Stratford by name. Nor did Shakespeare cease to turn his schoolhouse experience to account on the stage when Holofernes was turned adrift. He gives us a glimpse of a less amiable type of schoolmaster, of which many villages could furnish examples, in the Pinch of "Comedy of Errors," and returns to the more attractive type in full and accurate details in Sir Hugh Evans.

Such points illustrate a part of Shakespeare's debt to Stratford-on-Avon, and still throw upon his native place the reflection of his genius. And there is every reason to suppose that he wished that it should be so. Little as we know of his biography, there is ample proof of his anxiety to maintain unbroken his intimacy with Stratford and Stratford people. As soon as he could afford it, he bought a house there. The extant letters of his fellow-townsmen show that when in London, he was

ready to use his influence there in their behalf. The first land he contemplated purchasing was at Shottery, his wife's native place, within a mile or two of his own, and all the purchases of land that he completed later lay within a short walk of Henley Street, his birthplace. As his years increased, his temporary withdrawals from Stratford grew rarer. He educated his children there; he married his daughters to residents there; and, like all the members of his family, he died and was buried there.

And when Shakespeare's powers had reached their zenith and he could depict life under any aspect that he chose, he still acknowledged in his dramatic work the attractions that rural life had for him. The sheep-shearing feast of the "Winter's Tale"—one of his latest productions—is a Warwickshire pastoral, and all Perdita's flowers grow near the banks of the Avon. But before all should it be realised that the most thoughtful of his comedies, "As You Like It," which seems to stand midway between his greatest efforts in tragedy and his greatest efforts in comedy and history, is almost in its entirety a Warwickshire idyl. And Shakespeare here seems to make less concealment of the fact than in any other play excepting "Love's Labor's Lost;" he lays the scene in the forest of Arden, and there can be little doubt on *à-priori* grounds that Shakespeare's Arden was the Arden of South Warwickshire, and not, as some have imagined, the Ardennes of Luxemburg. There is but one iota of evidence to be urged on the other side. Grown wiser than when he wrote "Love's Labor's Lost," Shakespeare did not depend for the plot of "As You Like It" on his own invention. He borrowed freely from Thomas Lodge's novel of "Rosalynde." Lodge introduces us to an elder brother (Saladyne), who ill-treats a younger brother (Rosader); to a sovereign (Torismond) who exiles a rightful ruler (Gerismond); to a daughter of the sovereign (Alinda), and to her dear friend and cousin, the exile's daughter (Rosalynde). But Lodge lays his scene in France; the exiled king (Gerismond) lives as an outlaw in a French forest of Arden, and he is joined there by Alinda, Rosalynde, and Rosader. Similarly among numerous

other resemblances, Lodge brings the cruel elder brother into this forest to confront him with a lion, and to work out his conversion. It is the adoption of this particular episode by Shakespeare that seems at first sight to make the identification of the Arden of the play with the real Warwickshire Arden a little doubtful. Shakespeare merely translates Lodge's lion into a crouching lioness, and adds to the situation the terror of "a green and gilded snake." Of the latter, examples might perhaps be furnished by the Arden of Warwickshire, but "the royal disposition" of lion or lioness was not to be studied there. Nevertheless we are quite unwilling to admit on this ground that Shakespeare's Arden was beyond the sea. In the case of the lioness, he undoubtedly went farther than any experience of his own warranted. But he needed a very startling and unusual situation to bring about the conversion of Oliver, and he accepted Lodge's device as the least unsatisfactory mode of handling an unsatisfactory incident. Many signs of undue haste are apparent in the construction of "As You Like It," and it is not unfair to reckon among them all that concerns Oliver's conversion. But, except in this solitary instance, we believe we can prove that Shakespeare carefully anglicised, from his own knowledge of Warwickshire, Lodge's French forest of Arden.

In the first place, Shakespeare has introduced into his play two rustic characters of undoubtedly English birth. Audrey, "a country wench," and William, "a country fellow," are beyond the suspicion of alien origin; they were both "born i' the forest here." Lodge's novel knows nothing of such simple homely English villagers, and Shakespeare found no prototypes of them there. The former is a goatherd, awkward in bearing and ignorant of the meaning of so simple a word as "foul." Burdened with "no dishonest desire," and like most Englishwomen very practically minded, she looks forward to a good marriage and readily exchanges a suitor of her own class for one of more attractive mettle. William, her rejected lover, is of the ripe age of five-and-twenty. Very respectful to a stranger, he has no mean opinion of his own

"pretty" wit, and he has an income that satisfies him in days when contentment was rare with his class; a proof either of an exceptional share of business talent, or of an intellectual incapacity to realise the ground for his neighbors' discontent; he is certainly not learned, and is not capable of much passion; a few full-sounding words delivered with mock determination quickly induce him to resign to another his claim on Audrey.

Shakespeare undoubtedly accepted Lodge's suggestion of another pastoral love-plot with which to contrast the amorous adventures of his hero and heroine, but he has wholly metamorphosed Lodge's actors in his reading of this episode, and his Corin and Silvius owe very little to Lodge's Coridon and Montanus. The latter are invariably "playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat." They are never happy unless engaged in discussing "a pleasant eglog," which, in one case, extends to one hundred and thirty-six lines, and concludes with an extract from Terence. Montanus's love-frenzy is at other times assuaged with sugared sonnets, and in one instance he "felt his passions so extreme that he fell into" a very graceful piece of French verse. Surely such accomplished herdsmen never tended sheep in any mundane wood or dale before. It is these refined gentlemen that Shakespeare has transformed into business like rustics like Corin and Silvius, who are noticeably free from formal airs and graces, and Shakespeare has abandoned Lodge's spruce verse for such unaffected melodies as "It was a lover and his lass." There is, however, no versifying capacity in Corin; he is capable of offering a little practical advice to a love-sick youth, but attempts no accompaniment on the pipes. He is far from the bliss and contentment of Lodge's Coridon; he has very real grievances which are historically true of South Warwickshire and the rest of Elizabethan England. He is very poor and is not his own master.

But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

We have here a glimpse of the grasping English capitalist, who, in the sixteenth century, was depriving the native shepherds of their independence up and down the country. Corin's complaint finds very voluminous illustration in contemporary literature. As early as 1550 Richard Crowley attacked these "gredy guttes, yea, men that would eate up menne, women, and chyl dren . . . They take our houses over our heades, they bye our growndes out of our handes, they rayse our rentes . . . we know not whyche waye to turn us to lyve . . . In the country we cannot tarrye, but we must be theyr slaves, and laboure tyll our hertes brast, and then they must have al."\* Thomas Becon similarly pointed out the evil influence of "the gredy gentylmen, whyche are shepemongers and grasyers." Thomas Lupton writing in 1580 denounced with Corin their niggardliness to their neighbors, and Stubbs mercilessly denounces the capitalist graziers—"worse than the caterpillars and locusts of Egypt"—who devour all the poor men's fields and force beggary upon them. The attempt of the rich William Combe in 1614 to enclose the Stratford common lands in order to turn them to his own profit, and the excitement caused in the town by his action, shows that Corin's grievance found many sympathisers in the Warwickshire Arden.

It will be well at this point to determine what the name of Arden conveyed to a South Warwickshire man in the sixteenth and earlier centuries. The forest of Arden—a Celtic word from *ard*, high or great, and *den*, a wooded valley—was for many years the designation of all Warwickshire within ten miles or so of the north bank of the Avon. As in other parts of England and the Continent, the history of the forest is chiefly a record of the decay and removal of trees—of the transformation of woodland into corn and pasture land. In prehistoric ages, it was a link in the chain of wood that covered all the midlands, from Byrne Wood in Buckinghamshire, through Abingdon and Wych Woods in Oxfordshire, to the forests of Dean, Cannock, and Sherwood, and the Der-

byshire Wolds. But as early as the eleventh century evidence is not wanting that wide clearings had been made in Arden, and that only poetical license could then figure the forest as a wood-nymph with one hand touching "Trent, the other Severn's side." The agriculturist had made much of "her rough woodland" his own, and a map of the district at the time would have to represent it freely dotted with "plough-lands." Some six or seven villages which had grown up in the heart of the forest are described in the statistical Domesday survey. They were of very small dimensions and the woodland far outstripped their pastures, but they marked the development that was overtaking the district. Preston, one of the largest of them, had only two ploughlands, and these were encircled by a wood two miles long and one mile broad. A forest three miles square environed the hamlet of Hampton-in-Arden. But between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries Arden diminished steadily. It was still known as a forest, and could boast enough thickets and sylvan retreats to make Shakespeare's forest of Arden a faithful representation of it. But as in "As You Like It" it was as famous for its shepherds and its sheep as for its foresters and its trees. Viewed as a district, it doubtless very closely resembled the Epping Forest of modern Essex.

Fairly detailed accounts of Arden by sixteenth-century travellers are not wanting. "Marke," writes Leland who visited the country about 1533, "that the waste parte of *Warwyckeshire* that standithe on the left hand, or banke, of *Avon*, as the ryver dessendethe, is called *Arden*, and this countrie is not so plentifull of corne, but of grasse and woode. Suche parte of *Warwikeshire* as lyethe by sowthe on the lefte hand, or banke, of *Avon* is baren of woode, but plentifull of corne."\* William Camden, the great antiquary and Shakespeare's contemporary, writes, "Let us now take a view of the woodland which lies north of the Avon, occupying a larger extent, being the most part covered with woods, though not without pastures, cornfields, and iron-mines. And it is still called the woodland, so it

\* R. Crowley's *The Way to Wealth*, Early English Text Society, pp. 132-3; see Furnivall's edition of *Stubbes's Anatomie*, i. 290.

\* Leland's *Itinerary*, 1774; viii. 31.

had antiently the much older name of *Arden*, but, as I take it, to the same purport, for *Arden* seems to have signified a *forest* among the antient Britons and Gauls, the largest forest in Gaul being called *Arden*, a town in Flanders near another forest *Ardenburgh*, and that famous forest in England we see is called by abbreviation *Den*."\*

But by far the most picturesque and fullest description of *Arden* given by any of Shakespeare's contemporaries is that by the poet Michael Drayton. Drayton, a native of Warwick, devotes the chief part of the thirteenth song of his *Polyolbion* to the Warwickshire forest. He regrets that so much of *Arden* has been brought under cultivation, and makes "the ancient forest" in her own person lament her decline :

... when the world found out the fitness of  
my soil,  
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil  
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds  
enclose ;  
By which in little time my bounds I came to  
lose.

Other forests may excel *Arden* "for pleasantness of shade," but *Arden* yields to none of them in the variety of its attractions.

We equally partake with woodland as with  
plain,  
Alike with hill and dale ; and every day maintain  
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious  
wastes,  
That men for profit breed, as well as those of  
chase.

There the birds of every hue sing "hunts up to the morn"—the thrush with shrill sharps, the woodcock of the golden bill, the mournful nightingale, the warbling linnet, the woodlark, the red sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, the wren, the yellow-pate, the goldfinch, the "tydy," the laughing "hecco," and the counterfeiting jay. On the lawns are "both sorts of season'd deer."

Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there ;  
The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals  
strew'd,  
As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

"The most princely chase" of the hart most fitly belongs, according to the poet, "to our old *Arden* here," and

Diana herself would be content with the tall and lusty red stag, of "goodly shape and stateliness of head," which she would meet at every turn in the forest. Drayton then proceeds to paint a very vivid picture of an *Arden* stag hunt. As soon as the "bellowing hounds" drive the quarry from his lair, he rushes madly through the thickets, shakes the tender saplings with his branch'd head, and after vain displays of "state," "with unbent knees upright expressing courage," leaves his usual walk, and "o'er the champain flies." The huntsmen follow as if "footed with the wind." The "noble stately" deer beats the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil ; makes among herds of sheep to foil the scent ; ploughmen and shepherds seize goads and hooks, and join in the chase. At length "this noblest beast" yields to destiny, and stands at bay ; then dealing deadly wounds on the hounds with his sharp-pointed head, he finally

Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall,

and so dies. ("The hart weepeth at his dying," states a friend of Drayton who wrote prose notes on the passage ; "his tears are held to be precious in medicine.") In such a forest of *Arden*, too, Drayton continues, all that sorts with solitude is at hand. Here one who knows the vileness of the world may lead a sweet retired life, on homely fare, far from "the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns." Here

The man that is alone a king in his desire,  
By no proud, ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,  
Nor his false praise affects ; nor of a pin he  
weighs

What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies  
raise.

His free and noble thought ne'er envies at the  
grace

That oftentimes is given unto a bawd most  
base ;

Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile  
Who, seeming what he's not, doth sensually  
beguile

The sottish, purblind world ; but absolutely  
free,

His happy time he spends the works of God to  
see.

Drayton concludes his account of *Arden* with a list of the medicinal herbs that grow there, and cure all ailments, not all of which (he states) were known even to skilful Gerard.

\* Camden's *Britannia*, ed. Gough ; ii. 329.

Drayton's "Poly-olbion" is a geographical survey of England in verse, and the writer, in his account of Arden and elsewhere, is endeavoring to record the literal results of his observation. But his real Arden bears in almost every detail an instructive likeness to Shakespeare's Arden: the real forest suggests to Drayton almost the same reflections as the dramatist places in the mouth of the dwellers in his forest. It is, therefore, only just to regard it as a very important piece of evidence in support of the contention that "As You Like It" is of South Warwickshire origin. Drayton's argument prefixed to his song of Arden suggests to every ear the spirit of much of Shakespeare's comedy:—

This song our shire of Warwick sounds  
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.  
Through many shapes the muse here roves:  
Now sporting in those shady groves,  
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:  
Then finding herds of lusty deer,  
She, huntress-like, the hart pursues.

His careful and sympathetic description of the stag hunt can be paralleled at every point by the speeches of the exiles of "As You Like It." "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?" is their constantly recurring refrain. The duke may regret that the "poor dappled fools"

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored;

but he, no less than Jaques or Drayton, is delighted to honor him "that killed the deer." The melancholy Jaques, like Drayton and Drayton's family commentator, makes the most of "the big round tears" that coursed one another down the innocent nose of the poor sequestered stag; and Jaques had watched the wretched animal as carefully as the geographical poet, when it was driven by the hunters to "the extremest verge of the swift brook." The duke in exile finds in Shakespeare's Arden the very solitude and the very happiness that Drayton promises the hermit of the Warwickshire Arden. Corin laments with Drayton's wood-nymph the conduct of "the gripple wretch" who narrows the forest's bounds, and testifies, by his references to his master's cote, his flocks and bounds of feed, to the truth of Drayton's picture of the mingling of woodland and pasture in

Arden. Rosalind's own allusion to the brambles and hawthorns much in Drayton can be found to illustrate, "and the sweet birds' throat" sounds as sweetly in both poets' verses.

We can safely assert that neither poet owed aught to the other for these descriptive passages. Drayton was undoubtedly the friend of Shakespeare. Tradition has, indeed, charged him and Ben Jonson, while guests at New Place, with engaging Shakespeare in a friendly drinking bout which caused the great dramatist's fatal illness. Whatever opinion we may hold of this story, we may be very sure that the contiguity of their birthplaces created between them a very close bond of union. But in their literary work they were independent of each other and worked on different lines. Although some of Drayton's airy fancies bear a family likeness to those of Shakespeare, there is nothing to support the suspicion that the coincidence was other than accidental. Of "Poly-olbion" and "As You Like It," the former was published in 1613, and written gradually in the preceding years; the latter, not published till 1623, was probably acted in the first year of the seventeenth century. There is nothing in the dates, therefore, to touch the question very nearly, and there is no need to press them in one direction or the other. A sane judgment can only see in the resemblances between "Poly-olbion" and "As You Like It" convincing proof that their authors derived much of their inspiration from the same source—from the gentle rural life of the county of which each was a native. Shakespeare in the play, and Drayton in the poem, each paid grateful tribute to the hawthorns and brambles of the forest of Arden.

We have offered some very literal information about the scene of the greater part of "As You Like It." But we have no desire to exaggerate the importance of the circumstance that the forest of Arden was for Shakespeare, as for all Warwickshire men, a geographical reality. We are quite ready to admit that Shakespeare—in the opening scene of the "Tempest" for instance—displays such multiform power of imaginative self-position that he *might* have depicted sylvan and pastoral life with

equal faithfulness had he not lived almost habitually under the shadow of the greenwood tree. But since his home *did*, as a matter of unvarnished fact, lie within a mile or two of the really English forest of Arden, it is mere affectation to decline the invitation that Shakespeare offers us on the first page of his comedy to examine the source of his inspiration. And be it added, it only heightens our sense of Shakespeare's poetic power, here as elsewhere, to be able to compare his material before and after his genius has transmuted it.

With those who are conscious of the relations in which "As You Like It" stands to the neighborhood of Stratford, it is no unscholarly sentiment that lends the play exceptional interest when acted in Shakespeare's native place. And it seems ungracious to do other than commend Miss Mary Anderson's recent endeavor to reproduce the play in the very country of its birth. Stratford has changed comparatively little since Shakespeare's day. The chapel of the guild, with the school-house, the guild-hall, and the almshouses, is reaching the close of its fourth century. The chief bridge across the Avon, and the church, are relics older than Shakespeare's boyhood and manhood. The forest of Arden has retreated into a very

few stretches of woodland, and chiefly survives in the names of the villages, Henley-in-Arden, Hampton-in-Arden, and Weston-in-Arden. But South Warwickshire is still the recognisable home of Corin and of Audrey, of William, Phebe, and Silvius. To witness "As You Like It" on the stage at Stratford is, therefore, to approach its author very nearly. We have no intention of criticising Miss Anderson's performance here—she has had no lack of advice offered her elsewhere. A few writers have decried her appearance on the Stratford stage as so much "bold advertisement." But the Shakespearean student knows nothing of such things, and need only remind these harsh critics that Miss Anderson, in going down to Stratford to appear as Rosalind, was following the best traditions of the English stage. Garrick may have made himself somewhat ridiculous by the means he adopted of reminding his countrymen of their indebtedness through Shakespeare to Stratford-on-Avon. But since Garrick's famous visit to Stratford in 1769, no actor, worthy of his art, has been unwilling to seek an opportunity of associating his name with one of Shakespeare's characters in the city of Shakespeare's birth, life, and death.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS IN CHINA.

### A CHAPTER OF CHINESE TRAVEL.

So much attention is at present being directed to the subject of educational high pressure, that it may be interesting to glance at the full development of the system in the oldest civilisation of our era—in the empire which prides itself on being the most literary in the world—namely, China.

One of the objects of chief interest in Peking is the famed Examination Hall, where once in three years all the students who have succeeded in taking degrees at the great examinations in their provincial cities, assemble to try and pass the higher standard which admits them to the much-coveted rank of Tsin-Sze—i.e., advanced scholars.

Anything more dismally dreary and

dilapidated than this great theatre of national learning, could not be imagined. At its best it seems specially designed for discomfort, but as the examinations are only held here triennially, the place is allowed between whiles to fall into utter decay; and a fine crop of nettles and coarse weeds, and a multitude of broken water-jars, give the crowning touches of dreariness to the whole place.

This so-called "hall" is the fac-simile of the Examination Hall which we went to see at Canton, and of one at Foo-chow, of which I only cared to inspect the roofs, as seen from the city wall (I believe there are similar places in every provincial capital). The name "hall" is altogether misleading. It is simply a

very large walled enclosure, in the centre of which stands the house where lodge the ten examiners and the two Imperial examiners. With the exception of the broad central road, the whole remaining space is filled with rows and rows of tiny cells, each about three feet square. Each row has its distinctive name, and each cell is numbered, so that any man could be summoned if requisite. I cannot call these rows streets, because they all face the same way—each looking into the blank back of the next cell, so that there may be nothing to distract the attention of the candidates. The cells have no doors, so the whole front is open, and special officers are always on the watch to prevent any sort of communication between the men. Other watchmen are posted on the central building, and on towers at the corners of the walls, to see that no one from outside attempts to assist those within.

There are ten thousand of these cells (which might more fitly be termed pigsties). Each is built with two grooves in the wall, to allow for the insertion of two wooden boards, one of which acts as a very hard seat, the other (which is slipped into its place after the student is seated) forms the table on which he is to work. These two boards, and a large earthenware water-jar, are the sole furnishings of the cell, which is so small that a stout man, clothed in the usual wadded garments, must find it impossible even to turn round; and his only rest at night consists in leaning back against the cold wall. Government officers bring him his food, and hot tea; but on no consideration may he leave his cell from the beginning of each examination to its close. Happily the examination is in three distinct parts, each of which lasts two whole days. From first to last it is all a tremendous effort of memory; each student, as he enters his cell, being searched to make sure that he has not concealed any scrap of paper on which he might have jotted helpful notes, or, worse than all, a miniature edition of any part of the Classics. Each man may bring his own indian ink and brushes, but he may bring no paper. To prevent all possibility of fraud, he must at the last moment, and at an exorbitant price, purchase paper which has been stamped with the official seal.

Provided with this he enters the cell, and then only is the subject of examination announced. These subjects are all themes from the fossilised Confucian Classics, or Essays on the History of China, its laws, its rites and ceremonies. At one of the examinations each man is required to write a poem of twelve lines. Happily for the examiners the length of the essays is limited—720 characters being the maximum, and 360 the minimum; necessary corrections being provided for, in the allowance of one hundred characters, which may be marked on the margin.

The greatest stress is laid upon excellent handwriting; and as a highly educated Chinaman is expected to be familiar with *six different styles of writing*, he has a somewhat perplexing choice. He may adopt the ancient stiff characters, or the ordinary freehand characters used in business, or those which are preferred for general correspondence, or the regular character used in printing. The literary man, however, selects one known as *Kiai-Shoo*, which is considered the most elegant.

I scarcely know whom to pity most—the students, or the examiners who have to wade through such mountains of dry Confucian wisdom. On the whole, I think the examiners have the worst of it; for though a student is occasionally found dead in his cell, he has only one set of essays to produce, and he is always buoyed up by hope of success and ambitious dreams,—whereas the luckless examiners have to wade through and carefully weigh the merits of perhaps eight thousand of these dreary sets of papers, with no ambition to gratify, and the certainty of causing grievous disappointment to upward of seven thousand nine hundred students, besides all their parents and relations and friends, a multitude of whom invariably take this opportunity for a visit to the city, and so combine a little pleasure with this literary interest. Not that this visit is always attended with much pleasure, as it is found that epidemics of small-pox in Peking generally occur in the examination year, which is attributed to the influx of at least 40,000 strangers.

To get through the papers they have to work for several days and nights almost without intermission. No won-

der that many utterly break down in mind and body, and are rendered useless for life from divers affections of the brain thus produced. Several examiners of the very highest rank have at different times been brought to the Medical Mission for treatment, having been seized with paralysis in the course of the examinations, entirely in consequence of the prolonged strain, which left them utterly prostrate; and so their work has remained unfinished.

The same thing happens to many of the students, to whom, of course, this examination is only the conclusion of a long course of cramming, and that of the class which is said to be most physically exhausting—namely, an intense strain on the memory.

One would naturally suppose that no one who could avoid it would subject himself to such misery; but this extraordinary nation recognises no possibility of official promotion by any other channel than this—the only form of literary success—consequently many of the men who fail return undaunted to the charge, year after year, till either their efforts are crowned with success or they finally break down. Some, as I have said, literally die in harness, in which case a hole is broken in the outer wall of the enclosure, and the corpse is thrust out; for a stringent regulation prohibits opening the gate while the men are in their cells, and traditional custom must be maintained in the presence of death itself.

On the other hand, some men of indomitable resolution persevere in their pursuit of literary honor till they attain to extreme old age; and it is no uncommon thing to see venerable grey-bearded students of from seventy to eighty years of age taking their place in these dismal cells! Such perseverance is at least sure of honorary recognition by the Emperor, who bestows a special title on men who have vainly continued their literary efforts to the age of fourscore years. In the province of Shantung a great arch of very elaborately sculptured granite commemorates the literary triumph of a noted scholar, who, in his eighty-third year, took the very highest honors at the examination for the highest degree (the Han-Lin, or Doctor of Laws). The inscription on

the arch records that the son of this learned father had three years previously attained to the self-same dignity.

Here, then, we see the system of Competitive Examinations carried out to the bitter end—a system which, for more than a thousand years, has been the sole passport to all official employment, and no amount of experience in damaged brains and mental collapse brings one iota of relief to these many thousand victims. With us such competitions and such educational high-pressure are comparatively a thing of yesterday, and yet we already know too much of the crying evil of overtaxed brains and prodigal waste of mental energy.

China has long anticipated the work of the School Board, and at six years of age boys of all ranks are supposed to attend school and prepare for their life-long bondage to Confucius, by beginning their dreary struggle to master the characters which take the place of our alphabet, multiplied a thousandfold. They are taught to write each character separately on squares of lacky red paper; and by slow degrees they learn to pronounce each, while the little fingers learn to fashion the elaborate crabbed strokes. Though these small students are just as merry and full of life as our own school-boys, they seem to take very kindly to the studies which they see their elders value so highly. Nevertheless, the cane is a fully recognised institution in every school, and is applied unsparingly without respect of sex! As you pass outside of such a school (which is probably held within the precincts of some merchants' guild), you hear the hum of many voices, all repeating lessons aloud; and if you look in, you see a troop of quaint little shaven-headed chaps, with their long black plaits and blue clothes, sitting at small ornamental tables, very different from our school-desks and benches, and suggesting a remarkable absence of the destructive element in these small Chinamen! Of course a conspicuous feature in the school is the shrine of the tablet bearing the name of Confucius, to which each scholar must do daily homage.

Very probably another noteworthy object may be the schoolmaster's greatest treasure—his handsome coffin, the possession of which is so great a solace to

his mind. He himself is probably one of the men who has passed in the lower examinations, but has failed in the higher ones. Each small boy in turn stands before him to repeat his allotted task of diluted classics (turning his back so as to avoid the possibility of peeping); and thenceforth, until his life's end, his dreams of ambition all flow in one channel—classics—classics—classics! In a Chinaman's Catechism there could be but one answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" The only possible reply would be, "To attain a perfect knowledge of Confucian Classics."

The whole race are so entirely convinced that the highest pinnacle of perfection was attained by Confucius six hundred years before the Christian era, that from that time to the present, every Chinaman has striven only to cherish that light of the past, but the idea of originating anything new is deemed worse than useless—it is sacrilegious!

So when small boys have mastered the requisite "Thousand Character Classic," and the "Book of Odes," and other petrifications, they are handed over to more advanced tutors, and attend courses of university lectures on the works of Mencius and other ancient Confucian sages; and in due course of time they are expected to pass in two local examinations.

Having succeeded in these, their names are then enrolled for a third—namely, the first of the great national examinations. These are held, twice in three years, at every prefectural city, and the degree which is conferred is called *Sew-tsac*, "adorned talent," and answers to that of B.A. at Oxford or Cambridge. Before being allowed to enter his name on the list, each candidate must produce a certificate to prove that he is a free-born subject of the realm, and of respectable parentage,—a limit which arbitrarily excludes not only the whole boating population, but also the children of the police, and all play-actors and slaves.

To obtain this first degree is an honor immensely coveted, even by men who do not aspire to further literary honors. In the first place, from the moment a man becomes a *Sew-tsac* he is exempt from corporal punishment, which in

China is no small advantage. Moreover, he can command the attention of any magistrate; and, in short, has an assured social position. So every one who possibly can do so, goes up for this examination; and although it is known that only sixty candidates can pass at a time, as many as six thousand names are sometimes entered for one province.

This great multitude is, however, thinned by a preliminary examination, which occupies the first day. Three days are devoted to considering the six thousand papers, and only the men whose essays are approved are allowed to compete at the further examinations, which are then held at the prefect's official residence.

Just conceive what an impression of learning and exaggerated intellect must be produced by the appearance of such an assemblage with closely shaven foreheads extending over half the skull! The majority of these faces are intellectual; many have delicate features; all are pale, beardless, and hairless. A very large proportion have strained their eyes with over-study of crabbed Chinese characters, so they wear enormous spectacles, with very broad rims of tortoise-shell, which add greatly to their appearance of wisdom.

We associate bald heads with old age, but this vast multitude ranges from eighteen to eighty years!

Each successive examination thins the list of competitors, till at length there remain only about a hundred for the final effort.

The moment that the printed list of successful candidates is published, hawkers start in every direction with printed lists for sale; and swift, lightly built boats, each manned by half-a-dozen strong rowers, start off at full speed, along every river and creek in the neighborhood, to convey the news to anxious relations and fellow-citizens.

Here carrier-pigeons take the place of telegraphs; and many of the students make their agreement long beforehand with the owners of the birds, so as to ensure their being trained at the right places, and brought thence in baskets by special messengers. The Chinese are very kind to all birds, and these pigeons receive the greatest care, and are trained as special pets. On the publication of the fortunate names, the lists

are at once forwarded to these men, who inscribe the messages on slips of thin stiff paper, these they attach to the legs of the pigeons, who straightway start on their homeward journey at the rate of about twenty-seven miles an hour, bearing the glad news to proud parents; and the towns which have given them birth rejoice exceedingly over the honor thus acquired.

So when the newly made graduate returns home he is received with considerable enthusiasm, and is borne along in triumph to worship at the ancestral hall, and gladden his ancestors with the information of his success. But ere they return to their homes, the happy sixty, or ninety as the case may be, assemble at the Court of the Literary Chancellor, there to be invested with the symbols of their new dignity—namely, an academic dress of bright blue, trimmed with black, a richly embroidered tippet, and a golden flower, to be worn on the extreme top of the hat, and which is the special Imperial gift. The Literary Chancellor invites them to dine at his own table.

Men who aspire to obtain official employment must now prepare for the next degree, which is that of *Keu-jin*, "elevated man," and answers to our M.A. This examination is held only once in three years in each provincial capital—in a great square enclosure like the one I have described. The examinations for this degree are more difficult than any of those which follow, involving a great strain on memory. There is, moreover, a terrible possibility, not only of failing to reap fresh honors, but of being actually deprived of those already earned; for in cases of serious failure, the *Sew-tsae* degree already conferred is sometimes cancelled.

A whole month of dire anxiety must elapse ere the publication of the list, which is awaited with feverish anxiety, not only by the relations of the competitors, but by all classes. The badge of honor now conferred is a more gorgeous tippet, and a more beautiful golden flower; and the fortunate possessor of these is feasted and congratulated by all the authorities. When he returns home the magistrates go forth in state to welcome him; presents (including sums of money) are showered on him; rolls of perfumed paper are sent with a request

that he will thereon inscribe a few words and his honorable autograph (in return for which further gifts are bestowed upon him). A name so creditable is inscribed on an ornamental board, and with much ceremony is hung up in the ancestral hall; moreover, his parents receive public thanks from the civic authorities for having given birth to so talented a son.

Many are now content to rest on their oars, but those who seek further literary renown must come to Peking in the following year to be examined for the *Tsin-Sze*, or "advanced scholar" degree. This is the examination held in the enclosure which we visited, and is conducted by the greatest scholars of the empire, including the Prime Minister and a prince of the Imperial race; otherwise it is much the same as the last. But the successful competitors are presented to the Emperor, and many honors are heaped upon them; and their names, inscribed on gilded tablets, are sent in chairs of state, together with many offerings, to the blissful parents.

The men themselves remain at Peking to compete for the highest possible literary degree—namely, that of *Han-Lin*, which is described as *Literary Chancellor*. It is held in the Imperial palace, in the hall where the Emperor himself is supposed to expound the Confucian Classics to his ministers! The Emperor presides on the present occasion, and the successful competitors are invited to dine with his Imperial Majesty, than which no higher honor can be conferred by earth or heaven. Curiously enough each guest has a table to himself. From this happy company are selected all the highest officials of the empire, and also the examiners for all the provincial and minor examinations—truly a dreary life-work!

As we wandered round the dismal city of cells, the man in charge showed us one, just the same as all the others, which he told us had been occupied by the young Emperor taking his degree. As the names of the writers of the papers are carefully concealed, we wondered by what means the examiners are ensured against such a terrible accident as failing to perceive the excellence of the Imperial essay! And yet, the luckless examiner who is detected in showing favor

to any man, or in receiving a bribe, is ignominiously put to death in the very undignified fashion formerly so common in Japan.

We ascended to the summit of the three-storied building in the centre, whence we had a fine view of the city, and my attention was arrested by some extraordinary-looking objects erected on the city wall. By the aid of my glasses I could discern dragons and hollow circles towering against the sky. These, I was informed, were the gigantic astronomical instruments of a great observatory, which was erected at the end of the seventeenth century by a party of very learned Jesuit Fathers, who were sent with a letter of special commendation from Louis XIV. of France, to instruct his Imperial Celestial brother, the Emperor Kang-hsi, in the sciences of mathematics and astronomy. This scientific embassy was received with all possible honor by the Son of Heaven, and the astronomical and astrological fraternity, by whose reading of the stars all matters of Chinese State or domestic life are regulated. Strange to say, the Emperor so entirely recognised the superiority of the Western scientific instruments, that he discarded those in use, and bade the foreigners construct new ones on their own system. So they combined scientific use with Chinese decoration; and beautifully cast bronze dragons support astrolabes, armillary spheres, trigonometers, quadrants, astronomical circles, and other instruments, all of bronze. Amongst other objects is a huge celes-

tial globe, the bronze surface of which is encrusted with golden stars to mark the constellations. All these are raised on a stone platform higher than the wall, and enclosed by a strong iron railing.

Wishing for a nearer view, we made our way thither; but to our extreme disgust, on arriving at the gate by which we should have ascended on to the wall, we found it locked, and the man in charge dared not open it, having recently received strict official orders to the contrary. There was no doubt that he was speaking the truth, as he thereby lost his "tip." It was the more aggravating, as this gate is generally open.

As we were turning away somewhat irritated, I discovered, in a shady, sheltered spot beneath some pretty trees, two exceedingly curious groups of gigantic, purely native instruments of bronze, far more ancient and more interesting than those of the Jesuits—probably those which were discarded in favor of theirs. These were most fascinating, and I quickly settled down to sketch a magnificent astrolabe, which is a cluster of numerous gigantic circles, forming a sort of hollow ball, resting on a central pillar, and supported at the four corners by dragons rampant—a most picturesque object. Of course a little crowd soon assembled, but they were most respectful and kindly, and greatly interested by some small sketches of Ning-po which I chanced to have with me; so our afternoon ended most pleasantly.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### A PRINCE OF COURT PAINTERS.

*Extracts from an Old French Journal.*

BY WALTER PATER.

VALENCIENNES, September, 1701.

THEY had been renovating my father's large workroom. That delightful, tumble-down old place has lost its moss-grown tiles and the green weather-stains we have known all our lives on the high whitewashed wall, opposite which we sit, in the little sculptor's yard, for the coolness, in summertime. Among old Watteau's work-people came his son,

"the genius," my father's godson and namesake, a dark-haired youth, whose large, unquiet eyes seemed perpetually wandering to the various drawings which lie exposed here. My father will have it that he is a genius indeed, and a painter born. We have had our September Fair in the *Grande Place*, a wonderful stir of sound and color in the wide, open space beneath our windows.

And just where the crowd was busiest young Antony was found, hoisted into one of those empty niches of the old *Hôtel de Ville*, sketching the scene to the life; but with a kind of grace (a marvellous tact of omission, as my father pointed out to us, in dealing with the vulgar reality seen from one's own window) which has made trite old Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine, seem like people in some fairy-land; or like infinitely clever tragic actors, who, for the humor of the thing, have put on motley for once, and are able to throw a world of serious *innuendo* into their burlesque looks, with a sort of comedy which shall be but tragedy seen from the other side. He brought his sketch to our house to-day, and I was present when my father questioned him and commended his work. But the lad seemed not greatly pleased, and left untasted the glass of old Malaga which was offered to him. His father is a somewhat stern man, and will hear nothing of educating him as a painter. Yet he is not ill-to-do, and has lately built himself a new stone house, big, and grey, and cold. Their old plastered house with the black timbers, in the *Rue des Cardinaux*, was prettier; dating from the time of the Spaniards, and one of the oldest in Valenciennes.

October, 1701.

Chiefly through the solicitations of my father, old Watteau, has consented to place Antony with a teacher of painting here. I meet him betimes on the way to his lessons, as I return from mass; for he still works with the masons, but making the most of late and early hours, of every moment of liberty. And then he has the feast-days, of which there are so many in this old-fashioned place. Ah! such gifts as his, surely, may once in a way make much industry seem worth while. He makes a wonderful progress. And yet, far from being set up, and too easily pleased with what, after all, comes to him so easily, he has, my father thinks, too little self-approval for ultimate success. He is apt, in truth, to fall out too hastily with himself and what he produces. Yet here also there is the "golden mean." Yes! I could fancy myself offended by a sort of irony which sometimes crosses the half-melancholy sweetness of manner habit-

ual with him; only that, as I can see, he treats himself to the same quality.

October, 1701.

Antony Watteau comes here often now. It is the instinct of a natural fineness in him, to escape when he can from that blank stone house, *si peu historizé*, and that homely old man and woman. The rudeness of his home has turned his feeling for even the simpler graces of life into a physical need, like hunger or thirst, which might come to greed; and methinks he perhaps over-values those things. Still, made as he is, his hard fate in that rude place must needs touch one. And then, he profits by the experience of my father, who has much knowledge in matters of art beyond his own art of sculpture; and Antony is not unwelcome to him. In these last rainy weeks especially, when he can't sketch out of doors, when the wind only half dries the pavement before another torrent comes, the people stay at home, and the only sound from without is the creaking of a restless shutter on its hinges, or the march across the *Place* of those weary soldiers, coming and going so interminably, one hardly knows whether to or from battle with the English and the Austrians, from victory or defeat—Well! he has become like one of our family. "He will go far!" my father declares. He will go far in the literal sense, if he might—to Paris, to Rome. It must be admitted that our Valenciennes is a quiet—nay, a sleepy place; sleepier than ever, since it became French, and ceased to be so near the frontier. The grass is growing deep on our old ramparts, and it is pleasant to walk there—to walk there and muse; pleasant for a tame, unambitious soul such as mine.

December, 1702.

Antony Watteau left us for Paris this morning. It came upon us quite suddenly. They amuse themselves in Paris. A scene-painter we have here, well known in Flanders, has been engaged to work in one of the Parisian playhouses; and young Watteau, of whom he had some slight knowledge, has departed in his company. He doesn't know it was I who persuaded the scene-painter to take him—that he would find the lad useful. We offered

him our little presents ; fine thread-lace of our own making for his ruffles and the like ; for one must make a figure in Paris ; and he is slim and well-formed. For myself, I presented him with a silken purse I had long ago embroidered for another. Well ! we shall follow his fortunes (of which I for one feel quite sure) at a distance. Old Watteau didn't know of his departure, and has been here in great anger.

December, 1703.

Twelve months ago to-day since Antony went to Paris ! The first struggle must be a sharp one for an unknown lad in that vast, over-crowded place, even if he be as clever as young Antony Watteau. We may think, however, that he is on the way to his chosen end, for he returns not home ; though, in truth, he tells those poor old people very little of himself. The apprentices of the M. Métyer for whom he works, labor all day long, each at a single part only—*coiffure*, or robe, or hand—of the cheap pictures of religion or fantasy he exposes for sale at a low price, along the footways of the *Pont Notre-Dame*. Antony is already the most skilful of them, and seems to have been promoted of late to work on church pictures. I like the thought of that. He receives three *livres* a week for his pains, and his soup daily.

May, 1705.

Antony Watteau has parted from the dealer in pictures à *bon marché*, and works now with a painter of furniture pieces, (those head-pieces for doors and the like, now in fashion,) who is also *concierge* of the Palace of the Luxembourg. Antony is actually lodged somewhere in that grand place, which contains the king's collection of the Italian pictures he would so willingly copy. Its gardens also are magnificent, with something, as we understand from him, altogether of a novel kind in their disposition and embellishment. Ah ! how I delight myself, in fancy at least, in those beautiful gardens, freer and trimmed less stiffly than those of other royal houses. Methinks I see him there, when his long summer-day's work is over, enjoying the cool shade of the stately, broad-foliaged trees, each of which is a great courtier, though it has its way almost as if it belonged to that open and unbuilt country

beyond, over which the sun is sinking.

His thoughts, however, in the midst of all this, are not wholly away from home, if I may judge by the subject of a picture he hopes to sell for as much as sixty *livres*—*Un Depart de Troupes*—Soldiers Departing—one of those scenes of military life one can study so well here at Valenciennes.

June, 1705.

Young Watteau has returned home ;—proof, with a character so independent as his, that things have gone well with him ; and (it is agreed !) stays with us, instead of in the stonemason's house. The old people suppose he comes to us for the sake of my father's instruction. French people as we have become, we are still old Flemish, if not at heart yet on the surface. Even in *French Flanders*, at Douai and Saint Omer, as I understand, in the churches and in people's houses, as may be seen from the very streets, there is noticeable a minute and scrupulous air of care-taking and neatness. Antony Watteau remarks this more than ever on returning to Valenciennes, and savors greatly, after his lodging in Paris, our Flemish cleanliness, lover as he is of distinction and elegance. Those worldly graces he seemed as a young lad almost to hunger and thirst for, as if truly the mere adornments of life were its necessities, he already takes as if he had been always used to them. And there is something noble—shall I say ?—in his half-disdainful way of serving himself with what he still, as I think, secretly values overmuch. There is an air of seemly thought—*le bel sérieux*—about him, which makes me think of one of those grave old Dutch statesmen in their youth, such as that famous William the Silent ; and yet the effect of this first success of his, (greater indeed than its actual value, as insuring for the future the full play of his natural powers,) I can trace like the bloom of a flower upon him ; and he has, now and then, the gaieties which from time to time, surely, must refresh all true artists, however hard-working and "painful."

July, 1705.

The charm of that—his physiognomy and manner of being—has touched even

my young brother, Jean-Baptiste. He is greatly taken with Antony, clings to him almost too attentively, and will be nothing but a painter, though my father would have trained him to follow his own profession. It may do the child good. He needs the expansion of some generous sympathy or sentiment in that close little soul of his, as I have thought, watching sometimes how his small face and hands are moved in sleep. A child of ten who cares only to save and possess, to hoard his tiny savings! Yet he is not otherwise selfish, and loves us all with a warm heart. Just now it is the moments of Antony's company he counts, like a little miser. Well! that may save him perhaps from developing a certain meanness of character I have sometimes feared for him.

*August, 1705.*

We returned home late this summer evening—Antony Watteau, my father and sisters, young Jean-Baptiste, and myself—from an excursion to Saint-Amand, in celebration of Antony's last day with us. After visiting the great abbey-church and its range of chapels, with their costly encumbrance of carved shrines and golden reliquaries and funeral scutcheons in the colored glass, half seen through a rich enclosure of marble and brass work, we supped at the little inn in the forest. Antony, looking well in his new-fashioned, long-skirted coat, and taller than he really is, made us bring our cream and wild strawberries out of doors, ranging ourselves according to his judgment (for a hasty sketch in that big pocketbook he carries) on the soft slope of one of those fresh spaces in the wood where the trees unclothe a little, while Jean-Baptiste and my youngest sister danced a minuet on the grass, to the notes of some strolling lutanist who had found us out. He is visibly cheerful at the thought of his return to Paris, and became for a moment freer and more animated than I had ever seen him as he discoursed to us about the paintings of Rubens in the church here. His words, as he spoke of them, seemed full of a kind of rich sunset with some moving glory within it. Yet I like far better than any of these pictures of Rubens a work of that old Dutch master, Peter Porbus, which hangs, though

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almost out of sight indeed, in our church at home. The patron saints, simple and standing firmly on either side, present two homely old people to Our Lady enthroned in the midst, with the look and attitude of one for whom, amid her "glories," (depicted in dim little circular pictures, set in the openings of a chaplet of pale flowers around her,) all feelings are over, except a great pitifulness; and her robe of shadowy blue suits my eyes better far than the hot flesh-tints of the Medicean ladies of the great Peter Paul, in spite of that amplitude and royal ease of action under their stiff court-costumes, at which Antony Watteau declares himself in dismay.

*August, 1705.*

I have just returned from early mass. I lingered long after the office was over, watching, and pondering how in the world one could help a small bird which had flown into the church but could find no way out again. I suspect it will remain there, fluttering round and round distractedly, far up under the arched roof, till it dies exhausted. I seem to have heard of some one who likened man's life to a bird, passing just once only, on some winter night, from window to window, across a cheerfully-lighted hall. The bird, taken captive by the ill-luck of a moment, repeating its issueless circle till it expires, within the close vaulting of that great stone church—human life may be like that bird too!

Antony Watteau returned to Paris yesterday. Yes!—Certainly great heights of achievement would seem to lie before him—access to regions where one may find it increasingly hard to follow him even in imagination, and figure to one's self after what manner his life moves therein.

*January, 1709.*

Antony Watteau has competed for what is called the *Prix de Rome*, desiring greatly to profit by the grand establishment founded at Rome by King Lewis the Fourteenth, for the encouragement of French artists. He obtained only the second place, but does not renounce his desire to make the journey to Italy. Could I save enough by careful economies for that purpose? It might

be conveyed to him in some indirect way that would not offend.

February, 1712.

We read, with much pleasure for all of us, in the *Gazette* to-day, among other events of the great world, that Antony Watteau had been elected to the Academy of painting under the new title of *Peintre des Fêtes Galantes*, and had been named also *Peintre du Roi*. My brother, Jean-Baptiste, ran to tell the news to old Jean-Philippe and Michelle Watteau.

A new manner of painting ! The old furniture of people's rooms must needs be changed throughout, it would seem, to accord with this painting ; or rather, the painting is designed exclusively to suit one particular kind of apartment—a manner of painting greatly prized, as we understand, by those Parisian judges who have had the best opportunity of acquainting themselves with whatever is most enjoyable in the arts—such is the achievement of the young Watteau ! He looks to receive more orders for his work than he will be able to execute. He will certainly relish—he so elegant, so hungry for the colors of life—a free intercourse with those wealthy lovers of the arts, M. de Crozat, M. de Julienne, the Abbé de la Roque, the Count de Caylus, and M. Gersaint, the famous dealer in pictures, who are so anxious to lodge him in their fine *hôtels*, and to have him of their company at their country houses. Paris, we hear, has never been wealthier and more luxurious than now : and the great ladies outbid each other to have his work upon their very fans. Those vast fortunes, however, seem to change hands very rapidly. And Antony's new manner ? I am unable even to divine it—to conceive the trick and effect of it—at all. Only, something of lightness and coquetry I discern there, at variance, methinks, with his own singular gravity, and even sadness, of mien and mind, more answerable to the stately apparelling of the age of Lewis XIV., or of Lewis XV., in these old, sombre Spanish houses of ours.

March, 1713.

We have all been very happy—Jean-Baptiste, as if in a delightful dream. Antony Watteau, being consulted with

regard to the lad's training as a painter, has most generously offered to receive him for his own pupil. My father, for some reason unknown for me, seemed to hesitate at the first ; but Jean-Baptiste, whose enthusiasm for Antony visibly refines and beautifies his whole nature, has won the necessary permission, and this dear young brother will leave us to-morrow. Our regrets and his, at his parting from us for the first time, overtook our joy at his good fortune by surprise, at the last moment, just as we were about to bid each other good-night. For a while there had seemed to be an uneasiness under our cheerful talk, as if each one present were concealing something with an effort ; and it was Jean-Baptiste himself who gave way at last. And then we sat down again, still together, and allowed free play to what was in our hearts, almost till morning, my sisters weeping much. I know better how to control myself. In a few days that delightful new life will have begun for him : and I have made him promise to write often to us. With how small a part of my whole life shall I be really living at Valenciennes !

January, 1714.

Jean-Philippe Watteau has received a letter from his son to-day. Old Michelle Watteau, whose sight is failing, though she still works (half by touch, indeed) at her pillow-lace, was glad to hear me read the letter aloud more than once. It recounts—how modestly and almost as a matter of course !—his late successes. And yet !—does he, in writing to these old parents, whom he has forgiven for their hard treatment of him, purposely underrate his great good fortune and present happiness, not to shock them too much by the contrast between the delicate enjoyments of the life he now leads among the wealthy and refined, and that bald existence of theirs in his old home ? A life, agitated, exigent, unsatisfying !—That is what this letter discloses, below so attractive a surface. As his gift expands so does that incurable restlessness, one supposed but a humor natural to a promising youth who had still everything to do. And now, the one realised enjoyment he has of all this might seem to be the thought of the independence it has pur-

chased him, so that he can escape from one lodging-place to another, just as it may please him. He has already deserted, somewhat incontinently, more than one of those fine houses, the liberal air of which he used so greatly to affect, and which have so readily received him. Has he failed really to grasp the fact of his great success and the rewards that lie before him? At all events, he seems, after all, not greatly to value that fine world he is now privileged to enter, and has certainly but little relish for his own works—those works which I for one so thirst to see.

March, 1714.

We were all—Jean-Philippe, Michelle Watteau, and ourselves—half in expectation of a visit from Antony; and to-day, quite suddenly, he is with us. I was lingering after early mass this morning in the church of Saint Vaast. It is good for me to be there. Our people lie under one of the great marble slabs before the *jubé*, some of the memorial brass balusters of which are engraved with their names and the dates of their decease. The settle of carved oak which runs all round the wide nave is my father's own work. The quiet spaciousness of the place is itself like a meditation, an *acte de recueillement*, and clears away the confusions of the heart. I suppose the heavy droning of the *carillon* had smothered the sound of his footsteps, for on my turning round, when I supposed myself alone, Antony Watteau was standing near me. Constant observer, as he is, of the lights and shadows of things, he visits places of this kind at odd times. He has left Jean-Baptiste at work in Paris, and will stay this time with the old people, not at our house: though he has spent the better part of to-day in my father's workroom. He hasn't yet put off, in spite of all his late intercourse with the great world, his distant and preoccupied manner—a manner, it is true, the same to every one. It is certainly not through pride in his success, as some might fancy, for he was thus always. It is rather as if, with all that success, life and its daily social routine were somewhat of a burden to him.

April, 1714.

At last we shall understand something of that new style of his—the *Watteau*

style—so much relished by the great world of Paris. He has taken it into his kind head to paint and decorate our chief *salon*—the room with the three long windows, which occupies the first floor of the house.

The room was a landmark, as we used to think, an inviolable milestone and landmark, of old Valenciennes fashion—that sombre style, indulging much in contrasts of black or deep brown with white, which the Spaniards left behind them here. Doubtless their eyes had found its shadows cool and pleasant, when they shut themselves in from the cutting sunshine of their own country. But in our country, where we must needs economise not the shade but the sun, its grandiosity weighs a little on one's spirits. Well! the rough plaster we used to cover as well as might be with morsels of old arras à *personnages*, is replaced by dainty panelling of wood, with mimic columns, and a quite aerial scroll-work, around sunken spaces of a pale-rose stuff, and certain oval openings—two over the doors, opening on each side of the grand *canapé* which faces the windows, one over the chimney-piece, and one above the *bahut* which forms its *vis-à-vis*—four spaces in all, to be filled by and by with "fantasies" of the Four Seasons, painted by his own hand. He will send us from Paris *fauteuils* of a new pattern he has devised, suitably covered, and a painted *clavecin*. Our old silver *flambeaux* look well on the chimney-piece. Odd, faint-colored flowers fill coquettishly the little empty spaces here and there, like ghosts of nosegays left by visitors long ago, which paled thus, sympathetically, at the decease of their old owners; for, in spite of its new-fashionedness, all this array is really less like a new thing than the last surviving result of all the more lightsome adornments of past times. Only, the very walls seem to cry out—No! to make delicate insinuation, for a music, a conversation, nimbler than any we have known, or are likely to find here. For himself, he converses well, but very sparingly. He assures us, indeed, that this new style is in truth a thing of old days, of his own old days here in Valenciennes, when, working long hours as a mason's boy, he in fancy re clothed the walls of this or that house he was employed in, with this fairy arrangement;

—itself like a piece of “chamber-music,” methinks, part answering to part; while no too trenchant note is allowed to break through the delicate harmony of white, and pale red, and little golden touches. Yet it is all very comfortable also, it must be confessed; with an elegant open place for the fire, instead of the big old stove of brown tiles. The ancient, heavy furniture of our grandparents goes up, with difficulty, into the *grenier*, much against my father’s inclination. To reconcile him to the change, Antony is painting his portrait in a vast *perruque*, and with more vigorous massing of light and shadow than he is wont to permit himself.

June, 1714.

He has completed the ovals—The Four Seasons. Oh! the summer-like grace, the freedom and softness of the “Summer”—a hayfield such as we visited to-day, but boundless, and with touches of level Italian architecture in the hot, white, elusive distance, and wreaths of flowers, fairy hayrakes and the like, suspended from tree to tree, with that wonderful lightness which is one of the charms of his work. I can understand through this, at last, what it is he enjoys, what he selects by preference from all that various world we pass our lives in. I am struck by the purity of the room he has refashioned for us—a sort of moral purity; yet, in the *forms* and *colors* of things. Is the actual life of Paris, to which he will soon return, equally pure, that it relishes this kind of thing so strongly? Only, methinks ’tis a pity to incorporate so much of his work, of himself, with objects of use which must perish by use, or disappear, like our own old furniture, with mere change of fashion.

July, 1714.

On the last day of Antony Watteau’s visit we made a party to Cambrai. We entered the cathedral church; it was the hour of Vespers, and it happened that *Monseigneur le Prince de Cambrai* was in his place in the choir. He appears of great age, assists but rarely at the offices of religion, and is never to be seen in Paris; and Antony had much desired to behold him. Certainly, it was worth while to have come so far only to see him, and hear him give his pontifical

blessing, in a voice feeble but of infinite sweetness, and with an inexpressibly graceful movement of the hands. A veritable *grand seigneur*! His refined old age, the impress of genius and honors, even his disappointments, concur with natural graces to make him seem too distinguished (a fitter word fails me) for this world. *Omnia Vanitas*! he seems to say, yet with a profound resignation, which makes the things we are most of us so fondly occupied with seem petty enough. *Omnia Vanitas*!—is that indeed the proper comment on our lives, coming, as it does in this case, from one who might have made his own all that life has to bestow? Yet he was never to be seen at court, and has lived here almost an exile. Was our “Great King Lewis” jealous of a true *grand seigneur*, or *grand monarque* by natural gift and the favor of heaven, that he could not endure his presence?

July, 1714.

My own portrait remains unfinished at his sudden departure. I sat for it in a walking-dress, made under his direction—a gown of a peculiar silken stuff, falling into an abundance of small folds, giving me “a certain air of piquancy” which pleases him, but is far enough from my true self. My old Flemish *faillie*, which I shall always wear, suits me better.

I notice that our good-hearted but sometimes difficult friend said little of our brother Jean-Baptiste, though he knows us so anxious on his account—spoke only of his constant industry, cautiously, and not altogether with satisfaction, as if the sight of it wearied him.

September, 1714.

Will Antony ever accomplish that long-pondered journey to Italy? For his own sake, I should be glad he might. Yet it seems desolately far, across those great hills and plains. I remember how I formed a plan for providing him with a sum sufficient for the purpose. But that he no longer needs.

With myself, how to pass time becomes sometimes the question;—unavoidably, though it strikes me as a thing unspeakably sad in a life so short as ours. The sullenness of a long wet day is yielding just now to an outburst of watery sunset, which strikes from the

far horizon of this quiet world of ours, over fields and willow-woods, upon the shifty weather-vanes, and long-pointed windows of the tower on the square—from which the *Angelus* is sounding—with a momentary promise of a fine night. I prefer the *Salut* at Saint Vaast. The walk thither is a longer one; and I have a fancy always that I may meet Antony Watteau there again, any time; just as, when a child, having found one day a tiny box in the shape of a silver coin, for long afterwards I used to try every piece of money that came into my hands, expecting it to open.

September, 1714.

We were sitting in the Watteau chamber for the coolness, this sultry evening. A sudden gust of wind ruffled the lights in the sconces on the walls; the distant rumblings, which have continued all the afternoon, broke out at last: and through the driving rain, a coach, rattling across the *Place*, stops at our door; and in a moment Jean-Baptiste is with us once again; but with bitter tears in his eyes;—dismissed!

October, 1714.

Jean-Baptiste! he, too, rejected by Antony! It makes our friendship and fraternal sympathy closer. And still, as he works, not less sedulously than of old, and still so full of loyalty to his old master, in that Watteau chamber, I seem to see Antony himself, of whom Jean-Baptiste dares not yet speak,—to come very near to his work, and understand his great parts. And Jean-Baptiste's work may stand, for the future, as the central interest of my life. I bury myself in that.

February, 1715.

If I understand anything of these matters, Antony Watteau paints that delicate life of Paris so excellently, with so much spirit; partly because, after all, he looks down upon it, or despises it. To persuade myself of that, is my womanly satisfaction for his preference—his apparent preference—for a world so different from mine. Those coquëtries, those vain and perishable graces, can be rendered so perfectly only through an intimate understanding of them. For him, to understand must be to despise them; while (I think I know why) he yet undergoes their fascination. Hence

that discontent with himself which keeps pace with his fame. It would have been better for him—he would have enjoyed a purer and more real happiness—had he remained here, obscure; as it might have been better for me!

It is altogether different with Jean-Baptiste. He approaches that life, and all its pretty nothingness, from a level no higher than its own; and, beginning just where Antony Watteau leaves off in disdain, produces a solid and veritable likeness of it, and of its ways.

March, 1715.

There are points in his painting (I apprehend this through his own persistently modest observations) at which he works out his purpose more excellently than Watteau; of whom he has trusted himself to speak at last, with a wonderful self-effacement, pointing out in each of those pictures, for the rest so just and true, how Antony would have managed this or that; and, with what an easy superiority, have done the thing better—done the impossible.

February, 1716.

There are good things, attractive things, in life, meant for one and not for another—not meant perhaps for me; as there are pretty clothes which are not suitable for every one. I find a certain immobility of disposition in me, to quicken or interfere with which is like physical pain. He, so brilliant, petulant, mobile! I am better far beside Jean-Baptiste—in contact with his quiet, even labor, and manner of being. At first he did the work to which he had set himself, sullenly; but the mechanical labor of it has cleared his mind and temper at last, as a sullen day turns quite clear and fine by imperceptible change. With the earliest dawn he enters his *atelier*, the Watteau chamber, where he remains at work all day. The dark evenings he spends in industrious preparation with the *crayon* for the pictures he is to finish during the hours of daylight. His toil is also his amusement; he goes but rarely into the society whose manners he has to reproduce. His animals, pet animals, (he knows it!) are mere toys. But he finishes a large number of works, *dessus de portes*, *clavessin* cases, and the like. His happiest,

most genial moments, he puts, like savings of fine gold, into one particular picture (true *opus magnum*, as he hopes) *La Balançoire*. He has the secret of surprising effects with a certain pearl-grey silken stuff of his predilection; and it must be confessed that he paints hands—which a draughtsman, of course, should understand at least twice as well as all other people—with surpassing expression.

March, 1716.

Is it the depressing result of this labor, of a too-exacting labor? I know not. But at times (it is his one melancholy) he expresses a strange apprehension of poverty, of penury, and mean surroundings in old age; reminding me of that childish disposition to hoard, which I noticed in him of old. And then—inglorious Watteau, as he is!—at times, that steadiness in which he is so great a contrast to Antony, as it were accumulates, changes, into a ray of genius, a grace, an inexplicable touch of truth, in which all his heaviness leaves him for a while, and he actually goes beyond the master; as himself protests to me, yet modestly. And still, it is precisely at those moments that he feels most the difference between himself and Antony Watteau. In *that* country, *all* the pebbles are golden nuggets, he says; with perfect good humor.

June, 1717.

'Tis truly in a delightful abode that Antony Watteau is just now lodged—the *hôtel*, or town-house of M. de Crozat, which is not only a comfortable dwelling-place, but also a precious museum lucky people go far to see. Jean-Baptiste, too, has seen the place, and describes it. The antiquities, beautiful curiosities of all sorts—above all, the original drawings of those old masters Antony so greatly admires—are arranged all around one there, that the influence, the genius of those things may imperceptibly play upon, and enter into one, and form what one does. The house is situated near the *Rue Richelieu*, but has a large garden about it. M. de Crozat gives his musical parties there, and Antony Watteau has painted the walls of one of the apartments with the Four Seasons, after the manner of ours, but doubtless improved by second

thoughts. This beautiful place is now Antony's home for a while. The house has but one story, with attics in its *mansard* roof, like those of a farmhouse in the country. I fancy Antony fled thither for a few moments, from the visitors who weary him; breathing the freshness of that dewy garden in the very midst of Paris. As for me, I suffocate, this summer afternoon in this pretty Watteau chamber of ours, where Jean-Baptiste is working so contentedly.

May, 1717.

In spite of what happened, Jean-Baptiste has been looking forward to a visit to Valenciennes which Antony Watteau proposes to make. He hopes always—has a patient hope—that Antony's former patronage of him may be revived. And now he is among us, actually at his work—restless and disquieting, meagre, like a woman with some nervous malady. Is it pity, then, but pity, one must feel for the brilliant one? He has been criticising the work of Jean-Baptiste, who takes his judgments generously, gratefully. Can it be that, after all, he despises, and is no true lover of his own art, and is but chilled by an enthusiasm for it in another, such as that of Jean-Baptiste?—as if Jean-Baptiste overvalued it, or as if some ignobleness or blunder, and a sign that he has really missed his aim, started out of his work at the sound of praise—as if such praise could hardly be altogether sincere.

June, 1717.

And at last one has actual sight of his work—what it is. He has brought with him certain long-cherished designs to finish here in quiet, as he protests he has never finished before. That charming *noblesse*—can it be really so distinguished to the minutest point, so naturally aristocratic? Half in *masquerade*, playing the drawing-room or garden comedy of life, these persons have upon them, not less than the landscape he composes, and among the accidents of which they group themselves with such a perfect fittingness—a certain light we should seek for in vain, upon anything real. For their framework they have around them a veritable architecture—a tree-architecture—of which those moss-grown balusters, *termes*, statues, foun-

tains, are really but members. Only, as I gaze upon those windless afternoons, I find myself always saying to myself involuntarily, "The evening will be a wet one." The storm is always brooding through the massy splendor of the trees, above those sun-dried glades or lawns, where delicate children may be trusted thinly clad: and the secular trees themselves will hardly outlast another generation.

July, 1717.

There has been an exhibition of his pictures in the Hall of the Academy of Saint Luke; and all the world has been to see.

Yes! Besides that unreal, imaginary light upon these scenes and persons, which is a pure gift of his, there was a light, a poetry, in those persons and things themselves, close at hand, *we* had not seen. He has enabled us to see it: we are so much the better-off thereby, and I, for one, the better. The world he sets before us so engagingly has its care for purity, its cleanly preferences, in what one is to *see*—in the outsides of things—and there is something, a sign, a memento, at the least, even in that. There is my simple notion, wholly womanly perhaps, but which I may hold by, of the purpose of the arts.

August, 1717.

And yet! (to read my mind, my experience, in somewhat different terms) methinks Antony Watteau reproduces that gallant world, those patched and powdered ladies and fine cavaliers, so much to his own satisfaction, partly because he despises it: if this be a possible condition of excellent artistic production. People talk of a new era now dawning upon the world, of fraternity, liberty, humanity, of a novel sort of social freedom in which men's natural goodness of heart will blossom at a thousand points hitherto repressed, of wars disappearing from the world in an infinite, benevolent ease of life—yes! perhaps of infinite littleness also. And it is the outward manner of that, which, partly by anticipation, and through pure intellectual power, Antony Watteau has caught, together with a flattering something of his own, added thereto. Himself really of the old time—that serious old time which is passing away, the

impress of which he carries on his physiognomy—he dignifies, by what in him is neither more nor less than a profound melancholy, the essential insignificance of what he *wills* to touch in all that; transforming its mere pettiness into grace. It looks certainly very graceful, fresh, animated, "piquant," as they love to say—yes! and withal, I repeat, perfectly pure; and may well congratulate itself on the loan of a fallacious grace, not its own. For in truth Antony Watteau is still the mason's boy, and deals with that world under a fascination, of the nature of which he is half-conscious methinks, puzzled at "the queer trick he possesses," to use his own phrase. You see him growing ever more and more meagre, as he goes through the world and its applause. Yet he reaches with wonderful sagacity the secret of an adjustment of colors, a *coiffure*, a *toilette*, setting I know not what air of real superiority on such things. He will never overcome his early training; and these light things will possess for him always a kind of worth, as characterising that impossible or forbidden world which the mason's boy saw through the closed gateways of the enchanted garden. Those trifling and petty graces, *insignia* to him of that nobler world of aspiration and idea, even now that he is aware, as I conceive, of their true littleness, bring back to him, by the power of association, all the old magical exhilaration of his dream, his dream of a better world than the real one. There is the formula, as I apprehend, of his success—of his extraordinary hold on things so alien from himself. And I think there is more real hilarity in my brother's *fêtes champêtres*—more truth to life, and therefore less distinction. Yes! the world profits by such reflection of its poor, coarse self, in one who renders all its caprices from the height of a Corneille. That is my way of making up to myself for the fact that I think *his* days too would have been really happier had he remained obscure at Valenciennes.

September, 1717.

My own poor likeness, begun so long ago, still remains unfinished on the easel, at his departure from Valenciennes—perhaps for ever; since the old people

departed this life in the hard winter of last year, at no distant time from each other. It is pleasanter to him to sketch and plan than to paint and finish : and he is often out of humor with himself because he cannot project into a picture the life and spirit of his first thought with the *crayon*. He would fain begin, where that famous master, Gerard Dow, left off, and snatch, as it were, with a single stroke, what in him was the result of infinite patience. It is the sign of this sort of promptitude that he values solely in the work of another. To my thinking there is a kind of greed or grasping in that humor ; as if things were not to last very long, and one must snatch opportunity. And often he succeeds. The old Dutch painter cherished with a kind of piety his colors and pencils. Antony Watteau, on the contrary, will hardly make any preparations for his work at all, or even clean his palette, in the dead-set he makes at improvisation. 'Tis the contrast perhaps between the staid Dutch genius and the petulant, sparkling French temper of this new era, into which he has thrown himself. Alas ! it is already apparent that the result also loses something of longevity, of durability—the colors fading or changing, from the first, somewhat rapidly, as Jean-Baptiste notes. 'Tis true, a mere trifle alters or produces the expression. But then, on the other hand, in pictures the whole effect of which lies in a kind of harmony, the treachery of a single color must needs involve the failure of the whole to outlast the fleeting grace of those social conjunctions it is meant to perpetuate. This is what has happened, in part, to that portrait on the easel. Meantime, he has commanded Jean-Baptiste to finish it ; and so it must be.

October, 1717.

Antony Watteau is an excellent judge of literature, and I have been reading (with infinite surprise !) in my afternoon walks in the little wood here, a new book he left behind him—a great favorite of his ; as it has been a favorite with large numbers in Paris. Those pathetic shocks of fortune, those sudden alternations of pleasure and remorse, which must always lie among the very conditions of an irregular and guilty love, as in sinful games of chance ;—they have

begun to talk of these things in Paris, to amuse themselves with the spectacle of them ; set forth here, in the story of poor Manon Lescaut—for whom fidelity is impossible ; so vulgarly eager for the money which can buy pleasures such as hers—with an art like Watteau's own, for lightness and grace. Incapacity of truth, yet with such tenderness, such a gift of tears, on the one side : on the other, a faith so absolute as to give to an illicit love almost the regularity of marriage ! And this is the book those fine ladies in Watteau's "conversations," who look so exquisitely pure, lay down on the cushion when the children run up to have their laces righted. Yet the pity of it ! What floods of tears ! There is a tone about it all which strikes me as going well with the grace of these leafless birch-trees against the sky, the silver of their bark, and a certain delicate odor of decay which rises from the soil. It is all one half-light ; and the heroine (nay ! the hero himself also ; that dainty Chevalier des Grieux, with all his fervor) have, I think, but a half-life in them truly, from the first. And I could fancy myself half of their condition this evening, as I sit here alone, while a premature touch of winter upon it makes the outer world seem so inhospitable an entertainer of one's spirit. With so little genial warmth to keep it there, one feels that an accidental touch might shake it away altogether : so chilled at heart it seems to me, as I gaze on that glacial point in the motionless sky, like some mortal spot whence death begins to creep over the body.

And yet, in the midst of this, by mere force of contrast, comes back to me, very vividly, the true color, ruddy with flower and fruit, of the past summer, among the streets and gardens of some of our old towns we visited ; when the thought of cold was a luxury, and the earth dry enough to sleep upon. The summer was indeed a fine one ; and the whole country seemed bewitched. A kind of infectious sentiment passed upon one, like an efflux from its flowers and flower-like architecture—flower-like to me at least, but of which I never felt the beauty before.

And as I think of that, certainly I have to confess that there is a wonderful reality about this lovers' story ; an

accordance between themselves and the conditions of things around them, so deep as to make it seem that the course of their lives could hardly have been other than it was. That comes, perhaps, wholly of the writer's skill; but at all events I must read the book no more.

June, 1718.

And he has allowed that Mademoiselle Rosalba—*ce bel esprit*—who can discourse upon the arts like a master, to paint his portrait—has painted hers in return! She holds a lapful of white roses with her two hands. *Rosa Alba!* himself has inscribed it! It will be engraved, to circulate and perpetuate it the better.

One's journal, here in one's solitude, is of service at least in this, that it affords an escape for vain regrets, angers, impatience. One puts this and that angry spasm into it, and is delivered from it so.

And then, it was at the desire of M. de Crozat that the thing was done. One must oblige one's patrons. The lady also, they tell me, is *poitrinaire*, like Antony himself, and like to die. And he who has always lacked either the money or the spirits to make that long-pondered, much-desired journey to Italy, has found in her work the veritable accent and color of those old Venetian masters he would so willingly have studied under the sunshine of their own land. Alas! how little peace have his great successes given him—how little of that quietude of mind, without which, methinks, one fails in true dignity of character.

November, 1718.

His thirst for change of place has actually driven him to England, that veritable home of the consumptive. Ah me! I feel it may be the *coup de grâce*. To run into the native country of consumption—strange caprice of that desire to travel, which he has really indulged so little in his life—of the restlessness which, they tell me, is itself a symptom of this terrible disease.

January, 1720.

As once before, after a long silence, a token has reached us—a slight token that he remembers—an etched plate, one of very few he has executed, with that

old subject—Soldiers on the March. And the weary soldier himself is returning once more to Valenciennes, on his way from England to Paris.

February, 1720.

Those sharply-arched brows, those restless eyes which seem larger than ever—something that seizes on one, and is almost terrible in his expression—speak clearly, and irresistibly set one on the thought of a summing-up of his life. I am reminded of the day when, already with that air of *le bel sérieux*, he was found sketching, with so much truth to the inmost mind in them, those picturesque mountebanks at the Fair in the *Grande Place*; and I find, throughout his course of life, something of the essential melancholy of the comedian. He, so fastidious and cold, and who has never "ventured the representation of passion," does but amuse the gay world; and is aware of that, though certainly unamused himself all the while. Just now, however, he is finishing a very different picture—that too, full of humor—an English family group, with a little girl riding a wooden horse; the father, and the mother, holding his tobacco-pipe, stand in the centre.

March, 1720.

To-morrow he will depart finally. And this evening the Syndics of the Academy of Saint Luke came with their scarves and banners to conduct their illustrious fellow-citizen, by torchlight, to supper in their Guildhall, where all their beautiful old corporation plate will be displayed. The Watteau salon was lighted up to receive them. There is something in the payment of great honors to the living which fills one with apprehension, especially when the recipient of them looks so like a dying man. God have mercy on him.

April, 1721.

We were on the point of retiring to rest last evening when a messenger arrived post-haste, with a letter on behalf of Antony Watteau, desiring Jean-Baptiste's presence at Paris. We did not go to bed that night; and my brother was on his way before daylight, his heart full of a strange conflict of joy and apprehension.

May, 1721.

A letter at last ! from Jean-Baptiste, occupied with cares of all sorts at the bedside of the sufferer. Antony fancying that the air of the country might do him good, the Abbé Haranger, one of the canons of the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, where he was in the habit of hearing mass, has lent him a house at Nogent-sur-Marne. There he receives a few visitors. But in truth the places he once liked best, the people ! nay, the very friends, have become to him nothing less than insupportable. Though he still dreams of change, and would fain try his native air once more, he is at work constantly upon his art ; but solely by way of a teacher, instructing (with a kind of remorseful diligence, it would seem) Jean-Baptiste, who will be heir to his unfinished work, and take up many of his pictures where he has left them. He seems now anxious for one thing only, to give his old "dismissed" disciple what remains of himself, and the last secrets of his genius. His property—9,000 *livres* only—goes to his relations. Jean-Baptiste has found these last weeks immeasurably useful.

For the rest, bodily exhaustion, perhaps, and this new interest in an old friend, have brought him tranquillity at

last, a tranquillity in which he is much occupied with matters of religion. Ah ! it was ever so with me. And one *lives* also most reasonably so.—With women, at least, it is so, quite certainly. Yet I know not what there is of pity which strikes deep, at the thought of a man, awhile since so strong, turning his face to the wall from the things which most occupy men's lives. 'Tis that homely, but honest *curé* of Nogent he has caricatured so often, who attends him.

July, 1721.

Our incomparable Watteau is no more ! Jean-Baptiste returned unexpectedly. I heard his hasty footstep on the stairs. We turned together into that room ; and he told his story there. Antony Watteau departed suddenly, in the arms of M. Gersaint, on one of the late hot days of July. At the last moment he had been at work upon a crucifix for the good *curé* of Nogent, liking little the very rude one he possessed. He died with all the sentiments of religion.

He has been a sick man all his life. He was always a seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### CARLYLE AS A POLITICAL TEACHER.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY.

FROM the days of Adam Smith the tendency of political speculation in England has been towards the contraction of the sphere of the State, and the circumscription of its duties and responsibilities. Some forty years since the stoutest and ablest advocate of *laissez faire* was Lord Macaulay. Yet if we contrast the tenor of his writings with that of the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer we shall see that as a political theory *laissez faire* has been extending its claims, at least in our philosophy, whatever may be the fact in our practical politics. In the recently published work of Mr. Auberon Herbert, *For Liberty*, this marked tendency of modern political speculation seems to have reached a point at which no further advance is

possible. When the right of the State to collect taxes is denied, it will be admitted that *laissez faire* has been exalted into regions where, so rarefied is the atmosphere, common mortals can pursue its flight no longer. Amongst considerable political writers, if we except Mr. Ruskin, Carlyle stands out in solitary opposition to all such modes of political thought. That the State has vast and far-reaching duties—duties which it must undertake and perform or else perish in the approaching storms of anarchy and revolution, or of foreign invasion, with "stern erasure as of Poland," is ever the burthen of Carlyle's teaching, and especially in his political essays *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, *Latter Day Pamphlets*, *Shooting*

*Niagara*, and the political portions of *Sartor Resartus*.

At the present day *laissez faire* is seriously opposed by two classes, practical politicians and socialists. The anarchic and revolutionary designs of the latter class naturally render them powerless to affect the minds of sober thinkers. The meddling and muddling of the former, their well-meant but disastrous interferences with so many industries and interests, have been admirably exposed by Mr. Spencer. Thus it would seem as if in the region of political philosophy the *laissez faire* conception of the relations between the State and the people was destined to enjoy a long and unchallenged tenure of power. And yet before the advocates of *laissez faire* can secure for their theory a really unchallenged supremacy over the minds of English political thinkers, it still remains for them to overthrow the authority and refute the reasonings of the most remarkable English man of letters in modern times. This neither Mr. Spencer nor any of his school have yet done or attempted to do. Hitherto they have succeeded by ignoring him, and strangely enough the educated classes of England have consented that as a political teacher he should be ignored. For it is remarkable, but still a fact, that Carlyle's political writings, those in which he assails so many of the principles dear to the orthodox political economist, ridicules the constitution, denounces all modern British Governments, their Home and Foreign policies, and on the positive side asserts with all his force one clear and definite principle, have, even up to the present, received little close consideration. As a guide to troubled and perplexed minds, tending toward cynicism or materialism; a voice recalling them to earnestness and fortitude, to a spiritual conception of life and its aims and destiny, his influence has been great; his doctrine does not need exposition or his authority support. As a historian, patient, laborious, and profound, with eyes of lynx-like acuteness for the perception of what is vital and characteristic, and an almost miraculous faculty for the illumination of things, scenes, persons, and events, his reputation stands firm and unassailable. His friends will read over and over again

the more pregnant portions of the *Sartor Resartus*, those that touch the problems of individual life; over and over again his *History of the French Revolution* and his *Frederick*. No such close and attentive study by any who have made their influence felt in modern literature and contemporary thought, has been bestowed upon the political pamphlets, the outpourings of a spirit, which prodigally exhausts itself in all modes of utterance—wit, satire and mockery, stern denunciation, pity the profoundest, strong encouragement, baleful predictions, and clear, positive, and practical exhortation. The student is delighted and touched while he reads, but the key to the whole, the central position from which the lines radiate, he has somehow generally missed. The innate harmony and agreement of those varied utterances are not perceived. The political pamphlets have come to be regarded as a sort of glorious spiritual chaos, a labyrinth of thought without outlet or plan, the wasteful and ill-directed movements of a strangely great and somewhat impersonal "moral force" raging against modern baseness and wrong. When Carlyle's friends seem so to read the political essays and remember only the sense of vague moral exaltation that they have produced, and here and there a memorable barbed phrase that clings, it is not surprising that the intellectual world generally, by no means devotedly Carlylese, should exhibit abundant ignorance, oblivion, or misknowledge, with regard to their scope. That this is no overdrawn statement will be perceived as well from what I shall hereafter advance as from the following curious fact, the consideration of which will help toward the right understanding of Carlyle's true position with regard to modern English politics.

In the clash and conflict of modern politics Carlyle must occupy some neutral and independent ground. His headquarters, so to speak, are yet to be discovered. The central dominating key to his discordant and seemingly self-destructive utterances has still to be sought. That, once discovered and rightly appreciated, will, I apprehend, be found to harmonize the whole, for it can hardly be believed that a writer of such commanding genius does really

contradict himself or walk in a maze of mere luminous mist. As an indication of the point where the central idea lies, let the inquirer reflect on the advice given by Carlyle to the territorial aristocrat, against whom chiefly he perceives that the fierce democracy is destined to advance once it has really entered on the path of confiscation. So counseling, he gives first negative and then positive advice. He advises him in the first place to put no trust in parchment, viz. the legal sanctions and securities by which vested interests have been so far safe-guarded.

"Not welcome, O complex anomaly" (i.e. the much-consuming, naught-producing landlord), "not welcome, would that thou hadst stayed out of doors, for who of mortals know what to do with thee? Thy parchments, yes they are old, of venerable yellowness; and we too honor parchments, old-established settlements and venerable use-and-wont. Old parchments in very truth, yet on the whole they are young to the granite rocks, to the ground plan of God's universe. We advise thee to put up thy parchments."\*

And again, still the negative advice, but with a flavor of the positive:—

"We apprise thee of the world-old fact becoming sternly disclosed in these days" (and more sternly in these), "that he who cannot work in this universe cannot get existed in it; had he parchments to thatch the face of the world, these combustible fallible sheep skins cannot avail him." And once more, page 156, "My lords and gentlemen, it were better for you to arise and begin doing your work than sit there and plead parchments."

Yet what practically is nineteenth-twentieths of the logic spent in defence of the landed interest against those asserting original right than a pleading of parchments? In the last-quoted passages the positive side of Carlyle's advice to the aristocracy is indicated, viz., that by work alone, by the loyal acceptance of a totally new set of responsibilities, shall they evade the fierce-eyed democracy advancing armed with the vote and asserting original right; once more and most emphatically the same advice, page 155:—

"Descend, O Do-nothing-pomp; quit thy down-cushions, expose thyself to feel what wretches feel and how to cure it. Descend thou, undertake the horrid 'living chaos of ignorance and hunger,' weltering round thy feet, say 'I will heal it or behold I will die foremost in it.' Such verily is the law."

Plainly it is much easier to sit and plead parchments, but salvation by such courses, as Carlyle here very sufficiently indicates, is not "the law," is not, to use his own figure, in harmony with "the ground-plan of the universe." And once again, in *Shooting Niagara*, still more definitely and distinctly, he calls upon the great landowners to retire to their estates, live amongst their people, organizing, disciplining, spending all rent-incomes in the task of establishing there by all conceivable methods, repressions, encouragements, &c., a loyal following fit to strike in with their leaders when the time comes and grapple as for life or death with the sure-approaching anarchy.

That the light of instruction in due time transforms itself into the lightning of destruction is a doctrine and a figure frequently appearing in these essays.

"Light, accept the blessed light if you will have it when heaven vouchsafes. You refuse? You prefer Delolme on the British Constitution, the Gospel according to M'Croudy, and a good balance at the bankers. Very well, the light is more and more withdrawn, etc., etc., and by due sequence infallible as the foundations of the universe and nature's oldest law the light returns on you condensed this time into lightning which there is not any skin whatever too thick for taking in."\*

Doubtless some thirty years since many young English landlords of an intellectual turn read this strong passage, thought it fine, but forgot it and went their ways. Those who read it now are more likely to perceive its exact truth when the light neglected in Carlyle is actually perceived to be condensing itself into lightning. Let such consider for a moment what even in my own country, dominated as it is by sworn enemies of landlordism, might yet be done. There are Irish landlords, said to have the spending of fifty thousand a year. With fifty thousand a year to spend, an active and ardent man of mettle and enterprise, though deprived of all legal control over his tenantry, might, if he chose to do so, employ a little army of some 3,666 laborers at a cost of about £30 a year each, the average remuneration of Irish labor. With the economies possible when providing for such a number, he could afford to feed, clothe, and lodge his

\* *Past and Present*, p. 149.

\* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, p. 157.

men far better than those employed around him, perhaps allow for bands, gymnasiums, and much else that would tend to enliven their labor and make their existence brighter and pleasanter. He could make his service popular, and be in a position to select the most promising material. He could weed out by dismissal the refractory, introducing a strict but beneficent organization and discipline. The power to dismiss would be his Mutiny Bill. Dublin Castle, for a purpose profoundly unpopular, and in the interest of the English Government commands, with no other Mutiny Bill, some thirteen thousand constabulary scattered in little barracks throughout the length and breadth of the land, a force that will convene and move like one man at the word of command. From hostile and anarchic material the English Government creates a force that will shoot down the hostile and anarchic. For there is a magic power in discipline. Such a man, with his disciplined, well-regulated force, building, draining, reclaiming, planting, tilling, creating order out of disorder, fertility out of barrenness, cheerfully undergoing hardship and toil, drawing into his service the best youths of his own class, &c., would provoke imitation on all sides. Men of honor would be ashamed not to follow a lead so noble. Over such men the tide of anarchy and confiscation may indeed sweep. It may be even now too late, but they will die at least like men and with harness on their backs, not like rats starved to death in stopped holes.

This suggestion I know will seem half insane to many; but I would ask them to consider on the one hand the signs of the times, and on the other this stern adjuration by Carlyle:—

"Be counselled; ascertain if no work exist for thee on God's earth; if thou find no commanded-duty there but that of going gracefully idle? Ask, inquire earnestly with a *half-frantic* earnestness; for the answer means Existence or Annihilation to thee."\*

From Carlyle's advice quasi-political to the landlord, the reader might guess at the nature of his advice wholly political to the State. The unproductive landlord going gracefully idle, "consuming the rents of England, shooting

the partridges of England, and diletanteing at Quarter Sessions and in Parliament," must find his work or perish. "Such verily is the law." The State, in like manner, he will probably accuse of idleness, neglect of duty, assumption of sham duties; and predict for it, too, reform or extinction.

Accordingly, we frequently come across such language as the following:—"The State itself, not in Downing Street alone, but in every department of it, has altered much from what it was in past times, and will again have to alter very much—to alter, I think, from top to bottom if it means to continue existing in the times that are now coming and come."\*

For this "world, solid as it looks, is made all of aerial and even spiritual stuff, permeated all by incalculable sleeping forces and electricities, and liable to go off at any time into the hugest developments,"† French revolutions, and so forth.

"It is urgent upon all Governments to pause in this fatal course,"‡ viz., neglect of real duties and natural functions; "persisted in, the goal is fearfully evident. Every hour's persistence in it is making return more difficult."§ "England must contrive to manage its living interests and quit its dead ones and their methods, or else depart from its place in the world."|| "The State is for the present not a reality, but in great part a dramatic speciosity, expending its strength in practices and objects fallen many of them quite obsolete."¶

Thus, and animated by such convictions, Carlyle pours forth upon governments and parliaments, premiers and administrative departments, the full vials of his scorn and indignation. He ridicules the traditional home policy, foreign policy, colonial policy. The modern premier is the Honorable Felissimus Zero, sticking with beak and claws to the back of the wild horse, which carries him where it pleases, or a dead ass floating atop of the waves. Parliament is a collection of stump orators discoursing to twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, sitting in the penny gallery. And

\* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, p. 84.

† *Ibid.*, p. 104.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 110.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 115.

¶ *Ibid.*, p. 135.

\* *Past and Present*, p. 153.

ever, like a running bass accompaniment, the solemn warning that the end of all this is revolution—wild anarchies alternating with brutal despotisms of "the copper-captain sort,"\* with "ultimate descent to the devil," "stern erasure as of Poland," &c. The peculiar metaphorical phraseology, the big, uncouth images, have too often the effect of exciting laughter rather than serious reflection. The vituperations and threatenings are in fact so loud as to *stun*; the mind does not take in the sense or even quite admit the sincerity of the vituperator. Who else but Carlyle, being in earnest, would talk of the Pit, the Bottomless, Tophet, Gehenna, Hell and Heaven, the Silences and Eternities, the Parcæ and the stars? The phraseology conceals his earnestness from some; the wit and ridicule, the brilliant literary execution, absorb the attention of the rest. They are so struck by the form that they will not heed the substance. The voice is so strangely electric and animating that they will not consider what it desires to convey.

That the State, and England with it, must reform or perish, is the main burthen of the political pamphlets. Forty years since there was no cloud on the horizon that disturbed the equanimity of the governing classes. There were Chartist riots easily suppressed, feeble jacqueries. The discontented many were not yet armed with votes. The modern democratic spirit in its strength had not really permeated the lower strata of society. Then came the boom of commercial prosperity, steadily predicted, too, by Carlyle as a consequence of the Corn Law Abrogation Act. He calls it "a breathing-time," an opportunity for reform, an opportunity that will come to an end. A good time for making money. Yes, and the growth of an "opulent owlery." But then—and here we have the big metaphors again that rumble in men's ears like very distant thunder, such thunder as does not in the least alarm—"the Parcæ, think you, have they fallen dead because you wanted to make money in the city?" or, in other words, democracy and revolution, "Opulent owl-

ery," are steadily drawing nigh. For the State, then, as for the landlord, Carlyle had this warning, "Reform or perish." But what reform? Extension of the suffrage? No; "that way lies anarchy." "For your life, my lord, avoid it." That reform means, "solution into universal slush, drownage of all interests divine and human."\* What, then, is the reform, and how is it to begin? or, perhaps, there is to be no definite beginning at all, but every public man is to be more in earnest—more attentive to his real duties.

In *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle, to the troubled and despondent individual, gives the memorable advice, "Do the duty that lies nearest thee"—not specifying the duty. To the sick State he prescribes a similar treatment, but in this case he specifies the duty. The State has one first and nearest duty, and upon that must *begin*. As a political teacher Carlyle's instruction begins and ends in this. The whole of the political pamphlets lead up to it. The various paths of thought along which he guides the student, how remote soever they seem from this point, do actually terminate here, for this is the one thing that he told England, told the State to *do*. It is shortly expressed, being merely *the employment of the pauper upon useful work under conditions rigorous as soldiering*.

In Carlyle's imaginative mind modern England, especially modern English industrialism, figured itself as a huge "Stygian swamp," a swamp but with one lowest point at which the worst oozeings collect, and so collecting send upwards again poisonous exhalations. This lowest and worst deposit is pauperism. Here for the State is its first work. The right drainage of this quarter is the State's first and nearest duty.

"Pauperism is the poisonous dripping from all the sins and putrid untruths and God-forgetting greediness and devil-serving cant and Jesuitisms that exist amongst us. Not one idle Sham lounging about creation upon false pretences, upon means which he has not earned, upon theories which he does not practise, but yields his share of Pauperism somewhere or other. His sham-work oozes down; finds at last its issue as human Pauperism, in a human being that by those false pretences cannot live. The idle workhouse now about to

\* His nickname for Napoleon III.

\* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, p. 103.

burst of overfilling, what is it but the scandalous poison-tank of drainage from the universal Stygian quagmire of our affairs? My friends, I perceive this of pauperism is the corner where we must *begin*,\* the levels all pointing thitherward, the possibilities all lying clearly there. On that problem we shall find that innumerable things, that all things whatsoever hang. By courageous steadfast persistence in that I can foresee society itself regenerated," with, in the far future, "a world worth living in once more."

Carlyle, therefore, we can now plainly see, was no mere satirist of modern England, no mere spiritual force mingling with the current of modern thought and action. He gave to England, gave to the State, a very clear, distinct advice from the positive side, and as a constructive politician.

But pauperism—how is the State to deal with it? What is the nature of the drain to be run through that quarter of the quagmire? Not, at all events, by Poor Law, the idle workhouse, out-door relief, and charity organisation shall that main drain be made. In the essay called *Chartism* he inveighs against the Poor Law as containing a principle "false, heretical, and damnable if aught ever was." Ever and anon throughout all the essays he ridicules and denounces the Poor Law system and its cardinal principle, that human beings have a right to be supported in idleness at the cost of others. He describes the St. Ives Workhouse—its enchanted inmates seeming to say, "The sun shines, and the earth calls, but we sit here enchanted. To work we are forbidden. It is impossible, they say."† The State, then, if Carlyle is right, has gone the wrong road in its dealings with pauperism, in its performance of its first duty, the duty upon which for it "all the rest depends." What, then, is the right road? Carlyle gives his answer in the speech‡ of the British Prime Minister to the General Assembly of the Pauper Populations of these Realms. The gist of which will be seen in the following passages:—

"Nomadism, I give you notice, has ended; needful permanency, soldierlike obedience, and the opportunity and necessity of hard steady labor for your living has begun. Know that

the idle workhouse is shut against you henceforth. You shall enter a quite other refuge under conditions strict as soldiering and not leave till I have done with you."

"Arise, enlist in my Irish, my Scotch and English 'regiments of the New Era,' regiments not to fight the French but to fight the bogs and wildernesses at home and abroad, and to chain the devils of the pit, which are walking too openly amongst us."

"Work for you? Work surely is not quite undiscoverable in an earth so wide as ours if we take the right methods for it."

"I will lead you to the English fox-corners, furze-grown commons, New Forests, Salisbury Plains, Scotch Hill sides, etc., etc. In the three kingdoms and in the forty colonies depend upon it you shall be led to your work."

And remark, too, not to relief work, of which we have had some curious examples, but to *bonâ fide* work under conditions rigorous as soldiering; a fact which he emphasises pretty strongly.

"To each of you I will then say: Here is work for you; strike into it with manlike, soldierlike obedience and heartiness according to the methods here prescribed, wages follow for you without difficulty, all manner of just remuneration and at length emancipation itself follows. Refuse to strike into it, shirk the heavy labor, disobey the rules—I will admonish and endeavor to incite you; if in vain I will flog you; if still in vain I will at last shoot you."

Thus there can be no further doubt as to Carlyle's proposed method of dealing with pauperism. The language is here, at least, satisfactorily clear and distinct. His light, to use his own image, has condensed itself into a very lightning-like stroke, and at the right point, for in these passages we have the sum and substance of the political essays; all their meanings drawn together and concentrated to the conclusion, the practical reply to the practical question, "What are we to do?" All Carlyle's satire, denunciations, warnings, lamentations, sorrowful broodings, so far as politics are concerned, find issue here. Is he right or wrong? The world has answered, "wrong," not exactly in words, for, as far as I am aware, he never received even the compliment of an intended refutation. But the world has, in fact, answered, "wrong," by the maintenance of the Poor Law ever since, and ever since the raising of regiments to fight the French and others, and of no regiments to fight the bogs. It is Carlyle *contra mundum*. Carlyle's political philosophy narrowing down, as

\* The italics are Carlyle's.

† *Past and Present*, chap. i.

‡ *Latter Day Pamphlets*, "The Present Time." See also "New Downing Street."

it does, to the assertion of one definite principle, viz., the State employment of pauper labor under conditions rigorous as soldiering, is thus capable of giving rise to a discussion which need not spread itself abroad interminably over a variety of subjects. The questions which it suggests are two: first, "Is the application of his principle practical and practicable?" Secondly, "Will or ought its application lead to great and beneficent results, effecting in process of time a wholesome regeneration of society, an end which, if attainable thereby, can be seen to justify the primary and fundamental importance attached to it in his writings?"

Let us suppose that the Government is induced or compelled to create a State department of the kind called for by Carlyle, with contemporaneous total abolition of the Poor Laws, and can be got to work that department with at least as much energy as Dublin Castle works the Constabulary Department of the Irish Administration. Bad as are most modern Governments, they have at least proved this, that they can, under compulsion, hire, feed, drill, employ, and control great numbers of men. Carlyle, with a perfect delight, returns again and again to that fact. Modern Governments can do it; every regiment that marches through the streets—knapsacks on strong backs, bayonets glittering over the shoulder; men all clean, sound, and strong, prompt at the word of command to execute the most intricate and difficult evolutions; every iron-clad and gunboat proves it; and in the most anarchic portion of the Queen's dominions, and out of highly anarchic material her ministers, under compulsion, have raised a disciplined force, thirteen thousand strong, to overawe the rest. "Industrial regiments," bodies of regulated, disciplined laborers armed with pick and spade, Governments, too, can have if they want them; but they do not want them.

Abolition of Poor Law is practicable enough and recommended by many writers without any such alternative. The raising instead of an industrial regulated force is practicable too, should governments be willing or should their people compel them. But it will be said, "All that matter was sufficiently

discussed when the Poor Law Amendment Act was carried. The legislature decided on Poor Law relief and against State employment, doubtless, on good and sufficient grounds." Well, not good and sufficient to all, not, for example, to Carlyle, who declared that its principle was "false, heretical, and damnable if aught ever was," and on his authority, if for no other reason, the question must be rediscussed.

Let this, too, be remembered, that public bodies are governed by their interests, and it was the apparent interest of Parliament to adopt Poor Law and scout State employment. With State services of an industrial nature open to labor, surplus population, so far as the labor market is concerned, disappears, and the keen competition which cuts down wages is reduced to a minimum. Again, the State for its own dignity will decently feed, clothe, and house its employés, which must have the effect of raising all wages approximately to that standard. The apparent interest, therefore, of the employing classes who were then dominant in Parliament, was quite sufficient to account for the contemptuous reception accorded to such views as Carlyle's, without supposing an honest examination of the problem on the part of legislators. But it is said, "State industrial services entering into competition with private employers of labor, will throw out of gear the whole mechanism of modern industry."

Perhaps the whole mechanism of modern industry is not so beautiful as to deserve very tender treatment—a mechanism which casts off on one side the idle rich, a much-consuming plutocracy and aristocracy; and on the other, the idle poor, the much-consuming recipients of charity and Poor Law relief. But the objection is irrelevant. Recollect Carlyle's words: "Regiments to fight the bogs;" "I will lead you to the barren hill-sides;" "Waste-lands, industrials," &c.

"Oh, you propose to bury our money in bogs and bog-roads, is that it? In work that no one else will take up for the very good reason that it won't pay." Yes, that is it. And on the part of Carlyle I would ask whether the work-house pays, or what dividend we get on the Poor Rates. But the assertion is

not true; it will pay! There is in these countries a wide domain of possible industry which private enterprise avoids, but in which the State can, if it pleases, make money if that is to be an essential object; work which will remunerate the nation though it would not remunerate the individual.

Carlyle's philosophy resembled his life in this, that the question is always "What is right? What is wrong?" Not "How can money be made?" Modern political economy from *The Wealth of Nations* down, ignores absolutely the moral aspect of things, concentrating its attention on the pecuniary. Money, Carlyle knew, would abundantly enough follow the course that was morally sound and true, and would in the long run melt away from those pursuing a course which was not. The limitless wealth of England, he a thousand times predicted, will, for England running her present course, disappear, vanish as utterly as the wealth of Nineveh and Carthage. Proudly and contemptuously he declined to discuss the money question. It was right that England should employ her paupers under stern law and in labors salutary and noble. It was wrong to deal with them otherwise, and the right treatment of pauperism had become in this peculiar age not only a duty as it ever was, but the prime and central duty. Yet if we look into this side of the matter, we shall find indubitably that England, with her Poor Law and her charities and steady refusal to employ waste labor, is year by year losing money, besides losing what is incalculably more valuable. Do not the following facts, succinctly stated, prove that outside the limits within which private enterprise works, there are spheres of industry now waste in which the State can profitably exert industrial energy which lies waste too, worse than waste, for it lives by preying in divers ways on the resources of the country?

Private enterprise looks for returns more or less immediate. Outside such limits it will not work. The State, perennial, consulting for future generations and remote time, may prudently and profitably, and even with a strict eye to pecuniary returns, work there. Five years is a long time for an investor to wait for returns; ten years a very long

time. What are they in the life of a nation?

Private enterprise must pay five per cent. for its money; must be reasonably assured that its undertakings will realise *at least* that before it begins. The State, the nation, can work with money borrowed at three, and I believe at considerably less for industrial enterprises. For consider, the money lent is not blown away in powder-smoke, but converted into substantial and enduring things. The genius of confiscation will, at least, leave that portion of the National Debt for its last meal.

Private enterprise can only look for direct pecuniary returns. The State from *its* work can have the direct as well, but also many others of an indirect nature. A Joint Stock Company decides on opening a new railway; the probable passenger and traffic returns are the sole fruit which it can anticipate. The State will have those returns and also its share of the general increase of wealth brought about by the new railway, the taxes, rates, duties, &c., upon the increased wealth and increased population. Thus private enterprise will shrink from many railway and other undertakings which the State might remuneratively essay.

Private enterprise loses much, must calculate to lose much on an average by strikes, insubordination of workers, and in divers other ways. State industrials, under "conditions rigorous as soldiering," must act with military promptitude and obedience.

Private enterprise has no subventions, gratuitous assistance from without. The State has already at its disposal for the employment of the poor a fine existing revenue arising from Poor Rate—a million a year in Ireland, four millions a year in England; now swallowed up worse than uselessly for the most part in the devouring gulf of pauperism.

Those who have realised the nature of the foregoing facts will see that outside the limits of private enterprise lies a vast industrial region where the State can work, and work profitably, without coming into collision with any existing industry.

Much of the talk one hears and reads about "private enterprise" is mere cant. What genuine private enterprise is there

in a Joint Stock Company? The shareholders do not drive the work at all. The directors who do are to a great extent mere employés, differing from the employés of a State department in this, that their patriotic sentiments are not appealed to, and that they are under no intelligent control from above, only an exceedingly and obviously ignorant control from below. Hence, innumerable knaveries on their part, and loss to the general public.

"But pauper labor, presumedly the worst—being pauper—what can be made out of it?" "Much, quite as much as out of labor which is not pauper and is undisciplined. Consider, pauper is but a generic name for the unemployed man, and in England to-day there are thousands of unemployed men equal to the best employed. And with regard to the rest, good food and clothes, wholesome lodging, soap and water, the habit of daily labor, of sobriety, though enforced by the magic influence of discipline, fear of and attachment to worthy officers, will out of poor material create a very respectable article. The British army, the defence of our empire, our pride and glory, that we exhibit to distinguished strangers, is it not composed mainly of pauper labor, of men who found 'freedom' too hard for them?"

"Ragged losels, gathered by tap of drum, do they not stand fire in a commendable manner and cheerfully give away their lives at the rate of a shilling a day?"\* "The materials of human virtue are everywhere as abundant as the light of the sun." Is not the truth of this sublime sentence, little as the average reader might expect it from "doubting Thomas," the dyspeptic, melancholy, vituperative man, proved by the existence, the prowess, and efficiency of our military and naval services? Pauper labor, the labor that could not, or would not, be employed by private enterprise, State-employed and disciplined, makes to-day the noblest sight upon which the eye can rest. Pauper labor built up the British Empire, and landlord and plutocrat go gracefully or ungracefully idle behind its protecting valor and the wall of its gallant bayonets, and behind that living

rampart of trained pauper labor Governments drive the remainder, the pauper labor that they do not want, into the gulfs of penury and vice, want and crime.

"But State departments are often so inefficient and worthless—a mere excuse for drawing incomes and making jobs. Moreover, Governments object to any extension of their powers in that direction." Just so; if we do not *insist* upon the State doing its duty, it will not do it. When we do insist we find approximate performance. We insist on law and order in Ireland and we get the Royal Irish Constabulary; on the efficiency of our fighting departments, and we get the army and navy. What is this reply on the part of Governments? We can create and defend the British Empire, but can't drain a bog, make a railway, or reclaim a hill-side.

But I have claimed for Carlyle the position of leader in constructive politics. Carlyle's greatness, his marvellous sagacity, appears to me to be the more conspicuous in this, that he was no scheme-constructer. How can an individual prescribe and define a nation's future? He pointed out the road and bid England, girding up her loins, set out valiantly on her journey. More no wise man will attempt.

But from the honest acceptance and honest application of that one definite advice tendered by him to England, consider the certain direct and the certain indirect results. As a building on earth foundations, so society stands upon labor, manual toil. The toiler supports the world. When it is well with him there is a likelihood of its being well with all. But the foundations of the house of England are all awry in this respect. Down here at this lowest point, but where all rests, are crime and vice, enforced idleness, mutiny and discontent, the reek and malaria of pauperism. At the bottom of all pauperism. Those who fall, fall into this pit, "such a Curtius's gulf communicating with the nether deeps as the sun never before saw," and the terror of that deadly gulf haunts to-day like a spectre the minds of millions. Let the State employ its paupers as Carlyle urged, and the lowest point to which men *can* fall, let bankruptcy and failure

\* *Chartism.*

and the "genius of modern mechanism hurling them this way and that" do their worst, and what for any will it amount to? Honorable employment under conditions stern, indeed, but just, in the industrial services of the State. Hence, to begin with, the exorcism for ever of that spectral terror that to-day haunts the imaginations of men, the fear of final descent into the abyss of pauperism.

The employment of all labor, its wholesome absorption into the wholesome and happy flow of the stream of industry. Such is the first gain. What do we now lose by our waste labor? Every man to-day unemployed is not only so much waste force, but so much predatory edacity consuming the wealth of the productive. He and his live somehow by Poor Rate, organised charities, kindness of relatives, beggary, or theft.

With the universal employment of labor consequent on the power of the unemployed to claim State employment, contemporaneous abolition of the Poor Law system forcing thither the radically vicious and idle, the agitator's trade will be gone or enormously minimised. He will then have no hungry, idle, mutinous masses, whom he can kindle by inflammatory harangues against rank and wealth. The voracious revolutionary tendencies of modern democracy will be at least substantially checked. The worst and most dangerous classes have been harnessed as it were to the State, the rest not so dangerous are fully employed.

Thus that terrible and abysmal land question is for the time at least avoided, and England can march along its edge. The rise of that question with other collateral and connected questions deeper and worse and more insoluble, Carlyle predicted. With passionate earnestness, alike for their own sake as for that of the people themselves, he appealed in a hundred different ways to the aristocracy to enter the rough path which he pointed out and avoid the smooth broad road of *laissez faire*. Whither that road leads who that looks but a little below the surface of things to-day can fail to perceive? As I write, labor backed by capital, inflamed by agitators, and supporting itself upon a most alluring and

plausible philosophy, is visibly and audibly urging that terrible land question to the front. In Macaulay's time, in Carlyle's time, the *laissez faire* road looked solid enough. How does it look now?

Of the genius of revolution it may be said, "With wings twain do I fly." Of these wings one is discontented labor, the other is discontented talent. The intellectual activity which the State will not employ by a certain natural law betakes itself to the destruction of the State. But if governments resolve to employ the waste labor of the country they will need talent for its control. "What to do with our boys?" think sadly to-day many anxious parents. For boys of the right sort there will be sufficient demand once the State enters on the path of vital reform. Thus in glowing language, Carlyle describes that "New dawn of day for British souls:"—

"No need then to become a tormenting and self-tormenting mutineer banded with rebellious souls; no need to rot in suicidal idleness, or take to platform preaching and writing in Radical newspapers to pull asunder the great falsity (*i.e.* the State) in which thou and all men are choking. The great falsity, behold it has become in the very heart of it a great truth of truths."

But even here the work is only begun, the harnessing of waste labor, mutinous talent now controlling and directing it, itself too beneficently enthralled, is but the beginning of "the blessed process which will extend to the highest heights of society." Beginning with "Waste land industrialism," surely and certainly the State will extend its activities on this side and on that, the paths, directions, modes of development, just hinted by Carlyle, all working capitalists, private "captains of industry," gradually imitating, gradually co-operating with the State. The first step which was true and right, steadily necessitating, steadily inviting, innumerable other steps which also shall be right and true. "The State as it gets into the track of its real work will find that same expand into whole continents of new, unexpected, most blessed activity."\*

Over those remote regions,† seen

\* *Latter Day Pamphlets*, "New Downing Street."

† See "New Downing Street," *Latter Day*

dimly but surely in the far distance, our teacher from this Pisgah waves significantly a prophetic hand. Prophetic, but on conditions stern and exacting, and prophetic too of destruction, if those conditions be not fulfilled. Remote regions, indeed, and, wide between, floods and wilderness and many a savage race. For the giants of Sihon and Og have, since Carlyle prophesied, increased in stature and multiplied in number. Then only voteless Chartists talked of confiscation, and starving Irish took quietly up the beggar's wallet, or quietly lay down to die. Now Cabinet Ministers talk of "ransom" and land tax. And even then Carlyle predicted that for England entering on the rough path of duty, and putting forth all her strength, her course would be one "of labor and suffering," "her battle perpetual," "her march over along the edge of Red Republic and the abyss." If Carlyle be right we are to-day nearer by forty years to the firm land's end, nearer by forty years to the roaring gulfs that succeed. "You travel a road made for you by the valor and veracity of your forefathers, and approach day by day to the firm land's end, literally enough *consuming* the way."

Where is the son of Nun who, profiting by the wisdom of our seer, will lead England along those perilous ways? Or is Mr. Spencer the true seer, declaring that the night of captaincy is at an end, and the dawn of the day of perfect

liberty is at hand. Beautiful on the mountain-tops are or are not the feet of that excellent man. For in the minds of even his most devoted admirers misgivings must arise. It is not a very orderly host, this, or at all very seriously impressed with the necessity of marching and fighting. Those who read aright the signs of the times can hardly fail to perceive that it is becoming more and more intent upon the equitable distribution of its manna: and the manna, too, not at all so abundant as it used to be, rents falling, and trade returns growing less, while the host multiplies.

Chartism, all that it meant and more than it menaced, are here to-day in England, not at all dead, or even asleep. Perhaps Carlyle was wrong; and Chartism, though armed with the vote and powerful over Parliaments, will not again rear its misshapen head or open its abysmal throat in this respectable country so permeated with the blended light of civilisation and the gospel. England's late Premier, at all events, has denounced and ridiculed such gloomy notions. Perhaps Carlyle was right and Mr. Gladstone wrong. Might it not at least be worth inquiring? Carlyle was surely a considerable man, and he loved England well and truth well. Why should England reject his counsel without according to it even the compliment of a refutation?—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### THE RECIPE FOR GENIUS.

LET us start fair by frankly admitting that the genius, like the poet, is born and not made. If you wish to apply the recipe for producing him, it is unfortunately necessary to set out by selecting beforehand his grandfathers and grandmothers, to the third and fourth generation of those that precede him. Nevertheless, there *is* a recipe for the production of genius, and every actual concrete genius who ever yet adorned or disgraced this oblate spheroid of ours has been produced, I believe, in strict

accordance with its unwritten rules and unknown regulations. In other words, geniuses don't crop up irregularly anywhere, 'quite promiscuous like'; they have their fixed laws and their adequate causes: they are the result and effect of certain fairly demonstrable concatenations of circumstance: they are, in short, a natural product, not a *lusus naturæ*. You get them only under sundry relatively definite and settled conditions; and though it isn't (unfortunately) quite true that the conditions will always infallibly bring forth the genius, it is quite true that the genius can never be brought forth at all with-

*Pamphlets*, where he suggests generally the lines along which the State's activity will develop.

out the conditions. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? No more can you get a poet from a family of stockbrokers who have intermarried with the daughters of an eminent alderman, or make a philosopher out of a country grocer's eldest son whose amiable mother had no soul above the half-pounds of tea and sugar.

In the first place, by way of clearing the decks for action, I am going to start even by getting rid once for all (so far as we are here concerned) of that famous but misleading old distinction between genius and talent. It is really a distinction without a difference. I suppose there is probably no subject under heaven on which so much high-flown stuff and nonsense has been talked and written as upon this well-known and much-debated hair-splitting discrimination. It is just like that other great distinction between fancy and imagination, about which poets and essayists discoursed so fluently at the beginning of the present century, until at last one fine day the world at large woke up suddenly to the unpleasant consciousness that it had been wasting its time over a non-existent difference, and that fancy and imagination were after all absolutely identical. Now, I won't dogmatically assert that talent and genius are exactly one and the same thing; but I do assert that genius is simply talent raised to a slightly higher power; it differs from it not in kind but merely in degree: it is talent at its best. There is no drawing a hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the two. You might just as well try to classify all mankind into tall men and short men, and then endeavor to prove that a real distinction existed in nature between your two artificial classes. As a matter of fact, men differ in height and in ability by infinitesimal gradations: some men are very short, others rather short, others medium-sized, others tall, and yet others again of portentous stature like Mr. Chang and Jacob Omnium. So, too, some men are idiots, some are next door to a fool, some are stupid, some are worthy people, some are intelligent, some are clever, and some geniuses. But genius is only the culminating point of ordinary cleverness, and if you were to

try and draw up a list of all the real geniuses in the last hundred years, no two people could ever be found to agree among themselves as to which should be included and which excluded from the artificial catalogue. I have heard Kingsley and Charles Lamb described as geniuses, and I have heard them both absolutely denied every sort of literary merit. Carlyle thought Darwin a poor creature, and Comte regarded Hegel himself as an empty windbag.

The fact is, most of the grandiose talk about the vast gulf which separates genius from mere talent has been published and set abroad by those fortunate persons who fell, or fancied themselves to fall, under the former highly satisfactory and agreeable category. Genius, in short, real or self-suspected, has always been at great pains to glorify itself at the expense of poor commonplace inferior talent. There is a certain type of great man in particular which is never tired of dilating upon the noble supremacy of its own greatness over the spurious imitation. It offers incense obliquely to itself in offering it generically to the class genius. It brings ghee to its own image. There are great men, for example, such as Lord Lytton, Disraeli, Victor Hugo, the Lion Comique, and Mr. Oscar Wilde, who pose perpetually as great men; they cry aloud to the poor silly public so far beneath them, 'I am a genius! Admire me! Worship me!' Against this Byronic self-elevation on an aerial pedestal, high above the heads of the blind and battling multitude, we poor common mortals, who are not unfortunately geniuses, are surely entitled to enter occasionally our humble protest. Our contention is that the genius only differs from the man of ability as the man of ability differs from the intelligent man, and the intelligent man from the worthy person of sound common sense. The sliding scale of brains has infinite gradations: and the gradations merge insensibly into one another. There is no gulf, no gap, no sudden jump of nature; here as elsewhere, throughout the whole range of her manifold productions, our common mother *non facit saltum*.

The question before the house, then, narrows itself down finally to this: what

are the conditions under which exceptional ability or high talent is likely to arise?

Now I suppose everybody is ready to admit that two complete born fools are not at all likely to become the proud father and happy mother of a Shakespeare or a Newton. I suppose everybody will unhesitatingly allow that a great mathematician could hardly by any conceivable chance arise among the South African Bushmen, who cannot understand the arduous arithmetical proposition that two and two make four. No amount of education or careful training, I take it, would suffice to elevate the most profoundly artistic among the Veddahs of Ceylon, who cannot even comprehend an English drawing of a dog or horse, into a respectable president of the Royal Academy. It is equally unlikely (as it seems to me) that a Mendelssohn or a Beethoven could be raised in the bosom of a family all of whose members on either side were incapable (like a distinguished modern English poet) of discriminating any one note in an octave from any other. Such leaps as these would be little short of pure miracles. They would be equivalent to the sudden creation, without antecedent cause, of a whole vast system of nerves and nerve-centres in the prodigious brain of some infant phenomenon.

On the other hand, much of the commonplace shallow fashionable talk about hereditary genius—I don't mean, of course, the talk of our Darwins and Galtons, but the cheap drawing-room philosophy of easy sciolists who can't understand them—is itself fully as absurd in its own way as the idea that something can come out of nothing. For it is no explanation of the existence of genius to say that it is hereditary. You only put the difficulty one place back. Granting that young Alastor Jones is a budding poet because his father, Percy Bysshe Jones, was a poet before him, why, pray, was Jones the elder a poet at all, to start with? This kind of explanation, in fact, explains nothing; it begins by positing the existence of one original genius, absolutely unaccounted for, and then proceeds blandly to point out that the other geniuses derive their characteristics from him, by virtue of descent,

just as all the sons of a peer are born honorables. The elephant supports the earth, and the tortoise supports the elephant, but who, pray, supports the tortoise? If the first chicken came out of an egg, what was the origin of the hen that laid it?

Besides, the allegation as it stands is not even a true one. Genius, as we actually know it, is by no means hereditary. The great man is not necessarily the son of a great man or the father of a great man: often enough, he stands quite isolated, a solitary golden link in a chain of baser metal on either side of him. Mr. John Shakespeare, woolstapler, of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, was no doubt an eminently respectable person in his own trade, and he had sufficient intelligence to be mayor of his native town once upon a time: but, so far as is known, none of his literary remains are at all equal to *Macbeth* or *Othello*. Parson Newton, of the parish of Woolthorpe, in Lincolnshire, may have preached a great many very excellent and convincing discourses: but there is no evidence of any sort that he ever attempted to write the *Principia*. *Per contra*, the Miss Miltons, good young ladies that they were (though of conflicting memory), do not appear to have differed conspicuously in ability from the other Priscillas and Patiences and Mercies amongst whom their lot was cast; while the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons do not seem to bud out spontaneously into great commanders in the second generation. True, there are numerous cases such as that of Herschels, father and son, or the two Scaligers, or the Caracci, or the Pitts, or the Scipios, and a dozen more, where the genius, once developed, has persisted for two, three, or even four lives: but these instances really cast no light at all upon our central problem, which is just this—How does the genius come in the first place to be developed at all from parents in whom individually no particular genius is ultimately to be seen?

Suppose we take, to start with, a race of hunting savages, in the earliest, lowest, and most undifferentiated stage, we shall get really next to no personal peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of any sort amongst them. Every one of them

will be a good hunter, a good fisherman, a good scalper, and a good manufacturer of bows and arrows. Division of labor, and the other troublesome technicalities of our modern political economy, are as unknown among such folk as the modern nuisance of dressing for dinner. Each man performs all the functions of a citizen on his own account, because there is nobody else to perform them for him—the medium of exchange, known as hard cash, has not, so far as he is concerned, yet been invented; and he performs them well, such as they are, because he inherits from all his ancestors aptitudes of brain and muscle in these directions, owing to the simple fact that those among his collateral predecessors who didn't know how to snare a bird, or were hopelessly stupid in the art of chipping flint arrow-heads, died out of starvation, leaving no representatives. The beneficent institution of the poor law does not exist among savages, in order to enable the helpless and incompetent to bring up families in their own image. There, survival of the fittest still works out its own ultimately benevolent and useful end in its own directly cruel and relentless way, cutting off ruthlessly the stupid or the weak, and allowing only the strong and the cunning to become the parents of future generations.

Hence every young savage, being descended on both sides from ancestors who in their own way perfectly fulfilled the ideal of complete savagery—were good hunters, good fishers, good fighters, good craftsmen of bow or boomerang—inherits from these his successful predecessors all those qualities of eye and hand and brain and nervous system which go to make up the abstractly Admirable Crichton of a savage. The qualities in question are ensured in him by two separate means. In the first place, survival of the fittest takes care that he and all his ancestors shall have duly possessed them to some extent to start with; in the second place, constant practice from boyhood upward increases and develops the original faculty. Thus savages, as a rule, display absolutely astonishing ability and cleverness in the few lines which they have made their own. Their cunning in hunting, their patience in fishing, their skill in

trapping, their infinite dodges for deceiving and cajoling the animals or enemies that they need to outwit, have moved the wonder and admiration of innumerable travellers. The savage, in fact, is not stupid: in his own way his cleverness is extraordinary. But the way is a very narrow and restricted one, and all savages of the same race walk in it exactly alike. Cunning they have, skill they have, instinct they have, to a most marvellous degree; but of spontaneity, originality, initiative, variability, not a single spark. Know one savage of a tribe and you know them all. Their cleverness is not the cleverness of the individual man: it is the inherited and garnered intelligence or instinct of the entire race.

How, then, do originality, diversity, individuality, genius, begin to come in? In this way, as it seems to me, looking at the matter both *à priori* and by the light of actual experience.

Suppose a country inhabited in its interior by a savage race of hunters and fighters, and on its seaboard by an equally savage race of pirates and fishermen, like the Dyaks of Borneo. Each of these races, if left to itself, will develop in time its own peculiar and special type of savage cleverness. Each (in the scientific slang of the day) will adapt itself to its particular environment. The people of the interior will acquire and inherit a wonderful facility in spearing monkeys and knocking down parrots; while the people of the sea-coast will become skilful managers of canoes upon the water, and merciless plunderers of one another's villages, after the universal fashion of all pirates. These original differences of position and function will necessarily entail a thousand minor differences of intelligence and skill in a thousand different ways. For example, the sea-coast people, having of pure need to make themselves canoes and paddles, will probably learn to decorate their handicraft with ornamental patterns; and the æsthetic taste thus aroused will, no doubt, finally lead them to adorn the façades of their wooden huts with the grinning skulls of slaughtered enemies, prettily disposed at measured distances. A thoughtless world may laugh, indeed, at these naïve expressions of the nascent artistic and

decorative faculties in the savage breast, but the æsthetic philosopher knows how to appreciate them at their true worth, and to see in them the earliest ingenuous precursors of our own Salisbury, Lichfield, and Westminster.

Now, so long as these two imaginary races of ours continue to remain distinct and separate, it is not likely that idiosyncrasies or varieties to any great extent will arise among them. But, as soon as you permit intermarriage to take place, the inherited and developed qualities of the one race will be liable to crop up in the next generation, diversely intermixed in every variety of degree with the inherited and developed qualities of the other. The children may take after either parent in any combination of qualities whatsoever. You have admitted an apparently capricious element of individuality; a power on the part of the half-breeds of differing from one another to an extent quite impossible in the two original homogeneous societies. In one word, you have made possible the future existence of diversity in character.

If, now, we turn from these perfectly simple savage communities to our own very complex and heterogeneous world, what do we find? An endless variety of soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, and jolly undertakers, most of whom fall into a certain rough number of classes, each with its own developed and inherited traits and peculiarities. Our world is made up, like the world of ancient Egypt and of modern India, of an immense variety of separate castes—not, indeed, rigidly demarcated and strictly limited, as in those extremely hierarchical societies, but still very fairly hereditary in character—and given on the average to a tolerably close system of intermarriage within the caste.

For example, there is the agricultural laborer caste—the Hodge Chawbacon of urban humor, who in his military avatar also reappears as Tommy Atkins, a little transfigured, but at bottom identical—the alternative aspect of a single undivided central reality. Hodge for the most part lives and dies in his ancestral village: marries Mary, the daughter of Hodge Secundus of that parish, and begets assorted Hodges and Marys in

vast quantities, all of the same pattern, to replenish the earth in the next generation. There you have a very well-marked hereditary caste, little given to intermixture with others, and from whose members, however recruited by fresh blood, the object of our quest, the Divine Genius, is very unlikely to find his point of origin. Then there is the town artisan caste, sprung originally, indeed, from the ranks of the Hodges, but naturally selected out of its most active, enterprising, and intelligent individuals, and often of many generations standing in various forms of handicraft. This is a far higher and more promising type of humanity, from the judicious intermixture of whose best elements we are apt to get our Stephensons, our Arkwrights, our Telfords, and our Edisons. In a rank of life just above the last, we find the fixed and immobile farmer caste, which only rarely blossoms out, under favorable circumstances on both sides, into a stray Cobbett or an almost miraculous miller Constable. The shopkeepers are a tribe of more varied interests and more diversified lives. An immense variety of brain elements are called into play by their diverse functions in diverse lines; and when we take them in conjunction with the upper mercantile grades, which are chiefly composed of their ablest and most successful members, we get considerable chances of those happy blendings of individual excellences in their casual marriages which go to make up talent, and, in their final outcome, genius. Last of all, in the professional and upper classes there is a freedom and play of faculty everywhere going on, which in the chances of intermarriage between lawyer-folk and doctor folk, scientific people and artistic people, country families and bishops or law lords, and so forth *ad infinitum*, offers by far the best opportunities of any of the occasional development of that rare product of the highest humanity, the genuine genius.

But in every case it is, I believe, essentially intermixture of variously acquired hereditary characteristics that makes the best and truest geniuses. Left to itself, each separate line of caste ancestry would tend to produce a certain fixed Chinese or Japanese perfection of handicraft in a certain definite

restricted direction, but not probably anything worth calling real genius. For example, a family of artists, starting with some sort of manual dexterity in imitating natural forms and colors with paint and pencil, and strictly intermarrying always with other families possessing exactly the same inherited endowments, would probably go on getting more and more woodenly accurate in its drawing; more and more conventionally correct in its grouping; more and more technically perfect in its perspective and light-and-shade, and so forth, by pure dint of accumulated hereditary experience from generation to generation. It would pass from the Egyptian to the Chinese style of art by slow degrees and with infinite gradations. But suppose, instead of thus rigorously confining itself to its own caste, this family of handicraft artists were to intermarry freely with poetical, or seafaring, or candlestick-making stocks. What would be the consequence? Why, such an infiltration of other hereditary characteristics, otherwise acquired, as might make the young painters of future generations more wide-minded, more diversified, more individualistic, more vivid and life-like. Some divine spark of poetical imagination, some tenderness of sentiment, some play of fancy, unknown perhaps to the hard, dry, matter-of-fact limners of the ancestral school, might thus be introduced into the original line of hereditary artists. In this way one can easily see how even intermarriage with non-artistic stocks might improve the breed of a family of painters. For while each caste, left to itself, is liable to harden down into a mere technical excellence after its own kind, a wooden facility for drawing faces, or casting up columns of figures, or hacking down enemies, or building steam-engines, a healthy cross with other castes is liable to bring in all kinds of new and valuable qualities, each of which, though acquired perhaps in a totally different line of life, is apt to bear a new application in the new complex whereof it now forms a part.

In our very varied modern societies, every man and every woman, in the upper and middle ranks of life at least, has an individuality and an idiosyncrasy so compounded of endless varying stocks

and races. Here is one whose father was an Irishman and his mother a Scotchwoman; here is another whose paternal line were country parsons, while his maternal ancestors were city merchants or distinguished soldiers. Take almost anybody's "sixteen quarters"—his great-great grandfathers and great-great grandmothers, of whom he has sixteen all told—and what do we often find? A peer, a cobbler, a barrister, a common sailor, a Welsh doctor, a Dutch merchant, a Huguenot pastor, a cornet of horse; an Irish heiress, a farmer's daughter, a housemaid, an actress, a Devonshire beauty, a rich young lady of sugar-broking extraction, a Lady Carolina, a London lodging-house keeper. This is not by any means an exaggerated case; it would be easy, indeed, from one's own knowledge of family histories to supply a great many real examples far more startling than this partially imaginary one. With such a variety of racial and professional antecedents behind us, what infinite possibilities are opened before us of children with ability, folly, stupidity, genius?

Infinite numbers of intermixtures everywhere exist in civilised societies. Most of them are passable; many of them are execrable; a few of them are admirable; and here and there, one of them consists of that happy blending of individual characteristics which we all immediately recognize as genius—at least after somebody else has told us so.

The ultimate recipe for genius, then, would appear to be somewhat after this fashion. Take a number of good, strong, powerful stocks, mentally or physically endowed with something more than the average amount of energy and application. Let them be as varied as possible in characteristics; and, so far as convenient, try to include among them a considerable small-change of races, dispositions, professions, and temperaments. Mix, by marriage, to the proper consistency; educate the offspring, especially by circumstances and environment, as broadly, freely, and diversely as you can; let them all intermarry again with other similarly produced, but personally unlike, idiosyncrasies; and watch the result to find your genius in the fourth or fifth generation. If the experiment has been prop-

erly performed, and all the conditions have been decently favorable, you will get among the resultant five hundred persons a considerable sprinkling of average fools, a fair proportion of modest mediocrities, a small number of able people, and (in case you are exceptionally lucky and have shuffled your cards very carefully) perhaps amongst them all a single genius. But most probably the genius will have died young of scarlet fever, or missed fire through some tiny defect of internal brain structure. Nature herself is try-

ing this experiment unaided every day all around us, and though she makes a great many misses, occasionally she makes a stray hit, and then we get a Shakespeare or a Grimaldi.

"But you haven't proved all this: you have only suggested it." Does one prove a thesis of deep-reaching importance in a ten-page article? And if one proved it in a big book, with classified examples and detailed genealogies of all the geniuses, would anybody on earth except Mr. Francis Galton ever take the trouble to read it?—*Cornhill Magazine*.

### A NEW STAR IN A STAR CLOUD.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE discovery of a new star in the midst of the Great Nebula in Andromeda must be regarded as one of the most remarkable astronomical events of the age. It is true that great changes have ere now been recognised in stars lying within nebulous clouds. The star Eta Argûs for example, which lies in the midst of that wonderful mass of luminous gas called the Keyhole Nebula in Argo, has changed so marvellously in lustre since it was first catalogued as a fourth magnitude star as to present a case corresponding so far as the star is concerned with the sudden appearance of the new star in the Andromeda Nebula. For Eta Argûs sank from the fourth magnitude to the sixth, then rose rapidly to the second, and after remaining for some time at that magnitude increased almost suddenly in splendor until it rivalled Canopus and was surpassed only by Sirius. Undoubtedly to an observer set at such a distance that Eta Argûs when thus resplendent would have appeared only as an eighth magnitude star, like the new star in Andromeda, Eta with its present light of a sixth magnitude star would be altogether invisible. So that viewed from that imagined distance Eta Argûs when it rose to its greatest splendor would have appeared as a new star, and as it faded out of view would come to be regarded as having been but a temporary star.

Again the star which appeared in Cygnus in 1876 must be regarded as a

star which had suddenly shone out in a nebula, although no nebula had been known where the star appeared. For when the star had disappeared there still remained a blue planetary nebula in the place which the star had occupied. And this nebula was and is so faint that one can readily understand it having escaped notice before. No one, I imagine, can doubt that the nebula which is seen there now existed there before the star appeared.

The stars in the great Fish-mouth Nebula in Orion exhibit also a certain degree of variability, which, though not so striking as the appearance of "new stars," is in reality a phenomenon of the same sort. For every so-called "new star" may be regarded as a variable of an unusually irregular kind.

But in all these cases the star which shone with variable lustre, or which for a time appeared as a new star, has been in the midst of a gaseous nebula. The great nebula in Andromeda has always been regarded as a stellar nebula, although it has never been resolved into stars. Under spectroscopic examination it presents the rainbow-tinted streak crossed by absorption lines which indicates the existence of glowing solid or liquid or highly-compressed vaporous matter shining through absorptive vapors. I remember Dr. Huggins describing the spectrum of this object to me, during a visit which I paid to his observatory in 1866; and he then said

that the spectrum differed only from that of a star, in being rather sharply cut off at the red end, as through the action of vaporous envelopes more powerfully absorptive of red light than the vapors around our sun and most other stars.

In a rather carelessly-written paragraph in the *Times* of Saturday last, manifestly by a person not well acquainted with astronomical facts, the new star is spoken of as if it gave support to Laplace's nebular theory. In reality the appearance of the star is most strongly opposed to that theory, for the simple reason that all the processes involved in Laplace's nebular theory are slowly-acting ones, while the appearance of a new star where a star had not before been visible, signifies events of a catastrophic nature. Moreover the theory of Laplace, in the form in which it was presented, cannot be maintained by any one acquainted with the laws of physics. A vast disc of gaseous matter, extending beyond the orbit of Neptune, but containing no more matter than there is in the whole solar system would not have the slightest cohesion among its various parts. To conceive of it as rotating like a single mass is to imagine the impossible. One may say indeed of Laplace's nebular hypothesis—which was very properly regarded by himself as but a guess—that astronomers suppose it physically impossible and physicists suppose it astronomically possible: but no one who combines a knowledge of both astronomy and physics can accept it in the wide generality of its original form.

What the new star really does throw light upon, and light of a very clear and unmistakable sort, is not the theory of the solar system, but the theory of the stellar system—that grand gathering of stars, star-clusters, star-clouds, and star streams, which we call the galaxy.

If there was one member of the family of nebulae which was still supposed to remain possibly an external galaxy, after all the evidence which had been collected to show that nebulae belong to our own galaxy, it was the great nebula in Andromeda,—the transcendently beautiful queen of the nebulae as the old astronomers enthusiastically called it. Mr. Herbert Spencer observed as far back as 1859 or 1860, in his fine essays on the Nebular Hypothesis in the *West-*

*minster Review*, that the theory according to which numbers of the resolvable nebulae are external star systems is absolutely untenable. He pointed to this fatal objection, that Sir William Herschel's most powerful telescopes failed to resolve the remoter portions even of our own galaxy. How then could they—or indeed in many cases much weaker telescopes—by any possibility resolve galaxies lying far beyond its limits? A resolvable nebula which has an apparent greatest diameter of a quarter of a degree of arc, would be a very large one indeed; yet even one of that apparent size must lie at a distance exceeding its own diameter about 230 times, and exceeding therefore (supposing that nebula a galaxy like our own in size) the distance of the outskirts of our galaxy from us, more than 450 times. This would correspond to a diminution in the lustre of individual stars more than 200,000 times. Now Herschel had to withdraw from the survey of the remotest parts of our galaxy, or at any rate the least resolvable parts (for my own interpretation of their irresolvability does not assume great distance as a necessary point), satisfied, as he said, that those depths are unfathomable. Irresolvable nebulosity foiled his most powerful telescopes, within the limits of our own stellar domain. How preposterous then, when considered a little, the belief that the same telescope which failed to resolve the outskirts of our own galaxy, can bring into view individual stars having less than the 200,000th part of the light of those remotest suns of our stellar system.

Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed out another fatal objection, in Sir W. Herschel's own account of the arrangement of the stellar and nebular groupings. For Herschel said that whenever he found his star gauges running poor, he would call out to his elder sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, who acted as his assistant, "Prepare to write, nebulae are about to appear." This peculiarity of arrangement by which nebulae fit in where stars are sparsely strewn, and *vice-versâ*, must be regarded as proof positive of the association between nebulae and stars. Nebulae must belong then to our galaxy.

I myself collected some forty pieces of evidence as to the structure of our

galaxy, by which I believe the old-fashioned theory (in favor of which not a single direct argument has ever been adduced) was shown to be absolutely untenable. I may remark in passing that I propose to publish in the first monthly number of the new series of KNOWLEDGE a letter which I addressed to Sir John Herschel in 1870, wherein the greater number of the arguments on which the objections to the old theory are based were briefly indicated. In the second number of that series I propose to publish his singularly interesting reply to that communication. I feel that the time has come to make known precisely how that great astronomer viewed the questionings then being addressed to the theory with which—not quite correctly—his own name and his father's have been associated.

But while Mr. Spencer's objections (of themselves) sufficed to demonstrate the utterly untenable nature of the theory of galaxies of stars external to our own stellar system; and my own more labored gathering of evidence on the subject should have left no doubt, even in the minds of those last ready to recognise the force of reasoning in such matters, the great nebula in Andromeda was in some degree outside our evidence.

The Andromeda nebula is not gaseous but manifestly stellar; yet it has not been resolved into stars. Nor had it been possible to show how far the nebula was from resolvability. Some, using very powerful telescopes on the nebula, supposed they had come very near to resolving it into discrete stars; but they could not feel sure on such a point. For anything yet shown, telescopes a thousand times more powerful than the great Rosse telescope (imagined for the moment as perfect in defining power) might have failed to resolve the Andromeda nebula into stars.

Therefore, Mr. Herbert Spencer's first objection, fatal against all resolved

or partly-resolvable nebulae, had no *fatal* force (it had considerable force however) against the Andromeda nebula. Of course the other objection had no force at all if this nebula is once regarded as exceptional. Among all my own objections against the theory of external galaxies, few had much force against the Queen of the Nebulae, and certainly none were absolutely decisive against this great agglomeration of unquestionably stellar material being an external galaxy.

Now, however, it need hardly be said, the question is disposed of. A star-cloud cannot possibly be an external galaxy resembling our sun if there can appear in it suddenly a star where no star had before been seen. Were the Andromeda nebula such a galaxy the change which has recently taken place in it (or, to speak more precisely, the change of which the light-brought news has recently reached us) would correspond to such a change in our galaxy as would alter its whole character. A star millions of times larger than any orb in our galaxy would have to be present in it—to begin with—and then after being so dull as to give no more light than an ordinary sun—would have to blaze out suddenly with hundreds of thousands of times as much light even as the splendid Sirius pours forth, to produce such a change of aspect in our galaxy, supposed to be seen from the distance of the Andromeda nebula, as has actually taken place in that star-cloud.

The theory that the star-clouds, or any of them, are external galaxies has received a death-blow. This is not saying that it was not dead before. The blow may be such a one as Falstaff gave the dead Percy: but no one can mistake its force. With this new wound the theory has no longer even the semblance of life, and will possibly disappear ere long from those cemeteries for defunct theories, the text-books!—*Knowledge*.

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EVELYN JERROLD ON GEORGE SAND.\*

#### THE biographies of literary genius

\* This sketch of George Sand the Editor believes was the last literary work done by Evelyn Jerrold.

have not often a king's name on the initial page. The present memoir is an exception, and has an indisputable right to begin with a mention of royalty.

When Augustus Frederick finally succeeded in driving Stanislaus from his purchased kingdom of Poland, he gave himself up to the alchemists—who promised him an elixir of life—and the mistresses who gave him more than three hundred children. The most historically important of all these light loves was that which connected him with Aurora of Königsmarck, and which resulted in the birth of a son who was destined to rival Richelieu in the *boudoir* and Turenne in the field. It is no far-fetched fancy that traces to this son, the warrior that Carlyle vilified, many of George Sand's most conspicuous characteristics. The Maurice, Count of Saxony, who, when twelve years old, ran away to Flanders and took service under Marlborough, who restlessly left the English for the Russo-Polish army before Stralsund, who divided his leisure between hard living and hard study—Prince Rupert and Vauban by turns—he certainly presents some points of resemblance to the famous mistress of Nohant. Ailing almost unto death, he beat the butcher of Culloden three times; he was bitter and satirical of humor, despised a sycophant, and when begged to become a member of the Academy, refused bluntly in the worst spelt letter that gallant gentleman of the good old illiterate days ever wrote. During his youth in France he had for a mistress a famous tragic actress, and their daughter Marie Aurore was the grandmother of George Sand. She married the Count de Horn, President of the Swedish Diet, who was deposed for having headed the weakest party in the State, and took refuge in France. His widow retired to the convent of *Abbaye aux Bois*, but convent life did not mean rigorous asceticism in the merry and miserable days of Louis XV., and she gathered round her a sprightly court of be-rib-boned wits and too succinctly draped beauties. Her tongue wagged freely and irreverently, and it and she finished by fascinating one of those *Receivers-General* who patronised the encyclopædists, and she became Madame Dupin de Francueil. Their son Maurice volunteered in 1793, became colonel under the First Empire, and was thrown from his horse and died at *La Châtre*, in 1808. He

was the father of Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin—George Sand.

Her parentage, the traditions and teachings of her family, influenced George Sand in mind and character and conduct with singular force. She had a signal advantage—the supreme one in all intellectual educations; there was no commonplace individuality about her, there was nobody to play chorus—that chorus of common sense which first tells us what the world will say—in the earlier scenes of her life. Society's tenth muse, our Lady Grundy, had not an interpreter among the monitors of her childhood. Her father she knew not, but we know of him through her. His grave and gracious letters, quoted in the "*Histoire de ma Vie*," exhibit a generous mind, dreamy and active by fits, the somewhat emphatic and theatrical heroism of an age when men called their children *Caius Gracchus*, and dreamed of the Universal Republic—the positive scepticism of Bonapartist parvenus, who had proved pretty forcibly that God did not at all protect or inspire the men He graced with sovereignty. Her mother was of a rather lower social order (Madame Maurice Dupin's father was a "master birdcatcher"); but she did not lack originality, and at sixty was keen-witted, caustic and alert as she had ever been. Her grandmother was the most singular instructor, and did most to mould George Sand's mind and shape her destiny. She was a typical figure of the eighteenth century, soft and bigoted, brilliant, paradoxical, and "masterful"—proud of her race and preaching equality. She was a fanatic of the Jean Jacques religion, which she taught her granddaughter, and which George Sand never forgot. The novelist professed a vague veneration for her father; she inherited a good deal of her mother's petulance and playfulness, but it was the old Comtesse de Horn who virtually educated her—or rather allowed her to educate herself, which was the system of culture preferred by the powdered professors of naturalism who worshipped Rousseau—and her grandmother, not her mother, recurs again and again in all those pictures of her youth which George Sand loved to trace and traced so well.

Brought up between the shadow of Rousseau and the very real presence of the stately dame with decided philosophic views and a quick tongue to expound them, the child grew up as she was bound to grow. She dreamed and ran riot, had fevers of devotion and agonies of doubt, had hardy healthy country habits and meditated on death on moonlight nights. She was a child with the manliness of Madame de Staël and the effeminacy of Byron. All that has been recounted about her early days and all she herself has written indicates that at an age when most children are simple sensualists in pinafores, she strove to break from real life and live by the imagination. And not only her education, but the atmosphere of her home encouraged such yearnings.

Her childhood was passed—where her life terminated—in the little hereditary château at Nohant, near La Châtre, in the most beautiful valley of the river Indre. Berri is the central province of France, rich in wood, and hilly, and there the natives believe and aver the old Gallic blood is to be found untainted, as assuredly the old Gallic names are yet extant unchanged. Berrichon folklore is unfathomable, and George Sand drew upon it all her life. As a child she loved the rustic poetry of the Gallic province, the wild legends of præ-Frankish and Roman periods. She grew up listening to the old villagers' tales of horror, and tales of love, and doubtless the simplicity of construction of all her best romances is the result of these early lessons. They occupied her childish mind despotically. And she was not content with them, she wove stories of her own, travelled into strange worlds with imaginary companions, beheld imaginary comedies played for her behoof; lived a curiously visionary as well as a curiously robust life, in fact, among her hills by the banks of the Indre. We are told that her youth was occupied by one long endless romance which she never wrote, and which she remembered vividly in her old age. The hero Corambe was half Christian, half Pagan, and with him she communed for hours together, discussing her opinions, telling her dreams and fancies—making an ideal judge of her creation. But her life was by no means entirely given up to such reveries;

she could never have been the brave, energetic and self-reliant woman she became had she only loved the poetic side of her country life. She enjoyed its practical occupations and pleasures as well. At fifteen she was a dead shot, rode without a saddle, fenced well, and danced indefatigably. At this time, during all her childhood in fact, she was dressed as a boy, and on several occasions in her after life she resumed man's attire for the freedom and protection it gave her. She mixed freely and played with the peasant children about her, and formed in such communion ideas of social equality—of communism even, that perfected the originality of her intellectual education. Her reading too, harmless as it appears in a day when "Guy Livingstone," and the works of Ouida are on every drawing-room table, was heterodox for a young girl of gentle family at the happy time of the Restoration. Like the large-minded gentlewoman she was, the old Comtesse left her library doors open, and out of the dusty treasure-house her grandchild brought "Estelle et Nemorin" (an insipidly sentimental love tale that was deemed terribly inflammatory at the time), and "Robinson Crusoe," and "Corinne," the "Iliad," "Atala," "Millevoys," "Paul and Virginia," and the like. One of her favorite books was "Lavater," and one of her favorite occupations, to compare the studies of physiognomy with the faces of those around her. She remarked that the drunkard looked like the coachman, the choleric like the cook; the pedant like the tutor, genius like the Napoleonic effigy on the current coins—and she remained a firm believer in Lavater's doctrine ever after.

It is evident that such an education could not proceed uninterruptedly while there were people living within a mile or two who respected *les convenances* as much as the Decalogue. It might form a woman of character, but assuredly it would not produce a woman of the world; and under the Restoration—as at other times in France—as in other regions, character was not the quality most prized in the marriage market. It was the younger Madame Dupin who represented common commercial sense in the Château de Nohant. All along

there had been a dispute, though we may believe a quiet and courteous struggle, between the grandmother and daughter-in-law, for the young girl's love and trust. This continuous quarrel was the source of all Aurore's childish griefs; she leaned towards her grandmother, but she was a tender and reverent daughter then and afterwards. In 1817 the worldly-wise section of the family prevailed. She was sent to Paris to the Convent of the English Augustines, there to receive the religious education which at Nohant had scarcely even been hinted at. The convent rule did not subdue the young Berrichonne savage at first. She remained active, independent, and daringly speculative, led every mutiny, and was classed with that section of indisciplinable pupils which is called in every convent *les diables*. But she was too imaginative, too impressionable not to feel the passionate seductiveness of Catholicism at last. The religious fervor seized her kneeling in the convent chapel and thinking of St. Augustine's conversion on the eve of the Assumption. In her turn she heard the *Tolle lege*, and gave herself up to the poetry of religion. The devotional fit was ardent, as was every feeling of her nature. She read the New Testament, and it touched every democratic and poetic fibre in her. She knelt for long hours in mute adoration, like Saint Teresa. All the nervous, exaggerated scruples and terrors a convent life fosters in imaginative natures, troubled and tormented, might have wrecked her mind if her confessor had not chanced to be an honest and sensible Jesuit father who lectured and reasoned with her, applying to religious excess the moderating *trop de zèle* of an epigrammatist who was not excessively religious, though he wore a mitre. After her cure she became again the independent *diable*, and delighted the good sisters by organizing a theatre in the convent and playing Molière—considerably modified and severely expurgated, we may be sure.

She remained three years a convent pupil, and in 1820 was back at Nohant. In the following year the old Comtesse de Horn died. The young girl's sorrow was passionate, poignant and never forgotten. In every crisis of her life it

ached again like an old wound. Years after, in 1836, while her action against her husband was being tried, she wrote:

"O, grand'mère, rise and come to me. Unfold the shroud in which I wrapped thy body broken by its last slumber. Let thy worn limbs live again—come and help me or console me. If I must live no more in thy home, follow me afar. Like the savages of Mischalhebe, I will carry thee with me, and thou shalt be my pillow in the desert. Ah, if thou wert living, all this trouble would not have come to me—I should have found a sacred refuge in thy bosom, and thy paralyzed hand would have grown warm and strong again to shield me from my enemies!"

At Nohant, before and after her grandmother's death, she continued her child's life of vagabond activity; she rode wildly on her old mare Colette, followed by a peasant urchin who had assumed the functions of her squire. She read voraciously, and her studies at this period definitively formed her character and shaped her style. The "*Génie du Christianisme*" wholly dispelled the potent religious mysticism of her convent days—corrected the effect of the "*Imitation of Jesus Christ*." She read Mably, and thought the Abbé's "*Rights and Duties of the Citizen*" too moderate; though the great Condillac's brother certainly formulated in those pedantic pages a theory of government which would not be considered reactionary by the present French Assembly; Leibnitz gave her a great love of science; but Jean Jacques Rousseau made her. She devoured "*Emile*," the "*Vicaire Savoyard*," the "*Lettres de la Montagne*,"—the "*Contrat Social*" reduced her. That was the full stop of her spiritual growth. She held the Genevan philosopher to be the true politician, the true Christian. But he did not console her. And after her grandmother's death she sorely needed consolation. She had quarrelled with her confessor, and practised religion no more. She turned to the moralists, and they destroyed her illusions one by one. Chateaubriand's "*René*" began; Byron continued; Shakespeare dealt the last blow. All her code in those days was in the "*Misanthrope*;" suicide seemed to her the one escape—and that escape she was near to consummating. One day she rode her horse madly over a precipice, and was saved from death by a miracle.

The home at Nohant was not a happy or a healthy one for so passionate and unquiet a nature. Her mother was irritable, angry, and plaintive, and her daughter made little opposition to an arranged marriage with M. Dudevant, son of a Baron of the Empire, and himself a retired officer who had taken to farming and was learned in manures and bovine races. The Baron's portrait is traced, and not unflattered, in "Indiana," and the sketch is at once an indictment of the *arrangers* of the marriage, and an excuse for many of its unfortunate results. The Baron was a man

"with a bald head, with gray moustaches and fierce eyes—a rigid master before whom everybody trembled, wife, servants, horses and dogs. Never was a *ménage* less in accordance with the proud yet tender nature of the young wife. She brought him half a million of money; the agricultural husband used the dowry to extend his farming operations. He filled his sheds with merinos of pure race, he bought magnificent bulls, he doubled the number of his ploughs; he was attentive to everything save to his young wife—and he could not see that Aurore with her seventeen years, her delicate and sensitive nature, was dying of ennui in the heart of this prosaic existence."

All that she suffered has never been told in detail, but it is known that she bore neglect and ennui with exemplary resignation for several years. Two children, a boy and a girl, were born to her, and all the softer, homelier aspirations of her nature were satisfied. But there came a moment when even her motherly dignity was offended. The bucolic Baron slighted her—did more than slight, it was said—before her children. She fell ill, and was ordered to the Pyrenees. She went alone, the Baron being engrossed with beeves and sheep. At Bordeaux, for the first time in her life, she mixed in general society, came into contact with people of her own rank and education. It was her first glimpse of the outer world, and measuring herself with the rank and file, she must suddenly have awakened to a knowledge of her superiority. The friends she made contributed to the awakening. She was warmly welcomed; she was extravagantly praised; a court of flatterers surrounded her. The quick originality of the young Berrichonne was a new and grateful element in the polite conversation of the provincial town. And withal the Berrichonne was

beautiful. She had many courtiers, and one of the chief shipbuilders of the town loved her passionately. But then, at least, no word was breathed against her reputation, and she returned to her husband, resolved to endure him and her life as dutifully as she could. But the insight into the pleasant, friendly, and admiring society of Bordeaux had not fitted her for the mute resumption of the unlovely duties of a farmer's wife and the uncomplaining endurance of the farmer's society. She sought for friends wherever a friend was likely to be found; she opened her arms to poetry, to art, to science—to anything which might introduce a breath of the outer intellectual world into the heavy atmosphere of her home. A young compatriot, Jules Sandeau, then a law-student, visited Nohant during the vacation, and it was he who first set her dreaming of literary fame. It was at that time, too, that she became acquainted with Néraud, whom she called Le Malgache (native of Madagascar, from which island he had just returned, brimful of science and anecdote), and it was indirectly through him that she was first cast upon the world alone. He had been a soldier of the Republic, and was then a little man, hardy, facetious, caustic, and eccentric, one of the strongly-marked exceptional characters that George Sand always grouped around her. His single passion was botany, and he had no sooner settled near Madame Dudevant than she became his pupil—a fervent, indefatigable disciple. The fearless Bohemianism she boasted of in after life was even then strongly accentuated.

"We used to sally out in the morning," she recounts, "looking for field butterflies while the dew was yet heavy on their wings. At noon we pounced upon the scarabæus of emerald and sapphire sleeping in the heart of the roses. In the evening when the sphinx with ruby eyes buzzed about certain plants for love of their smell of vanilla, we lay in ambush ready to seize the reckless drinker. What happy walks we had along the banks of the Indre and in the damp fields of the Black Valley! I remember all one autumn consecrated to the study of mushrooms, and another which we devoted to the examination of mosses and lichens. Our luggage was a microscope, a book, a tin-box—and in addition to that, my son, a fine baby four years old, who would not leave us, and who contracted then a love of natural history which has never left him."

The intimacy was innocent, but it was

original, and it led to scandalous consequences. George Sand forgot all her life, forgot, in a number of her books, that simple friendship between man and woman is generally either the residue or the seed of a stronger feeling. The young law-student, Jules Sandeau, returned to Paris wildly but secretly worshipping the mistress of Nohant. Néraud remained, and fell in love as well. She tells the story of the love in the "Lettres d'un Voyageur," throwing a transparent veil over the personages.

A lady in the neighborhood, to whom he sent from time to time a bouquet, a butterfly, a shell, inspired him with sincere friendship, which she reciprocated not less sincerely. But a mania for twisting words made him call the fraternal affection love. The hyperbole neither flattered nor offended the lady. She was then a quiet, affectionate person who had placed her love elsewhere, and did not conceal the fact. She continued to philosophise with him and accept his bouquets and letters, into which he always managed to insert a word or two of love-making. The discovery of one of these notes gave rise to some violent scenes between Malgache and another person who possessed legitimate right over the lady. Malgache determined to set out and join the Moravian brotherhood. He started on foot with his tin box, his pipe, and his microscope, a little bit in love, and very sorry to have caused unhappiness, but getting rid of it all with a pun. He stopped among the rocks of Vaucluse, determined to live and die on the border of the fountain where Petrarch used to evoke Laura's image on the watery mirror. "But we knew our Malgache too well to believe his sorrow eternal: as long as there are flowers and insects in the world, they will be lost arrows that Cupid aims at him."

And effectively the lover returned with a fine botanical collection. Aurore ran to him laughing, and kissed him on both cheeks; he shed one tear, and in that tear love was drowned, but friendship survived it.

But the episode had awakened the husband's suspicions. Thenceforth there was doubt and espionage on one side, utter ennui and indomitable pride on the other. Life in common had become

impossible. In 1831 an agreement was entered into by husband and wife, according to which the latter was allowed her freedom in exchange for her fortune. She went to Bordeaux with her daughter, leaving her husband to apply her dowry to the amelioration of agriculture. In "Indiana," which contains even more autobiographical details than most of her early romances, she describes a great disappointment that awaited her in the capital of the Gironde. Indiana has left her husband and arrives at the house of the man who had offered her his love a year or two before. Raymon has forgotten everything, receives her coldly, and announces that he is about to be married. He preaches conjugal obedience to her, and lightly, when she turns to go, humbled and despairing, points out that she is leaving a wrapper behind her. The incident may be exaggerated in the romance, but there is no doubt it is substantially true. George Sand's impulses were quick and trustful, and more than once they led her to throw herself for sympathy upon men and women who called themselves her friends, but had no idea what friendship meant to her mind.

Thus rebuffed, an abandoned wife, she went to Paris with her little daughter Solange, and for a brief space took refuge in her old convent of the English Augustines. But she had outgrown all love of the system and ceremonial of the Church. Besides, she had to maintain herself, to work as she could. She left the convent, therefore, to establish herself in a very humble way in the Latin Quarter, on the Quai St. Michel. There she lived the life of a grisette (the grisette existed in those days), a life she afterwards depicted in very sombre colors in her novel "Horace." Her ambition was modest—only to keep herself—no more. But she was not long in discovering that in a woman it is an ambition which the world does not invariably applaud, and not unfrequently declines to gratify. The author of "Le Petite Fadette" worked hard and humbly, and with small profit. She began by painting birds and flowers on snuff-boxes, fans, napkin-rings, etc., in Spa wood: she painted a portrait here and there, and achieved an occasional trans-

lation: it was the classic starvation of Bohemia. In the midst of it all her young guest of Nohant, Jules Sandeau, found her out. She was in undisguised poverty, and the young student was scarcely richer. His father was but a poor employé in the Revenue Office, and could only allow him a very meagre income. But Sandeau was still in love—and Aurore had begun to love him a year before. For the first time George Sand put into practice her then half-formed doctrine of free love, and lived with the young student as his wife. For years afterwards her conduct in this and other *liaisons* was misrepresented and maligned. Men painted her as something little better than Messalina, little more decorous than Mdle. de Maupin—which work appeared at about that epoch. Then came stories of wild orgies and wicked saturnalia; every night of the poets and painters and novelists who formed her circle was a Walpurgis night. The reality was vastly different. The lovers of the Quai St. Michel were miserably poor. Theirs was a sober life as well as a sober passion. It was under the pressure of extreme poverty that George Sand made her first effort to write for her bread. It may appear singular that she should never have thought of literary fame before. The singularity is more apparent than real. Until her arrival in Paris she had been thrown among people who would as soon have thought of winning notoriety at a roulette-table as of earning reputation at a desk. Even the old Comtesse, intelligent and liberal woman as she was, would have chosen to be the literary patron rather than the literary professor. But Jules Sandeau as a student was almost on the borderland of journalism, and had already used his pen for other purposes than taking notes on the benches of the law schools. The translations that Madame Dudevant had attempted, above all, their common poverty which could not be borne much longer, suggested that they should write to a then famous Berrichon, Henri Delatouche, editor of the *Figaro*.

One generous principle has always been conspicuous in the management of the *Figaro*, and generally one only. The promoters of that infamous sheet of political ferocity, which in the eyes of

most Englishmen represents the entire French press, have systematically thrown open their doors to the novices in literature, the poorest 'prentices in the craft. It has been their practice to listen to every applicant—from the lad of twenty with his tragedy of Germanicus, to the worn-out old professor with his little treatise on mediæval philosophy. And whoever could prove that he possessed a spark of originality, a promise of power, was sure of a place in the columns of the *Figaro*. True, the plan has ruined many minds; men left the journal exhausted, gangrened, corrupt and venal—*Figaristes*, in a word—the light-hearted and supple-kneed gentlemen who gibe at Victor Hugo, are bored by Balzac, and have conspired to give a moment's notoriety to the inanities of M. Xavier de Montépin. At that period, however, the *Figaro* was merely a journal of the very lightest literature, liberal in its dealings if not in its politics. Nestor Roqueplan edited it with Delatouche, but Sandeau and Madame Dudevant preferred to apply to the latter as a countryman of theirs. Such provincial ties were very strong in those days of laggard diligences and dangerous roads. A letter was concocted; and, true to the *Figaro* principle, M. Delatouche returned a kindly answer to the young beginners, and invited them to the Vallée aux Loups, where he had a villa, close to that occupied by Chateaubriand.

He received them warmly, and, when the ill-paid paintings on Spa wood were mentioned, declared at once that journalism was better than that—and not much more difficult. It is noticeable that Sandeau was the chief personage in these early interviews. Delatouche proposed to him to become a member of the *Figaro* staff; and when the young man alleged—with excellent reason—that he was incorrigibly idle, Madame Dudevant put in humbly: "Let me help you." Such was the trivial beginning of a collaboration which was soon to mystify all Paris.

After a few newspaper articles, Henri Delatouche, a keen critic, perceived that his new recruits might make clever *chroniqueurs*, but would assuredly develop into distinguished novelists. He advised them to begin on romance—and

he, whose word was law with most of the contemporary publishers, would see that the work came before the public. In their little room on the Quai St. Michel, the Bohemian *ménage* took up their pens, and in six weeks had completed the novel "Rose et Blanche"—an essay of which both lived to be heartily ashamed. It had a sub-title—"or, the Actress and the Nun," and was a decidedly irreverent humoristic sketch, in the manner of Paul de Kock. It was refused everywhere, and even the puissant critic Delatouche had great difficulty in persuading an old publisher to give four hundred francs for the manuscript. In those days, however, and for authors so situated, four hundred francs was no despicable sum, and the collaborators regarded it as a solid encouragement to persevere—also a temptation to remain idle.

The volume was nearly ready for the booksellers when a formidable note of interrogation rose before the authors' eyes. What name was to figure on the title-page? Both writers were in exceptionally delicate positions. In her situation, *Aurore* averred, it was utterly impossible that her name should appear. The announcement would raise an unappeasable storm of scandal.

On the other hand, the young student's allowance of a hundred francs a month would cease directly his father knew that he had had a hand in a novel—and that a novel of anything but wholesome complexion.

The difficulty was removed by Delatouche, who had by this time become very intimate with his compatriots, and who suggested that Sandeau should be cut in two; accordingly the book was signed Jules Sand.

It is probable that this first venture was utterly unsuccessful; it is certain that the book is now wholly unknown and undiscoverable. The same may be said of two or three subsequent works issued from the study of the Quai St. Michel, "*Cora*," "*Cyprien*," and "*La Prima Donna*"—the last of which, however, is to be found in an early number of the *Revue de Paris*. It is impossible, at any rate, that the authors could have profited much by the first fruits of their collaboration. Jules Sandeau's constitutional indolence soon reasserted itself

after the publication of "*Rose et Blanche*." He was given to long day reveries, to oriental *Keyf*; and when he was roused his preference was for talking rather than writing. Indeed, neither of the literary partners seems at this time to have put forth much energy in the campaign against poverty, or the battle for fame. Madame Dudevant again adopted male costume, to enable her to push her way into the cheapest part of the theatres—and in the theatres the lovers seem to have passed a good deal of their time. They sat in the gallery, elbowing blouses and craning over the caps of concierges and grisettes; and when the curtain had fallen they strolled hours together, arm in arm, discussing the play seen and the novel to come, prolonging their walk for hours on moonlight nights from the Pont St. Michel to the Pont Neuf. The result of this poetic idleness was the common prosaic one. It arrived in the grim form of creditors; it stared them in the face one day in the shape of an empty cupboard. It was strongly suggested that Madame Dudevant should return to Berri to arrange a separation from her husband, and obtain a grant of alimony. But before leaving she drew up with Jules Sandeau the plan of a domestic novel which was to be the result of their joint authorship. The chapters were sketched one by one and divided between the lovers. Madame Dudevant carried off her share and made Sandeau promise to work hard during her absence.

That absence was longer than either had expected; but, nevertheless, Jules Sandeau discovered a much better way of filling it up than working. He went to sleep. He dreamed the time away, and in his dreams he wrote masterpieces—and volumes, which the publishers like better. But it was all dream work, and when *Aurore* returned he met her empty-handed, if with a full heart. She, however, brought back a bulky manuscript; she had written "*Indiana*" herself. Even then she was humble; ignorant of her own powers, Sandeau was still the chief of the community; and to him she looked to revise and correct the novel. But the future author of the "*Maison du Penarvan*" was of a frank and generous nature, and he had scarcely

read a chapter ere his enthusiasm was expressed, and he told her that such a work needed no revisal; it was a masterpiece, came whole and perfect from her brain. Madame Dudevant would have had it printed immediately, in the same way that the preceding fruits of their joint labor had been printed. Sandeau emphatically refused to assume a share of the authorship—to sign the two volumes. There was a kindly contest, during which Aurore called in Delatouche to side with her. All her generous sentiments rendered her blind to the "point of honor" which forbade the young student to profit by her genius; but neither she nor the old critic could make him yield. At last the authoress alleged the material difficulty of finding another pseudonym. Here Delatouche stepped in, saying:

"Your first book was signed Jules Sand. Sand is your common property. Choose another Christian name. And see, here is an almanac; to-day is the 23d April, the day of Saint George. Call yourself George Sand."

Thus simply was the greatest pseudonym of this century discovered.

The copyright of "Indiana" was bought for six hundred francs. It is a maxim with many Paris publishers—though but of few in London—that a publisher ought not to know how to read. But in this case that liberal and laudable axiom was not the only thing on which the purchasers of "Indiana" based their small offer. There were weighty judgments on the publisher's side. Delatouche selected three supreme literary authorities to sit in judgment on the new work—Alphonse Rabbe the historian (the friend to whom Hugo addressed some of the most stirring, albeit vehemently Royalist verses of the "Chants du Crépuscule"), Keratry and Balzac. Keratry, who was even then an old beau—though he died in 1859—sprinkled a good deal of snuff over the manuscript, and thought the work to be able as to style, but fatally uninteresting in plot, and he added severely that a woman ought not to write. Balzac made light of all the author's literary efforts. There are a hundred notorious examples of such egregious errors of judgment on the part of authorized writers dealing with unknown works;

and that there are many proves a thing which scarcely needs proof—that *vox populi* is the sovereign voice after all. The great masters of style should be left to find out their distinguished followers; then they may patronize, educate, and present usefully; they may rarely be depended upon to discover an independent voice, an original mind: it is no more astonishing that Balzac should have failed to perceive any promise in George Sand, than it would have been had Charles Dickens pronounced against the early essays of Swinburne. Dickens would have singled out Farjeon and Balzac, Zola or Jules Vallés from among a thousand. And it would be enough if in addition to their masterpieces the masters always gave us such disciples as these.

The public reversed all private judgments in the case of "Indiana." The book was an historic event even in those days when Victor Hugo and Lamartine were yet in the heat of their early industry, and giving to the world songs which are yet ringing in the world's ears. There was a vast amount of curiosity mixed with the popular enthusiasm. There was a question in every outcry of admiration. Whence came the new wonder? Who had begotten it—a man, or woman? and not a few added: a devil? Then low whispers went about. The author was a woman, always dressed as a man,—in velvet coat, a stick in her hand, shod with top-boots. Boots and a cigar. Who knew him? or her? and still the clerical writers added: it? Whether he had guessed the secret or not, Jules Janin in his notice in the *Débats* added materially to the mystery. He wrote purposely: "I should like to see him—or her. I have seen him—and I said to her—that he was the greatest literary artificer of the age." Chateaubriand professed to be afraid of her, doubtless as of a writer who must make "René" pale and "Atala" wither.

At first only a corner of the veil was raised for the behoof of a few sympathetic professors in art and literature. Needless to say that the high Bohemian perch had been abandoned: it is ever but a resting-place for the "winter of our discontent," and when the first spring rays fall on a few gold pieces on the table, the wisest of us leave it. Otherwise

Bohemia becomes what Murger called it : a *cul de sac*. It was yet Bohemia where George Sand first held her court, but a Bohemia where you guessed there were gold mines, and through which a tributary of Pactolus ran. Here she received gracefully and gaily nearly all the illustrious in literature and art of that fruitful time. Here came Gozlan, then a beginner ; Mery, whose poems had already overturned a ministry ; Jules Janin, Gustave Planché, and others, their peers. She was a kindly, even a jovial hostess, dressed as a man always, smoking inordinately, meeting her guests as their equal, even in sex. She was delighted with her new name—the name conferred upon her by her first baptism of fame—and she would only allow herself to be called George, a practice which she kept up until very late in life. Those were, perhaps, the happiest days of her youth. Her fame excused her eccentricity, her beauty apologized for the fame her rivals in literature might have envied. She grew worldly—fashionable. She was seen everywhere, a small lithe figure in a well-fitting *redingote*, a proud Bourbonnien face framed in a mass of black hair.

In the heat of her success she neglected the companion of her sadder days, and in bitter grief Sandeau left Paris, and travelled to Italy on foot almost penniless. Her regret was poignant and lasting. Three years afterward she wrote to the democrat François Rollinat : " I care little about growing old ; but I am grieved to grow old alone ; but I have not found the being with whom I could live and die, or if I found him I did not know how to keep him." And again about a picture which Sandeau gave her : " During a year the man who left me this portrait sat with me every night at a little table, and lived by the same work as I. At break of day we used to consult each other about our work, and we supped at the same little table, talking of art, our sentiments and our future. Our future has played us false. Pray for me, oh Marguerite le Conte"—the name of the faithful lover in the portrait.

More than any French author of modern times (Balzac excepted) George Sand had the faculty of continuous labor. A dreamer, and at moments a

voluptuary, she had withal a fever of fecundity. " Indiana " was palpably a first stroke, a keynote. The enthusiasm it excited had scarcely lessened when " Valentine " appeared, towards the end of 1832 ; and six months later " Lélia," was published. There is a strong autobiographical resemblance between the three novels. Critics of the Clerical and Conservative parties chose to see in them three precise portraits ; and a great cry arose. " Indiana " had astonished, " Valentine " irritated, " Lélia " maddened. Indeed, in this tolerant period that acclaims Adolphe Belot and holds Feydeau insipid, " Lélia " still represents in the eyes of many honest matrons the acme of all that is prurient, profligate, and pernicious in literature. That reputation was made for it in the days when it first appeared—the " bad name " was given. The virulence with which it was criticised has never been surpassed since the hearty times when men held that the circle could be squared, or called their opponents dogs and devils by way of argument. M. Capo de Feuillier, a forgotten critic of *l'Europe Littéraire*, a forgotten journal, had no words hard enough to condemn the audacious woman who dared picture the sorry results of an iniquitous marriage law and a scandalous marriage custom. The old shriek, " Socialist," was heard ; critics became detectives to find out the black spots in the author's life. To recapitulate all the monstrous charges made against her private life and character would astound those who are the least inclined to pardon her at her death. But she had defenders. Gustave Planché demolished Capo de Feuillier—in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—and that so completely and so scornfully, that a duel took place—in which nobody was hurt. " Lélia " is the saddest and the most violent of George Sand's novels. In all her early literary life she took an intense interest in passing events, and felt each public catastrophe deeply : " Lélia " was written in profound dejection. The Warsaw massacres had just taken place, the Paris insurrection had just been sternly repressed, and poverty and cholera were rife.

There came to her shortly, however, some happier hours. A year or two be-

fore the publication of her first novel, a young man, her junior by six years, had achieved with somewhat affected nonchalance a volume of very youthful verse, which at once made his name famous. The poet was Alfred de Musset. His style, his philosophy, were in utter opposition to all George Sand's tastes and beliefs; yet from the first, we are told, his rhytmes to Marquise d'Amaquei, his Byronic ballads, all the fripperies and falsehoods of his work, touched and charmed her. She wished to see the poet, and Buloz, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (who had just engaged her on his staff), invited the author of "Indiana" and the writer of "Rolla" to a great literary dinner at Véfours. The introduction had the foreseen result; De Musset's personal fascination was irresistible, and had on George Sand a very subtle power. A few days afterwards he was present at a party given by her; and six weeks afterwards they left together for Italy, he travelling under the somewhat transparent title of private secretary. They stayed many months in Venice, for which place George Sand conceived an undying passion, and where she made several friends. But her companion wearied of her, deceived her. He returned to Paris before her, and she remained to roam in the Tyrol singly, or prowled about Venice in the company of her dear friends, Dr. Culci, Bepa, and her favorite gondolier. Her Tyrolean expeditions she looked back on as the greatest enjoyment of her life. She started alone, clad in a mountaineer's rough blouse and gaiters, a very peasant lad to all appearance. She carried a bundle of bread and cigarettes in her haversack, and thus equipped she would travel for days in the wildest parts of the mountain, sleeping under rocks or on rough benches by the hearthstone of a wayside inn, where the company was never savory, and not always honest. The letters she wrote at this period, to Rollinat, Néraud, De Musset and others, are curious compositions—feminine in their vague poetry and sensitiveness to every beauty and horror in nature; masculine (she always spoke of herself in the masculine gender, even when writing to dear friends) in their shrewdness of observation, their humor, and

their upright independence of character and judgment. Nor were her explorations of Venice less original. She went where she chose—known everywhere as little Zorzi—smoking eternally, and talking with monks and gondoliers, noting the native airs (to be afterwards used in "Consuelo"), learning the native dialect. She spent nights on the canals listening to the gondolier's cries of warning, or the musicians in some splenetic English lordling's gondola. It was the life of a gipsy; and reading the records of its pleasures, it is easy to conceive that she who adored it so, and enjoyed it better than anything, should have sighed till her middle age for a companion who could share all her tasks, understand all her feelings. Such a companion must have been as pure a poet as herself.

But she was now enrolled in the ranks of those militant *litterateurs* who are the slaves of their renown, who must produce at all times and at any cost, yield their two volumes a year as punctually as the grapes ripen for the vintage. George Sand returned from Italy—to dream and write of it ever after—and published successively the five novellettes, "André," "La Marquise," "Lavinia," "Métella," and "Mattea." "André" is a profound psychological study; the last three works are Italian reminiscences. "Jacques," another study of character, was published during this year—1834. In the following year she was in Berri for a season, and there made the acquaintance of the Republican advocate, Michel (of Bourges), who was destined to exercise a considerable if temporary influence over her life and works. He was of a melancholy, austere and doctrinaire school, preaching vaguely (but in all sincerity) the unity of social and religious truth. Her Republicanism had been hitherto of a very sentimental and speculative kind; under his tuition it became hard and positive for a season. He treated and taught her loftily, scolding her for her weak, repining and indefinable aspirations, while she sat at his feet a humble and self-accusing disciple.

In 1836 her situation with regard to her husband had become hopeless, and persuaded by several friends, notably by the Republican advocate, she assumed

her maiden name and title to bring an action against Baron Dudevant, of whom she demanded her private fortune, and the custody of her children. The case was heard at the tribunal of La Châtre, and at the Royal Court of Bourges. Michel was her counsel, and the action assumed at once the proportions of a political event and great social scandal. All the appellant's errors after leaving her husband's roof were pitilessly divulged and cleverly made much of; but, on the other hand, things were proved against M. Dudevant which entirely alienated public sympathy, and showed him in the light of a dense and brutal boor. If the kick with the heel of a boot, mentioned in "Indiana," was not proved to have had its parallel in fact, it was sufficiently demonstrated that M. Dudevant had on several occasions used personal violence, even before his children. The agriculturist professed loudly the most sovereign contempt for his wife's endowments. He described her as a madwoman, twaddler, donkey, stupid; and accepted her infidelities with sublime philosophy. During her connection with Sandeau he wrote:

"I am going to Paris. I shall not go to your house, because I don't want to inconvenience you, any more than I want you to trouble me."

The letter was read in court, and Michel commented upon it with very free eloquence. He apostrophised the husband:

"You call that a condonation! Call it rather an infamy. Did you not compel your wife to leave your house by heaping every possible indignity upon her? You are not only the author of all that led to her withdrawal, you instigated it, you abetted it. You cannot say to your judges, Give me the reins of the household government, when you dropped them voluntarily. To govern a woman a man must possess a certain amount of intelligence; and who are you, what do you pretend to be beside the woman you could not appreciate? You speak of pardon. To pardon is the privilege of noble souls. If you wished to obtain yours you should have come here into the sanctuary of justice with a humble and repentant heart, with your head bowed and veiled. It was with words of penitence on his lips that Mirabeau—the immortal—went to ask that his wife might be restored to him, before the Parliament of Provence. He confessed before the face of God and man, and sorrowed for the disorders of a youth which was more mistaken than criminal."

The Baron's case was hopeless, and he withdrew his opposition ere the judges gave their decision. That decision was entirely in favor of George Sand. Her patrimony was restored to her, and she was named the legal guardian of her children—Solange (the name of the patron saint of Berri), who was then eight, and Maurice, a boy of twelve. Her greatest joy was the return to Nohant as its mistress.

"O my household gods," she wrote, "I see you even as I left you. I bow before you with that respect which grows deeper every year in the heart of man. Dusty idols at whose feet has stood my father's cradle, and mine, and those of my children—you who have seen some kinsmen and shall see many more carried to their rest;—I hail you, protectors unto whom my childhood knelt, friendly gods upon whom I have called in the hour of my exile, in the heat of fierce passions. To see you again is precious and is painful. Why did I leave you—you who deal so tenderly with simple hearts, you who watch over the little children when the mothers fall asleep; you who fill the young girl's slumber with dreams of pure love—who give the elders sleep and health. Do you recognize me, peaceful Penates?"

Henceforth George Sand was never long absent from Berri; but she had not yet learnt to live outside the world, in the torpor of provincial domesticity. She was yet young, in vigorous health, and eager to see and acquire and discuss. In the year following her definitive separation from her husband, she went to Switzerland with her two children, journeying in gipsy fashion, dressed in a countryman's blouse and gaiters, and looking half a *gamin*, half a lady. A considerable part of the voyage was performed in the company of Liszt, who had also organized a very Bohemian caravan, in which the young men looked like girls, the ladies like peasant-lads—the maestro himself wearing his hair on his shoulders, a broken straw hat, and whistling the "Dies Iræ" frenetically wherever he went. When the civic authorities of the little Swiss towns donned their scarves and presented themselves in a body to welcome the illustrious pianist, their bewilderment was immense at meeting a dusty company in blouses, that smoked cigarettes unceasingly, played the pranks of schoolboys, and talked liked mystic philosophers. George Sand was ever at home in musical society, listened to

music, talking of it, translating it, as it were, into her own vivid and poetic language. In this year she produced "Mauprat," the most powerful work in her "first manner," and by far the most artistic in construction. At this time, too, she wrote the "Dernière Aldino" (another Italian reminiscence), "Maîtres Mosaïstre," and "Pauline," which were all published in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*. A month or two after her return from Switzerland her mother died. There had never been much sympathy between her and George Sand; hers was a lower, coarser nature; and the daughter manifested none of the passionate grief she had felt at the death of the Comtesse de Horn.

Up to this date George Sand's works only expressed her personal opinions, described her own experiences and reveries. Afterwards several alien influences made themselves felt. The first of these was Chopin, whom she met in 1838, and with whom she spent eight years. They went to Majorca together, and she described the journey on her return. At about the same time, Lamennais began to press his theories upon her. He had just founded the *Monde*, and in that sheet she published the "Lettres à Marcie," religious rhapsodies worthy of a penitent Magdalen, and teeming with heterodox humanitarian doctrines. Then a reflection of Pierre Leroux's theories was seen in "Spiridion" (dedicated to him), and the "Sept Cordes de la Lyre," half imaginative, half philosophic works, whereof the fundamental ideas seem to be the belief in human perfectibility, the necessity of re-establishing the harmony of all faculties, broken by systems, and a faith in return of souls reborn in other bodies. This same inspiration is felt in "Consuelo"—the beginning of which, born of Chopin's influence, is a fine essay on the ethics of music—and the "Comtesse de Rudolstadt," two incoherent parts of one romance. The heroine of "Consuelo" is Madame Viardot (Mademoiselle Garcia), and many of the incidents in the novel have their parallel in the early life of both Monsieur and Madame Viardot. Some strong Socialistic tendencies are foreshadowed in "Consuelo," and they become more distinct—thanks to the author's democratic

surroundings—in the "Compagnons de Tour de France" (a tale of the old trade corporations), the "Meunier d'Augibant," a wonderful study of French agricultural classes, and the "Péchés de M. Antoine." All these were published between 1839 and 1845, and their number, their artistic excellence, shows that at forty years of age the author had more than the imagination, more than the ardor of her youth. And what is rarer still, her juvenile industry had not waned.

But George Sand had not yet entered the sphere in which she achieved her greatest triumphs. She had been a mystic, a Socialist, a dreamer of vain dreams and a preacher of reformatory doctrines. "Jeanne" announced the formation of a new style, a return to pure art, and in "Lucrezia Floriani," "Teverino," "Ciccino," the change grew more noticeable. The author of "Mauprat" had turned towards the idyl, the simple romance of country life; and when "La Petite Fadette" appeared, it was seen that she had opened up an entirely new vein in French fiction. Until then the peasant had not existed in French literature. Poets retained the pre-'89 prejudices, and ignored them; romance lagged behind history. He might be an elector; he could not be a novelist's hero. The reading public only knew him as a be-ribboned impossibility imagined by Florian and Delille, or an argumentative automaton contrived by the encyclopædists. For the first time George Sand introduced him as a flesh-and-blood reality, and the world went mad about him. It is needless to describe or discuss "La Petite Fadette." Whoever has even dipped into modern French literature knows it by heart, knows, too, the touching story of "François le Champi" which followed it, and knows best that masterpiece of idyllic romance, "Le Mari au Diable." In all of these George Sand put her peasant education to profit. Idealized as to sentiment, her rustic men and women are strikingly true in speech and manner and habit. She was more than the Walter Scott of Berri, as some writers called her, for she described the peasantry of Central France as she saw them, not as they might have been in the historical past.

It is more difficult to understand and portray a race as it is than to create one from some archæological remnants and historical memoirs. It takes a George Eliot to do the first; a G. P. K. James can achieve the second.

There came a time, however, when George Sand was compelled to leave idyl and bucolic, and re-enter the busy world, pen in hand. She came to the front in 1848, not as the many calumniators who have described her life asserted, with any self-seeking ambition to play a big part in that drama which was half a farce, but because her surroundings, her friendships, forced her forward. All her friends, her literary companions, were active soldiers on the democratic side. Néraud the Malgache was a veritable country Brutus; Michel was elected a member of the Assembly; Rollinat, the poor austere advocate, was a member of the Committee for Foreign Affairs; Chopin was a strong democrat, and she had firm friends in Godefroy Cavaignac, Herbert and Ledru-Rollin. Her own sentiment, too, was warm and steadfast. She wrote, after expostulating with a severe theorist, who held that art enervated and demoralized the masses:

"Never think that I desert your cause. Of all causes 'tis the noblest and most beautiful. I cannot even conceive a poet having any other; for if all words are empty as to meaning, at least those of fatherland and liberty are harmonious, while legitimacy and obedience are rough, unlovely, and made for the ears of gendarmes. One may flatter a nation of brave men, but to worship a crowned wittol is to abandon all human dignity."

Thus, as soon as the throne of Louis the Thirteenth had been dragged contemptuously down the boulevards to break up on the Place de la Bastille, George Sand was in Paris, and in the centre of a very ardent and important group. She caught fire at once. Until this day individualities had impressed and influenced her; the moulding power was now a party. She wrote an emphatic Introduction to the "*Bulletin de la République*," she addressed the people in two letters, and founded a weekly newspaper, *La Cause du Peuple*, which advocated sentimental Radical views. She was in daily communication with Ledru-Rollin, the Minister of the Interior—the "Father of Manhood Suffrage," as he has since been called. The violence of

some of the circulars issued from his ministry raised all kinds of fears in the moderate bourgeoisie, and the most violent of all was the work, or in a great measure the work of George Sand. During 1849, she contributed articles to the ultra-journal, *La Commune de Paris*, directed by MM. Barbès, Lobrier, and Cabaig. She wrote a preface to the popular educational series, "*Les Conteurs Ouvriers*," and in 1850 translated and patronized Mazzini's "*Republic and Royalty in Italy*."

There her career as a political writer came to a close. It was not a very successful one. She earned no title to fame in it, if she did not dishonor her talent and her character. Without protest if not without regret, she accepted the *coup d'état*, and retired to Nohant, only to leave it now and then for busy visits to Paris on the occasion of some important first performance, or other great literary festivity. From this time, indeed, she seemed to take a new and warm interest in dramatic literature. She saw, perhaps, that the romance, like the social tastes and morals of the Second Empire, was to be theatrical. Some years before she had attempted a five-act drama, "*Cosima*," which failed signally. But "*François le Champi*," played at the Odéon in 1849, and "*Claudic*," produced in 1851, were well received, though it took many years to educate her as a skilful dramatic author, many years to reconcile the public to the subtle-philosophic drama, or purely poetic *fantaisies* in which she excelled. The "*Marquis de Villemer*," played from the beginning to the end of 1864, was her first and her greatest dramatic success, and "*Le Drac*," "*Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré*," are works that still command full honors in the Latin Quarter, which furnishes the most critical and cultivated audiences.

The public was promised a piquant enjoyment in 1854—another series of Confessions by a female Jean Jacques. George Sand published the "*Histoire de ma Vie*" in the columns of the *Revue*. Never were expectations more cruelly disappointed. Readers found themselves in the distressing position of gentlemen who have paid for the Memoirs of Casanova, and acquired the hymns of Dr. Watts. The "*History of my Life*" was a portrait, it is true, but only a

bust, as the disappointed declared. It is the story of the education of a mind, the development of a character; it contains few anecdotes, and none that are scandalous. Indeed, so far from affording a weapon to the people who had calumniated her private life, the "History" contained passages that reconciled George Sand to many of her assailants. The last battles were fought in 1857, when "Elle et Lui" appeared. The character, the purpose of the book is well known. Alfred de Musset had died—died of ennui and absinthe, lying by the roadside and hiccupping lines from "Rolla." Straightway the men who had held him impossible, impracticable, incorrigible in his vanity and his weakness, rose up and wept over the martyr poet, the great misunderstood, and even pointed at the woman he had known and deserted as the wrecker of his life. The answer to the indirect accusations and posthumous panegyric was "Elle et Lui." Doubtless that sect which holds it criminal to speak evil of the dead, and which generally contains a good many distinguished slanderers of the living, could find much to rebuke in George Sand's defence, for defence it was. But judged at this day, even in France, where literary feuds run high and long, the work has been pronounced substantially true, and perfectly excusable. In face of the fulsome worshippers of De Musset's memory, it was pardonable, at the worst it was brave in a woman who had loved and been deceived in him, to prove that love had not had such a great place in his life, and that there were such things as infantine vanity, egotism and avarice in the poet who had played the victim all his days. Naturally the book excited keen curiosity and vehement criticism. It was answered by the poet's brother, Paul de Musset, in a work entitled "Lui et Elle," in which an unjustifiable use was made of private notes and correspondence concerning George Sand and Alfred de Musset. And for more than a year the publishers were deluged with reminiscences of the dispute—Lui, Elle, Eux, Tous les Deux, etc. But George Sand was out of the focus of the quarrel, laboring as hard as ever in the Berri château.

— There remains little to chronicle.

The rest of her life might almost be summed up in the catalogue of the works she was yet to produce; and even written in this fashion, the history of her declining years would be sufficiently long. The imagination remained quick, her style pure and picturesque; but it cannot be said that any of the works of her old age are likely to endure. Chief among them are the "Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré," "Adriani," "Le Diable aux Champs," "La Daniella"—an audacious and even indecent work, both morally and politically—"Narcisse," "Jean la Roche," "Les Dames Vertes," "Le Marquis de Villemer," "Mlle. la Quintinée," a philosophic and religious answer to Feuillet's sickly "Sybille;" "Francia," a story of the German invasion; "Impressions et Souvenirs"—relating to the war; the "Château de Pictordu," etc.

During the last twelve or fourteen years of her life, George Sand did not leave Nohant, and held very little communication with the capital. But she was anything but a lonely or sour, solitary-humored woman. Not a soul in the country side that did not know *la bonne dame*, and got a gay good-morning from her as they passed the little park gates, or met her in the lanes of the valley. Her family had settled around her under her own roof,—Maurice Sand, his wife and children; Solange, who married the sculptor Clesinger, and her children. She had many old friends within call; she had nearly always her guest-chambers full. It has been the fortune of the present writer to know many of the occupants of those hospitable chambers—men welcomed by George Sand in the old Imperial days, men who went to her during the bitter winter of the war—who smoked cigarettes with her not many months before her death. It was a tranquil, intellectual life in the little château of Nohant. The very walls were covered with verses, maxims, proverbs. And withal no place could be less like the traditional house of the blue-stocking. Unlike many writers of the modern upholstery school, George Sand had little taste for rococo ornaments, Chinese futilities, trophies of swords, tapestry, Ojibbeway fetiches, and cameos worn by Leo X. Here was a sober old-fashioned interior, where the smell of

printer's ink did not seize one at the throat on the very threshold—as it does with poisonous persistency in several literary shrines we could name. It was a simple hospitable country house. One entered by the open front door, and found oneself immediately in the vestibule. The dining-room was opposite; the drawing-room door on the right would open, and George Sand appeared, a small slight figure simply dressed, a finely marked face, and a heavy mass of white hair. She offered her hand and her cheek at the same time—all friends kissed her in the old-fashioned French fashion. Maurice Sand was always late, being occupied with some new entomological wonder; but his daughters—the elder of whom, *Aurore*, is a tall and smiling young lady, replaced him. If the visitor arrived in the afternoon, he was sure to see George Sand; but at four o'clock she retired to work, and only reappeared when dinner was served. After breakfast she walked round the park and trundled the bowls for a few minutes; then she rested—with deft hands manufacturing toys for her grandchildren, or gravely elucidating a Chinese puzzle, an amusement she particularly affected. She was clever in all manual exercises, even needle-work, and she has been known to have left books and manuscripts for three or four days to re-dress the marionettes of Maurice Sand's miniature theatre—figures wonderfully carved, and generally worked by himself. At four Madame Sand retired to her room, followed by her dog *Fadet*—whose supposed dreams and reflections she delighted in humorously interpreting.

The sound of the dinner-bell gathered host and guests and family together. Madame Sand never used the privileges of her age and greatness, and made a point of dressing handsomely in honor of her visitors. Nor did she profess any asceticism with regard to culinary matters. She fully bore out the theory, that the men who are greatest in the study keep invariably a keen eye on the kitchen. It was Madame Maurice Sand's daily task to superintend the preparation of the *Châtelaine's* favorite dishes. One signal luxury at Nohant was the fruit. George Sand retained her child-

ish tastes, remembering the time when bread and fruit was her finest fare. Sojourners at Nohant have talked of six or seven varieties of strawberry piled up at dessert. Ere that copious dessert was ended, George Sand lit a cigarette, dropping the ashes methodically into a glass full of water. She talked her best then. In public, in general society, she remained almost mute; but with her children and grandchildren, her friends and neighbors round her, she chatted freely and pleasantly, telling anecdotes of every celebrity of the century, from *Béranger* to *Dumas* the younger, from *Meyerbeer* to *Louis Blanc*. In the evening there were moth hunts in the park; Madame Maurice played Chopin or Berlioz in the salon:—then George Sand bade good-night and retired—to work until two or three in the morning. Occasionally, on gala nights, Maurice would perform with his puppets one of the fantastic pieces of his mother's collection—"Théâtre de Nohant."

Thus peacefully and usefully closed the life of her who had played in her century as strange and restless a part as any of the creations of her imagination. She had been ill for a month without speaking of her ailment. On the thirteenth of May suffering compelled her to keep her bed. The family was away at a wedding party. Dr. Papet discovered intestinal paralysis, and knew she was lost. The agony lasted eight days. On Wednesday, the 8th June, it was seen that the end had come. All that night she spoke no word—save to beg her son to withdraw—manifestly dreading that he should see her in the last convulsion. She died at three o'clock in the morning, saying distinctly before the end:

"Surtout qu'on ne détruise pas la verdure."

It was thought at first that the words meant delirium, then it was remembered that a group of firs planted near the orchard wall overshadowed the corner of the cemetery, where George Sand would rest beside her father, her mother, her grandchildren.

She lies there now, "*la grande femme de ce siècle*," said Victor Hugo; "*la bonne dame*," said the peasants.—*Temple Bar*.

## HEINE BEFORE THE VENUS OF MILO.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

In one of the prefaces to his poems, Heine relates how, in May 1848, he dragged himself into the Louvre to take farewell of our dear Lady of Milo. "I lay," he said, "for a long time at her feet, weeping so bitterly that a stone must have had pity on me. And though the goddess looked down on me with compassion, it was a compassion without comfort, as if she would say, 'See'st thou not that I have no arms, and so cannot give thee help?'"

ONCE more I come before mine eyelids fail  
And drop between me and the light I see.  
Once more I come to take my farewell look  
Of her who, like a glory, led my youth,  
And gave a shape and color to its dreams.  
But once again before I turn away  
Into my living grave to die—to die.

O perfect form of perfect woman, clad  
In that sweet light not born of earth, but drawn  
From those high realms that bend above the gods,  
Whose sun has lent the softest of its light  
To cling forever round this splendid form  
That cares not for our worship, nor the love  
Of pilgrims drawn by unseen links to lay  
Their highest love—highest as no desire  
Can ever mingle with it—at thy feet!  
Thou wert to me as sunshine to the day,  
The presence by whose side I knelt and saw  
The shadowy curtains of the land of dreams  
Lift, as a morning mist takes to the hills,  
And thine the voice that, soft as April rain,  
Bade me rise up and enter. But amid  
Those forms that haunt the regions of our sleep,  
Or look in on our day-dreams in the light,  
When, without sleeping, we dream purest dreams,  
Thou wert the fairest of them all, and rose  
Perfect in all thy glorious womanhood,  
Yet so apart, that all the meaner air  
Made circles round thee till the inner light  
Took softer fire from thee, and crowned thy brow  
With beauty which the gods alone possess  
Who dwell beyond the shining of the stars.

That haunting sense of beauty which the gods  
Bestow on some wild mortal whose rash foot  
Strikes on the threshold of their calm, was mine  
To touch my heart as with a sudden fire  
Snatched from their own pure altars. As I stood  
In that high wonderland of dreams, I heard  
Footsteps that were like music, voices clear  
As the melodious murmur of a stream  
Half-hushed by moonlight. As they sang, I knew  
My worship was an echo of their own;  
For in it, like the yearning in a song,  
Rose that most passionate cry for fairest forms,  
Such as for ever haunt and wander through  
The dreams of some Endymion, as he lies

Upon the Latmian hill of early love,  
And thine was still the shape to which they sang.

Thou knowest my worship. Yea! for when I fought  
In the keen ranks of thought, and kept my place  
Amid the heavy tramp of men who knew  
No higher worship than their own desires,  
I still was true to all my love for thee.

I fought and stung: for one, perforce, must use  
The weapons of his foe, but when I struck  
I felt the wound I gave and that keen pain  
That follows bleeding when no blood is seen.  
For this I live in exile, hearing not  
The speech in which I sing, for I had songs  
That still took all their spirit from thine own,  
And from those eyes, as if their calm white orbs  
Grew tender with a touch of human love  
And saddened. Nay, but this could never be,  
For thou art far apart from us, and hast  
That immortality which says to all,  
"I know not that strange sorrow born of death."

Alas, my life-long worship and my dreams  
Of thee and of a thousand shapes that took  
Their life from thee, must end. Even as I look  
They pass before me, veiling tear-wet eyes  
Within the flowing sunshine of their hair,  
Each clasping long fair hands upon her breast  
As loth to go. One lifts a strange sad face,  
Pale with divinity of sorrow past,  
From out the golden glory of her hair  
And, weeping, questions—"Must we say farewell?"

I answer, but I dare not meet her eyes—  
"Farewell, farewell; for all behind me Death  
Stands with his shadow forward. It may be  
That in that land to which I blindly go,  
Hereafter I may see thee fairer still.  
Ah, God, I guess but darkly, so farewell."

But thou who standest with no arms to clasp  
Thy worshipper, nor tears to dim the light  
In those pure eyes of thine; how can I say  
Farewell and pass away from thee? I stand,  
Thy latest lover, worn and weak of heart,  
With all my dreams, like leaves in Autumn, shed  
Before this touch of coming death, and know  
That I but drag myself away from thee  
To that long torture of the living grave  
Amid the streets of men where, growing blind,  
I shall but see thee with the inward eye,  
Looking one calm white pity as I fade  
Away into that other land whose dreams—  
Ah, dare I question—will they be like thine?

I pass, but thou wilt never pass away:  
The years that show no pity unto men,

But only proffer graves to cover each,  
 Have smiles for thee that, mingling with the light  
 Around thy gracious presence, crown thee still  
 With immortality to stand to all  
 The white perfection of those dreams that come  
 To lovers in the restless years of youth,  
 And of my own that, shrunk and withered up,  
 Rustle like dead leaves in the winds of death—  
 I cast them in my sorrow at thy feet.

But why should there be tears within mine eyes ?  
 And why should sorrow shake my voice ? for thou—  
 Thou hast no sorrow and disdainest tears  
 As all unworthy of that life which needs  
 No beating of a little crimson tide  
 As in the veins of mortals. For the gods  
 Who made thee thus immortal in their love,  
 Stand near thee and possess thee. They alone  
 Know the white secret in thine eyes, and that  
 Unchanging pity for some thing afar,  
 Which thou and they can only see. They walk  
 With silent footstep through thy dreams, and bow  
 In worship ; and their murmurs fill thine ear  
 With music that can never reach our own,  
 For we, being mortal, cannot hear, and live,  
 Our own dull life around us like a wall  
 Amid the daily things we understand.

Farewell ! I turn away to that long death  
 Whose shadow is upon me, and these eyes  
 Will never see thee. Only in my dreams,  
 Perchance thou mayest be dimly seen, as now  
 I see thee through the mists of keen regrets  
 At my lost youth—and in their tender veil  
 Thy beauty will be as a star that shines  
 When early light is slipping up the sky.  
 But I shall not behold thee with those eyes,  
 Whose light is slowly fading, to be lost  
 In that thick darkness born of death. Alas,  
 Thou even now art fading ; for my tears  
 Grow thicker, and my dreams of what thou wert  
 Are also sinking. One long look, and then  
 I turn to live again my passionate life,  
 Whose thoughts, like waves that lap some fairy shore,  
 Were ever at thy feet to break in song ;  
 But now there shall be silence, for I go  
 To that live grave amid the rush of feet—  
 A grave that will not offer rest, but thou,  
 Wilt thou not bend above me as I lie,  
 And throw upon the darkness of mine eyes  
 The shadow of thy light, that I may know  
 Thou still art near me ? lo ! I wait to hear  
 The music of those lips ; but wait in vain—  
 No answer !—and I turn away to feel  
 The coming darkness settle like a pall  
 Between mine eyes and thee. Farewell ! farewell !

## THE LESSON OF "JUPITER."

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

IF I were asked what I consider the most important discovery which has been made during the nineteenth century with respect to the ancient history of mankind, I should answer by the following short line :

Sanskrit DYAUSH-PITĀ<sup>\*</sup>=Greek  
ZEÏΣ ΠΑΤΗΡ†=Latin JUPI-  
TER‡=Old Norse TYR.

Think what this equation implies ! It implies not only that our own ancestors and the ancestors of Homer and Cicero spoke the same language as the people of India—this is a discovery which, however incredible it sounded at first, has long ceased to cause any surprise—but it implies and proves that they all had once the same faith, and worshipped for a time the same supreme deity under exactly the same name—a name which meant Heaven-Father.

This lesson cannot be taught too often, for no one who has not fully learnt, marked, and inwardly digested it can form a true idea of the intellectual character of that ancient and noble race to which we all belong. Ancient history in our century has become as completely changed by that one discovery as astronomy was by the Copernican heresy in the sixteenth.

And if we wish to realise to its fullest extent the unbroken continuity in the language, in the thoughts and words of the principal Aryan nations, let us look at the accents in the following list :

| Sanskrit          | Greek |
|-------------------|-------|
| <i>Nom.</i> Dyaūs | Ζεύς  |
| <i>Gen.</i> Divās | Διός  |
| <i>Loc.</i> Diví  | Διὶ   |
| <i>Acc.</i> Dívam | Δία   |
| <i>Voc.</i> Dyaūs | Ζεῦ   |

Here we see that at the time when the Greeks had become such thorough

Greeks that they hardly knew of the existence of India, the people at Athens laid the accent in the oblique cases of Zeus on exactly the same syllable on which the Brâhmans laid it at Benares, with this difference only, that the Brâhmans knew the reason why, while the Athenians did not.\*

A scholar who ventures on the sea of ancient history, and more particularly of ancient religion and mythology, without having these two short inscriptions constantly before his eyes, is as helpless as an ancient mariner without a compass : he may weather many a storm, but he must be wrecked in the end.

The only possible starting point for the study of Greek, Roman, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic mythology has thus been determined : it is *Dyaus*, and nothing but *Dyaus*, as certainly as the sun in its central position is the only possible pivot of all scientific astronomy. But it is one thing to discover a truth, and quite another to make people see that truth. Naturally, though perhaps unfortunately, the man who has discovered a truth, who sees it, knows it, and can no longer doubt it, is generally very indifferent as to whether other people can be made to see it and accept it. He knows it will conquer in the end, and he feels that he has more important work to do than to convert the heathens. Truth, he knows, is in no hurry. The Copernican theory was laughed at, it was anathematised, it was refuted by the highest authorities, but it lived on for all that ; and, what is more wonderful still, it is at present accepted as gospel by millions, whereas the number of those who really understand it, and, if called upon, could defend it, might probably be counted by hundreds only.

We have witnessed a similar triumph of truth in our own days. When the old theory of evolution—*das Werden*—was once more taken up by such men as

\* *Rv.* iv. 1, 10.

† Ζεῦ πάτερ (*Od.* v. 7, etc.)

‡ Diespiter, Dispiter. As to the corresponding German names see Grimm, *Teut. Mythology*, l. p. 192. The Eddic name *Týr*, gen. *Týs*, corresponding to Sanskrit *Dyaus*, would be *Tius* in Gothic, *Tiw* in A. S., *Zio* in Old High-German.

\* *Selected Essays*, l. p. 220 ; *Lectures on the Science of Language*, li. p. 468 seq.

Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Haeckel, O. Schmidt, and others, it was laughed at, it was anathematised, it was refuted by the highest authorities, but it has lived on for all that, and, what is most extraordinary, it is preached at present most vociferously out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

It has been the same with the study of comparative mythology. The real workmen remained in their quarry, quietly digging and sifting, and delighted if, after years of patient toil, they were rewarded with one nugget, one safe equation, such as Daphne=Sanskrit Ahanā, Kerberos=Sanskrit Sarbara, &c. They were well laughed at, they were vigorously anathematised, and yet, even in our own lifetime, there is hardly a schoolboy left who does not know that Zeus is Dyaus. When one reads the amusing and sometimes even scurrilous articles which facile pens have poured out for years in English and foreign journals against comparative mythology and solar myths, one cannot help thinking of that now famous monkey who, as an unanswerable argument, was kept swinging backward and forward in the Senate House at Cambridge, performing its amusing capers over the heads of Darwin and his friends, while the University was conferring on the veteran sage the highest honors which it can bestow on true genius and honest work, the honorary degree of LL.D. Did that *argumentum ad simiam* prevail?

But let us try to learn something even from that swinging monkey. Why is there, at least among a certain class of orthodox theologians and classical scholars, so strong an objection to a comparative treatment of Greek and Roman mythology? Mere conservatism, mere unwillingness to learn, will hardly account for it. No doubt it is disagreeable, after one has been accustomed to teach one thing, to be called on suddenly to teach something quite different. There is an indolent element in all of us which tempts us, if possible, to ignore new doctrines and to elbow out their apostles. It is still more disagreeable to be told, as in the case of comparative philology and mythology, that in order to study the new science or, at all events, to be able to criticise its results, it is absolutely necessary to buy new tools—

in fact, to learn Sanskrit. Still there is no escape from this *dira necessitas*, unless we adopt a strategical ruse which, even if for a time it should be successful, reflects small credit on those who resort to it.

In order to find an excuse for not studying Sanskrit, and yet criticising the labors of comparative philologists, great stress has been laid on the fact that comparative philologists, even those who know Sanskrit, often differ from each other, and that therefore the study of Sanskrit can be of little use. It is difficult to imagine a weaker, not to say a meaner, argument. It was the same argument that was used against the decipherers of hieroglyphic, cuneiform, Umbrian, and Oscan inscriptions. They were laughed at because they differed from each other, and they were laughed at because they differed from themselves; as if progress, or, as it is now called, evolution, were possible without scholars differing from themselves and differing from others.

I still remember the time when the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis published his famous squib, "*Inscriptio antiqua in Agro Bruttio nuper reperta: edidit et interpretatus est Johannes Brownius, A.M. Aedis Christi quondam alumnus, Oxonia, 1862.*" All the laughers were then on his side, and comparative scholars were assured that an English Chancellor of the Exchequer had disposed of such men as Champollion, Bunsen, Burnouf, Rawlinson, Kirchhoff, Auffercht, Mommsen, *et hoc genus omne*, in the short hours of leisure left him by his official duties. I was truly sorry for Sir George Cornewall Lewis at the time, and I believe he lived long enough to be truly sorry himself for this *jeu d'esprit*, which, I confess, reminded me always of an elephant trying to dance on a rope. In his *Astronomy of the Ancients* he had tried to show that, wherever the tradition of a language had once been broken, it was impossible, by means of the comparative method, to decipher an ancient inscription, whether in Egypt, Persia, Italy, or anywhere else. In his squib he gave a practical illustration, showing that, by employing the same comparative method, he was able to interpret any inscription, even the following, which he proved to be Umbrian:

HEYDIDDLEDIDDLE  
 THECATANDTHEFIDDLE  
 THECOWJUMPEDOVERTHEMOON  
 THELITTLEDØGLAUGHED  
 TOSEESUCHFINESPORT  
 ANDTHEDISHRANAWAYWITHTHESPOON.

Often was I asked at the time—now twenty-three years ago—why I did not answer these attacks; but, with all respect for Sir George Cornewall Lewis, I felt that no answer was deserved. Would an astronomer feel called upon to answer, if the most learned Chancellor of the Exchequer asked him, in his most solemn way, whether he really thought that the sun did not rise? Would a chemist feel disturbed in his experiments if he were told, even by the most jocular of journalists, that by profusely mixing oxygen and hydrogen he had never succeeded in producing a single drop of water? It is no doubt the duty of a journalist to give his opinion about everything; and if he does it with real *esprit* no one finds fault with him. He may even, if he is persevering, stir up a certain amount of what is called public opinion: but what is public opinion to a scholar and a lover of truth? Of course, if it can be shown that a Bopp or a Grimm has completely changed his opinion, or that those who followed after them have convicted these great scholars of many an error, the ignorant crowd will always say, "Aha! aha!" But those who are quiet in the land would, on the contrary, be utterly disheartened if it were otherwise, and if, in spite of constant moil and toil, the best scholars were always to remain in the same trench, never advancing a step in the siege of the strong fortress of truth. What seems to me intolerable is that persons who avowedly cannot form an independent opinion of two views, the one propounded by Bopp, the other by Grimm, should think that they can dispose of two such giants by simply saying, "Aha! aha! they contradict each other!"

It is strange that these ready critics, who, though ignorant of Sanskrit, pride themselves on their knowledge of Greek and Latin, should be aware that in Greek and Latin philology great scholars contradict themselves and contradict others quite as much as in Sanskrit, Zend, Gothic, or comparative philology. The Greek classics have been interpreted

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now for nearly two thousand years—at Alexandria, at Rome, at Constantinople, at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Berlin. No doubt a schoolboy, when reading his Homer, imagines that the construction of every line is settled by his tutor, and the meaning of every word by his Liddell and Scott. But every true scholar knows how different the real state of the case is; how much uncertainty attaches to the meaning of many words; how often scholars have changed their interpretation of certain lines; and how fiercely the highest authorities contradict each other as to the true purport of Homeric poetry and Homeric mythology. Let us open the *Odyssey*, and in the very first line the best scholars differ as to the meaning of *πολύτροπος* and the grammatical analysis of *ἐννεπε*. Ennius was right in rendering *ἐννεπε* (i.e. *ἐν-σεπε*) by *insece*, an etymologically identical form, identical also with the German *ansagen*, English to *say*. But, if he was right in this, it follows that we must change *ἔσπετε*, say, into *ἔσπετε*, because it stands for *σε-σέπετε*, and there is no excuse for dropping the aspirate. As a matter of fact some of the MSS. read *ἔσπετε*. However, La Roche and other Homeric interpreters differ on this point, as on many others.

But if Ennius was right in rendering *ἐννεπε* by *insece*, he was probably wrong in taking *πολύτροπος* in the sense of *versutus*, as if it were *πολύμητις*. *Πολύτροπος* in our passage means no more than *ὅς μάλ᾽α πολλὰ πλάγχθη*, according to a very common peculiarity of Homeric diction. Still this again is an open question.

The very next word, *πλάγχθη*, gives rise to a new controversy as to whether it means "he was tossed" or "made to wander." I decidedly prefer the first meaning, but far greater authorities prefer the second.

And so we could go on from page to page, pointing out words and whole sentences on which doctors disagree, and yet without any scholar venturing to say that it is useless therefore to read Homer.\* There are two classes of readers

\* What is the true meaning of *ἀσπερχές*, *Od.* i. 20; of *ἀρπενός*, *Od.* i. 169? How should we interpret *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κείμεναι*, *Od.* i. 267; how *ἔδνα* in *Od.* i. 277; *ἀνοπαῖα*, *Od.* i. 320; *ἀλφειο-*

for Homer, as there are two classes of readers for the Vedas. One class must accept what either Sâyana or a European editor lays down as the law, just as schoolboys must accept what their master tells them, whether out of Aristarchus or out of Merry and Munro. Another class of more advanced students must judge for themselves. But no one would even pass Moderations by simply saying that Sâyana differed from Ludwig and Aristarchus from La Roche, and that therefore they were probably both wrong. By all means, let us try to find out, for instance, what Homer really meant by such a name as *Argeiphontes*, and what comparative philologists make of that name. But if the two differ, let us not suppose that it is a proof of superior knowledge and judgment to proclaim our agnosticism, and to smile at those who honestly try to decide between two opinions instead of proudly proclaiming their own incompetency.

Comparative mythology has many difficulties to contend with, and it would not be honest to attempt to hide them. But it would be cowardly to run away from the trysting-ground, and worse than cowardly to rail at those who in the tournament of truth are sometimes wounded, or even unseated by a powerful thrust.

Comparative is a name which has been assumed of late by nearly all historical and natural sciences, though, if we once understand the true method and purpose of any single sentence, it would seem to be almost superfluous to qualify it by that predicate. There is no science of single things, and all progress in human knowledge is achieved through comparison, leading on to the discovery of what different objects share in common, till we reach the widest generalisations and the highest ideas that are within the ken of human knowledge.

Thus with regard to languages, the very first steps in our knowledge of words are made by comparison. Grammar consists in a collection of words which, though they differ from each other, share certain formal elements in common. These formal elements are called grammatical elements, or suffixes,

affixes, prefixes, &c., and we are said to know the grammar of a language when we have learnt under what conditions different words undergo the same formal modifications. Thus comparison leads in the first instance to a grammatical knowledge of a single language.

When, however, they proceed from a study of one to a study of many languages, a new process of comparison begins. We observe that words in different languages undergo the same or nearly the same modifications, and by placing the paradigms of their declension and conjugation side by side, we try to find out on what points they agree and on what points they differ, and we hope thus to discover in the end the reasons why they should agree on certain points, and why they should differ on others.

Comparative philology deals partly with facts—that is, the differences and coincidences that can be observed in the material and formal elements of language—partly with laws, using that word in the humble sense of "something which is true of many objects," not as *νόμοι* ὑπὲρ ποδὲς οὐρανὸν δι' αἰθέρα τένων-θέντες, ὧν Ὀλύμπιος πατὴρ μόνος, οὐδέ νιν θνατὰ φύσις ἀνέραν ἔτιχεν. These laws, if once discovered, are to account for such similarities and dissimilarities as give to each language its own individual character.

This science of comparative philology, however, very soon assumes three different aspects, and was cultivated in three distinct schools, which may be called (1) the *etymological* or *genealogical*, (2) the *analogical*, and (3) the *psychological*.

In comparing such languages as Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit, it was soon found that they were really varieties of one and the same historical prototype, that they pointed to a common origin, and that all their differences must be accounted for either by *phonetic corruption* or by *dialectic growth*. The comparative study of these languages became therefore *genealogical*, or, in grammatical phraseology, *etymological*.

Starting from a certain number of radical and formal elements (the latter being themselves radical elements of an earlier period), the principal object of the genealogical or etymological school has always been to discover the system according to which these elements were

*ῥῆς*, Od. i. 349; ἄργος, Od. ii. 11; εὐδείλοος, Od. ii. 167; ἡλεός, Od. ii. 243, etc.? Might we not say to some recent translators of Homer, *Hic Rhodus, hic salta?*

combined into words, and to determine the laws which regulate the phonetic changes of words, either in the same or in different languages. These laws are sometimes treated as natural laws, which, however, means no more than that they admit of no exception, except such as can be accounted for by new laws.

The next school, the *analogical*, or, as it might also be called, the *dialectic*, tries to discover what in the same or in different languages is not *identical*, but yet *analogous*. While the genealogical school looks upon all cognate languages as dialects developed from one ideal *κοινὴ*, the dialectic school looks upon each language as the result of a previous independent growth, and thus is able to account for freedom and variety in single languages as well as in whole families of speech, as against the iron laws of phonetic change established by the etymological school.

It would be impossible, for instance, or at all events undesirable,\* to treat, say, the Ionic dialect as a corruption of the Æolic, or the Æolic as a corruption of the Ionic. The same applies to High German and Low German, to Sanskrit and Prâkrit, to Cymric and Gadhelic. These are all independent streams of language, which it is as hopeless to trace back to one common source, as it is to discover the one small source of the Nile or even of the Thames. They spring indeed from the same geological stratum, and they follow parallel courses under similar conditions, but they are not yet one stream of water or of speech, kept in by the same shores and moving on in the same bed. Even after their confluence the peculiar colors of what I call dialectic growth remain, and help us to account, by true or false analogy, for that want of uniformity or regularity which the etymological school postulates with unyielding severity.

Thus *dvau* in Sanskrit, *δύω* in Greek, *duo* in Latin are phonetic varieties of one and the same type. They are identical in origin, and their differences can be accounted for by phonetic laws. But Sanskrit *dvitīya*, the second, and Greek *δεύτερος* are not identical in

origin. They are dialectic forms, sprung from the same etymological stratum, not the products of one and the same creative act.

Nevertheless it is in cognate languages only that we could account for such words as Sanskrit *prathama*, the first, *πρῶτος*, *primus*, and Gothic *fruma*. These are all analogous formations, only they must not be treated as varieties of one common prototype. Their differences are not due to the influence of phonetic modification, which can be reduced to a law, but to the freedom of dialectic growth, which must be accepted as a fact.

I cannot enter more fully into this subject at present, but I may remark that it is the disregard of this distinction between phonetic modification and dialectic growth which, at the present moment, seems to me to have led to a series of misunderstandings between the most prominent representatives of comparative philology.\*

This comparison of various languages, after it had led to the discovery of the great families of human speech, and settled the principles according to which cognate languages should be analysed and explained, opened in the end a still wider prospect and disclosed before our eyes not only what was common to Greek and Latin, to Hebrew and Arabic, to Finnish and Hungarian, but what was common and essential to all languages, what constitutes in fact the nature of language in general, and indirectly the nature of thought.

This kind of study, comparative in the widest sense, though it aims at the discovery of the highest philosophical truth, does not depend for that discovery on abstract reasoning, but differing from all former attempts to construct a science of general grammar and of logic, it takes its materials entirely from the facts supplied by that infinite number of languages in which the power of language and thought has become realised. It matters little whether we call this branch of comparative philology psychological or ethno-psychological, as long as we see clearly that it aims at ex-

\* See *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 55 seq.

\* G. Curtius, *Zur Kritik der neuesten Sprachforschung*, 1885; Delbrück, *Die neueste Sprachforschung*, 1885; Brugmann, *Zum heutigen Stand der Sprachwissenschaft*, 1885.

plaining that intellectual development which has its outward form in language, and that it derives its materials entirely from a careful study of the different types of human speech, so far as they are still accessible to the student of the present day. To me that branch of the science of language seems to transcend the powers of the present generation, and to belong to the future of our race. But I look to it as the final consummation of all that has ever claimed the name of philosophy, as the solution of all psychological, logical, and metaphysical problems, and in the end as the only true key to our knowledge of the Self.

What applies to comparative philology applies *mutatis mutandis* to comparative mythology. That name has been applied to every kind of comparison of gods and heroes, of myths, legends, and stories. But in order to avoid misunderstandings and barren discussions, we ought to divide comparative mythology also into three branches, which may be defined as (I.) the etymological or genealogical, (II.) the analogical, (III.) the psychological or ethno-psychological.

The *etymological* branch of comparative mythology places the names and stories of certain gods and heroes side by side, and tries to prove that these names were derived from prototypes common to certain families of speech. As its object is not only to compare, but to *identify* these names, and the persons to whom they belong, it is clear that this branch of comparative mythology can deal with the traditions of such languages only as have been proved to be connected genealogically. It is natural, therefore, that this special domain of research should have been almost exclusively cultivated by critical scholars, and that the evidence to which they appeal should be entirely etymological, and under the sway of the strictest phonetic laws.

The second branch, the *analogical*, might claim for itself the principal right to the name of comparative mythology, for it is chiefly occupied with comparing myths and legends, without attempting to identify them. Like the etymological school it confines itself to the myths of cognate languages, but after having shown how many different names and

personifications may attach themselves to the principal objects of mythological thought, such as the sun, the moon, the sky, the earth, fire, and water, storms and lightning, and in how many different ways the same story may be told of these polynomous objects, it proceeds to a comparison of myths which, though not identically the same, must have sprung from the same common stratum, and thus takes possession of a far larger area of mythological thought as the common property of a race than could be claimed by purely etymological tests. This analogical process has its dangers, like all purely morphological comparisons, but it forms nevertheless an almost indispensable supplement to the genealogical treatment of mythology.

While both the genealogical and the analogical schools confine themselves to a comparison of mythologies which are handed down to us in languages held together by the ties of a common origin, the psychological or ethno-psychological school soars higher, and comprehends the mythologies of all mankind. There is nothing in all the mythologies of the world that cannot be compared. What Heine said to an ethno-psychological lover—

Und, mein Herz, was Dir gefällt,  
Alles, Alles, darfst Du lieben

may be said to an ethno-psychological mythologist—

Und, mein Freund, was Dir gefällt,  
Alles, Alles, darfst vergleichen.

It is a most fascinating, though no doubt at the same time a somewhat dangerous, study, unless it is carried on by men of scholar-like instinct and historical tact. Its charm consists not only in the discovery of the most surprising coincidences in the mythologies, the customs, and traditions of distant races, distant in space as well as in time, civilised and uncivilised, ancient and modern, but in the discovery of the general motives which alone can account for such similarities. It becomes, in fact, an historical psychology of the human race (*Volkerpsychologie*), and promises in time results of the highest value, not only to the historian, but to the philosopher also.

Comparative mythology rests, as we

saw, and can only rest, on comparative philology, and such has been the constant advance of that science, particularly with regard to the laws which regulate the interchange of consonants and vowels, that many etymological identifications which seemed quite legitimate fifty years ago cannot be considered so any longer. My own conviction has always been that phonetic laws cannot be administered in too Draconian a spirit, and that there ought to be no difference made in applying them either to vowels or to consonants. It is far better to leave an etymology, however tempting, as 'unproven for a time than to tamper with a single phonetic law.

But, with regard to mythological names, I confess that I myself have been guilty sometimes of pleading for *circonstances atténuantes*, and I must do so once more. I pointed out many years ago, first, that all mythology was in its origin local or dialectic, and that therefore we must be prepared in mythological names for dialectic variations, which we should not tolerate in other nouns and verbs. Even in one of my latest papers (*Internationale Zeitschrift für allgemeine Sprachwissenschaft*, vol. i. p. 214), where I compare *Zephyros* with the Vedic *Gāhusha*, I had to remark, "Scholars might differ as to Sanskrit *g* being represented by Greek *ζ*; but that on Greek soil *γ* and *ζ* vary dialectically can be seen from *γευσασθαι* and *ζευσασθαι*, *ἐπιζαρέω* by the side of *βαρύς*, Sanskrit *guru*, *πεφυζότες* and *πεφυγότες*, &c.

Secondly, I pointed out, likewise many years ago, that it was almost an essential condition, before a name could assume a truly mythological character, that, by some accident or other, its etymological meaning should have been somewhat obscured. Words like *Hemera*, day, *Nyx*, night, *Helios*, sun, *Selene*, moon, may send out a few mythological offshoots, but it is chiefly round dark and decaying names, such as *Kastor* and *Pollux*, *Apollo* and *Athene*, that the mythological ivy grows most luxuriantly.\*

But though I have occasionally claimed the liberty to account in this way for a phonetic irregularity in a

mythological name, I have always done so with due warning, and have drawn a very sharp line between comparisons which are phonetically unimpeachable and those which admit of doubt. It seems hard, however, to have to defend mythological comparisons, when one has to deal with critics who know neither the phonetic laws nor their recognised exceptions. I fully admit, for instance, that the old phraseology, that an initial *d* is lost in Sanskrit *asru*, as compared with Greek *δάκρυ*, or that Greek *δ* in *δάκρυ* is changed into Latin *l* in *lacruma*, is not strictly accurate. No *δ*, being once Greek, was ever changed into a Latin *l*; no Greek *δ* was ever lost in Sanskrit. All this is quite true, and I have myself often pointed out the dangers of that old-fashioned way of speaking, though I must confess at the same time that there is considerable difficulty in finding better expressions. But will anybody contend that *asru*, tear, in Sanskrit, being evidently derived from a root *as*, to cut, to be sharp, and *δάκρυ*, tear, being evidently derived from a root *das*, to bite, have nothing whatever in common, and that they do not owe their origin to a common concept or metaphor, and therefore to a common creative act? Without wishing to pronounce in any way as to the origin of such parallel roots as *as*, to be sharp, and *das*, to bite, no one can deny their simultaneous existence in the common Aryan treasury.\* From *as*, to be sharp (in every sense of that word), we get in Sanskrit *asra* and *asri*, point, edge, in Latin *acus*, *ácer*, in Greek *ἄκρος* and *ἄκρῆς*; and as *acidus*, from meaning sharp, comes to mean bitter and sour, *asru* in Sanskrit and Zend, *àssara* in Lithuanian, came to mean a bitter tear. From *das*, to bite (bitter, from Sanskrit *bhid*, Latin *findo*), we have *δάκρυ*, *dacruma*, Gothic *tagr*, English *tear*; and who can doubt that all these words meant originally the biting tear? Of course we can doubt everything, as it always sounds so much more learned to doubt than to accept, and the temptation to shake one's head is very great. But for that very reason it deserves an

\* Fick derives *agni*, fire, from the root *dah*, and Holzmänn points out that the goddess *Dandiyu* in the *Mahābhārata* appears as *Andiyu* in the *Harivamśa* (A. Holzmänn, *Agni*, p. 34).

\* See Benfey, *Trilonia Athana*, pp. 8, 9.

occasional sharp rebuke, such as Professor Pott, for instance, has lately administered to a learned colleague, when he writes, "Naturally the determined tone of the Professor's veto, 'The comparison with  $\delta\alpha\mu\nu$  is as little justified as that of *ahan* with *day*,' signifies nothing."\*

But now let us grant, for the sake of argument, that *asru* and  $\delta\alpha\mu\nu$  are entirely unconnected, and that therefore the Vedic *Ahanā*, dawn, cannot be compared with Greek *Daphne*. Even then *Daphne* remains the dawn, as I endeavored to show many years ago.† That German *tag*, English *day*, comes from the root *dah*, to burn, has never been doubted, I believe, even by those who think doubt the highest proof of wisdom (see Pott, *Etym. Forsch.* vol. iii. p. 825 *seq.*); and my opinion that the Sanskrit *ahan*, day, may be derived from the parallel root *ah*, has at all events the support of one of my most determined adversaries, the veteran Professor Pott. If *ahan* is day, what can *Ahanā* be but the dawn? And if from *ahan* we get *Ahanā*, why not from *dah*, *Dahanā*? It is well known that the *k* in Sanskrit roots is the neutral representative of *gh*, *dh*, and *bh*. The *gh* of *dah* actually appears in Sanskrit *nidāgha*, heat. All I claim, therefore, is that it may be admitted that we have in *Daphne* a remnant of the root *dabh* by the side of *dah*,‡ as we have *gah* by the side of *gabh*, *grah* by the side of *grabh*, *nah* by the side of *nabh*, &c. *Daphne* means the burning or bright one, and there is actually the Thessalian form  $\Delta\alpha\upsilon\chi\nu\eta$  for  $\Delta\alpha\phi\nu\eta$ .

If we once know that *Phoibos* meant the sun, and that *Daphne* could have meant the dawn, we shall probably not look very far for an explanation of the Greek saying that the dawn fled before the sun, and vanished when he wished to embrace her.

But why, it may be asked, was *Daphne* supposed to have been changed into a laurel tree? Ethno-psychological mythologists will tell us that in Samoa, Sarawak, and other savage countries

men and women are supposed to be capable of turning into plants, and that, as the Greeks were savages once, they no doubt believed the same, and that we need therefore inquire no further. Now, with all possible respect for ethno-psychologists, I cannot think that this would be much more than explaining *ignotum per ignotius*. The question that everybody would ask is, Why, then, did the Samoans and Sarawaks and other savages believe that men and women turned into trees? Neither totemism surely, nor fetishism, nor tabuism, or any other ethnological *ism* would help them to that belief. Then why should not the classical scholar be allowed to look for a key nearer home, and when he finds that the laurel, being a wood that burns easily, was called therefore  $\delta\alpha\phi\nu\eta$ , or fire wood, why should he not be allowed to say that the legend of *Daphne*, the dawn being changed into *daphne*, the laurel tree, may have been due to the influence of language on thought, to some self-forgetfulness of language—in fact, to the same influence which induced people to fix a brazen nose on the gate of Brasenose College, and to adopt an ox passing a ford as the arms of Oxford?

Warum in die Ferne schweifen?  
Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah!

Whether cases of identity of names, like that of *Daphne* and *daphne*, are at the bottom of the more general belief that men and women can be turned into plants, is a far more difficult question to answer, and before we generalise on such matters it is better to inquire into a number of single cases, such as those of Hyacinthus, Narcissus, and others, in Greece and elsewhere. We shall find, I believe, here as elsewhere, that the same effect is not always due to the same causes, but, unless we find some kind of cause, comparative mythology might indeed be called a collection of rubbish, and not a museum of antiquities. To say that a legend of a woman being changed into a tree is explained when we have shown that it is quite natural to a race which believes in women being changed into trees, is surely not saying very much.

When one has carefully reasoned out a mythological equation, and supported all the points that might seem weak by

\* *Etymologische Forschungen*, vol. ii. part iv. p. 510.

† *Comparative Mythology*, 1856. See *Selected Essays*, vol. i. p. 398.

‡ Cf. Sk. *dahra* = *dabhra*.

means of analogies, as I believe I may say I had done in the case of *Ahanâ* = *Daphne*, it seems rather hard to be told afterwards by M. Bergaigne, who certainly does not belong to the strictest school of philology, that "M. Max Müller restituait au nom d'*Ahanâ* un *d* pour en faire l'équivalent (ou à peu près) du nom de *Daphné*, et retrouver dans la nymphe grecque une sœur de l'aurore védique."\* After this flippant kind of criticism how can M. Bergaigne complain of the somewhat rough handling he has always experienced from German scholars?

But though I believe that in the eyes of most unprejudiced scholars my equation *Dahanâ* = *Daphne* requires no longer any defence, I ought perhaps to say a few words on another equation, namely, *Ahanâ* = *Athene*,† which has provoked more powerful criticism. The change between *h* and *gh*, *dh*, *bh*, has been referred to before. We have here an instance of Sanskrit *h* = Greek *th*, or of Greek *χ* = *ś*, which is not only amply confirmed as between Sanskrit and Greek, but exhibited dialectically in Greek itself, as in *ὄπριδος* = *ὄπριχος*, *ἰχμα* = *ἰσμα*, &c. The suffix added to the root *αś* is the same which we find in *Selênê* and elsewhere, and the change between *ana* and *dna* is likewise perfectly regular.‡

Phonetically, therefore, there is not one word to be said against *Ahanâ* = *Athene*, and that the morning light offers the best starting-point for the later growth of *Athene* has been proved, I believe, beyond the reach of doubt or even cavil. Her birth from the head of *Zeus*, Sanskrit *mûrdhâ Divâh*, explains her name *Cap(i)ta*, *Koryphasia* (*ἐκ κορυφῆς*),§ and her wisdom, her valor, her purity, all point to the same source.

But although nothing really important could be brought forward against my equation *Ahanâ* = *Athene*, the fact that another scholar had propounded another etymology seemed to offer a great opportunity to those who imagine that by simply declaring themselves incompetent

to decide between two opinions they can prove both to be wrong. Now Benfey's etymology\* of *Athene* is certainly extremely learned, ingenious, and carefully worked out; yet whoever will take the trouble to examine its phonetic foundation will be bound in common honesty to confess that it is untenable. We are dealing here with facts that admit of almost mathematical precision, though, as in mathematics, a certain knowledge of addition and subtraction is certainly indispensable for forming a judgment. I speak of the phonetic difficulties only, for, if they are insurmountable, we need not inquire any further.

¶ If it could be proved that Greek and Sanskrit had no mythological names in common, there would, of course, be an end of comparative mythology in the narrow sense of the word. We might still be able to compare, but we could no longer think of identifying gods and heroes, who have no common name, and therefore no common origin. We can compare Jupiter, Jehovah, and Unkulunkulu, but we cannot identify them. We should find many things which these three supreme deities share in common, only not their names—that is, not their original conception. We should have in fact *morphological* comparisons, which are very interesting in their way, but not what we want for historical purposes, namely, *genealogical* identifications.

It is curious that it should be necessary to repeat this again and again, but what is self-evident seems often to require the strongest proofs. It is one thing to *compare*, and there are few things that cannot be compared, but it is quite a different thing to *identify*; and what I maintain is that no two deities can be identified, unless we can trace them back to the same name, and unless we can prove that name to have been the work of one and the same original name-giver. This is a point that must be clearly apprehended, if further discussions on mythology are to lead to any useful results. But when the preparatory work of the etymologist has been achieved—when we can show, for instance, that the Sanskrit name for dawn, *Ushas*, is the same as the Greek

\* *Religion Védique*, vol. iii. p. 293.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii.

p. 349.

‡ See Kuhn, *Herakunft*, p. 28.

§ Bergk, *Neue Jahrb. für Philol.* 1860, pp. 295, 410.

\* *Tritonia Athana, Femininum des Zendischen Thrdetâna Athwâna*. Göttingen, 1868.

*Eos*; that the Sanskrit name for night, *Nis*, is but a dialectic variety of the same base which we have in *Nūē* and *Nox* (*noctis*); that *Dyaus* is *Zeus*, and *Agni*, fire, is *ignis*—what then? We then have, first of all, irrefragable evidence that these names existed before the Aryan separation; secondly, we know that, whatever character may have been assigned to the bearers of these mythological names in later times, their original conception must have been that which their etymology discloses; thirdly, that whatever, in the shape of story and legend, is told of them in common in the mythologies of different countries must have existed before the final break-up of the Aryan family. This is what constitutes comparative mythology in the strict, or, if you like, in the narrow sense of the word, and this domain must be kept distinct both from the *analogical* and from the *psychological* divisions of comparative mythology.

To take an instance: If I have succeeded in proving the phonetic identity of *Ceres* and Sanskrit *sarad*, autumn or the ripening season, a solid foundation is laid. That foundation must be examined by scholars, and no one who is not an expert has anything to say here. He must simply accept what is given him, and, if he cannot himself decide between two opposite opinions, he must at all events not try to pose as a Hercules. Neither common sense nor even forensic eloquence will here be of any avail.

Now it is well known that the Romans had their own etymology of *Ceres*. Servius (*V. G. i. 7*) says \* "alma Ceres a creando dicta, quamvis Sabina Cererem panem appellant." If this were true, *Ceres* would originally have been conceived as *creatrix*. We know that the ancient Romans did not pretend to be more than folk-etymologists, and even they would hardly have found a bridge from *creare* to *Ceres*. Modern etymologists,† however, have taken the hint, and have proposed to derive *Ceres* from the Sanskrit root *Kar*, to make, from which they also derive *Cerus* or *Kerus*, a creative genius, invoked in the *Carmen Saliare* as *Cerus Manus*, applied to *Janus*, and supposed to mean *creator*

*bonus*. Preller goes so far as to connect with these names the word *cerfus* (the Vedic *sardha*) of the Umbrian inscriptions, which is utterly impossible.

Leaving *Cerus* for further consideration, we cannot deny that phonetically *Ceres* might be derived from the root *Kar*, as well as from the root *sar*, to ripen. This is a dilemma which we have often to face, and where we must have recourse to what may be called the history and geographical distribution of roots. No purely phonetic test can tell us, for instance, whether *Vesta*, Greek *Ἑστία*, is derived from *vas*, to dwell, or from *vas*, to shine, to say nothing of other roots. Curtius derives it from *vas* (ush), to shine forth, from which *vasu*, the bright gods, bright wealth, &c., because the goddess was first the fire and afterwards the hearth and the home. Roth derives it from *vas*, to dwell.\* I prefer *vas*, to shine forth, because the root *vas*, to dwell, has left few, if any, traces in Latin.†

I feel the same objection to *Kar*, to make, as the etymon of *Ceres* which I feel to *vas*, to dwell, as the etymon of *Vesta*. The root *Kar* (or *skar*) first of all does not mean to create even in Sanskrit, but to fashion, to perform; secondly, there is hardly one certain derivation of *Kar* in Latin, for both *cerus* and *creo*, *cresco*, &c., seem to me doubtful. Grassmann, who rejected the derivation from *Kar*, proposed to derive *Ceres* from *Krish*, to draw a furrow. But *Krish* never occurs in the North Aryan languages in the sense of ploughing, nor in *Ceres* the deity of ploughing or sowing, but of reaping. I therefore prefer the root *sar*, which means to heat, to cook, to ripen; from it *srita*, roasted, and *sarad*, harvest, autumn. A derivative root is *sṛā*, caus. *sṛapay*. From this root we have in Greek *καρπός*, the ripe fruit; *corpus*, like *saritra*, the ripe fruit of the body (*Leibesfrucht*); and, more distantly related, *cal-ere*, *cre-mare*, &c.

Now, considering that even the German *Herbst*, the English *harvest*, comes from this root, what doubt can there re-

\* Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 403.

† *Ibid.* p. 70.

\* Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xix. pp. 22, 218.

† Benfey (*Hermes*, p. 37) points out how the root *pat* has in Sanskrit the meaning of moving upward, flying; in Greek of falling downward, *πίπτω*; in Latin of moving forward, *pato*.

main that *Ceres* is *sarad*,\* and was an old name of harvest? What was the substratum of *Sarad* and *Ceres*, whether the time of harvest or the earth at the time of harvest, the harvest sun or the harvest moon, which seemed every year to cause that ripening temperature—these are questions impossible to answer. When the concept of deity had once come in, definite thought became unnecessary, and the poet claimed perfect freedom to conceive his *Ceres* as suited his imagination. How early the harvest, the furrow (*Sitâ*), the field (*Urvarâ*), the days, the seasons of the year were raised to the rank of goddesses may be seen from the invocations addressed to them at the domestic sacrifices† of the Brâhmanas. Almost all that we are told of *Ceres* as an aboriginal Italian deity can be fully explained by this her etymological character, and with this the task of the comparative mythologist is finished. Her absorption by the Greek *Demeter*, and all that flows from it, belongs to the domain of the classical scholar, and need not detain us at present.

It seems to me that after the etymology of a mythological name has once been satisfactorily settled, we have not only the real starting-point in the history of a deity or a hero, but also a clear indication of the direction which that history followed from the first. I look in fact on these etymologies and on the equations between the names of deities in different cognate languages as the true capital of comparative mythology, and on every new discovery as an addition to our wealth. If we want to know the real founders and benefactors of comparative mythology, we must look for them among those who discovered such equations as *Dyaus*=*Zeus* and defended them against every objection that could reasonably be raised against them.

Still it often happens that, after we have established the true meaning of a

mythological name, it seems in no way to yield a solution of the character of the god who bears it. No one can doubt the phonetic identity of the names *Haritas* in Sanskrit and *ἡρίτες* in Greek, but the former are the horses of the rising sun, the latter show no trace whatever of an equine character. Kuhn supposed that *Prometheus* took its origin from the Vedic *pramantha*, yet *pramantha* is only the stick used for rubbing wood to produce a fire, *Prometheus* is the wisest of the sons of the Titans. *Sârameya* in Sanskrit is a dog, *Hermeias* a god; *Kerberos* in Greek is a dog, *Sarvarî* in Sanskrit is the night. The *Maruts* in the Veda are clearly the gods of the thunder storm, but there are passages where they are addressed as powerful gods, as givers of all good things, without a trace of thunder and lightning about them. We see, in fact, very clearly how here, as elsewhere, the idea of gods of the thunder storm became gradually generalised, and how in the end the *Maruts*, having once been recognised as divine beings, were implored without any reference to their meteorological origin.

Strange as this may seem, it could hardly be otherwise in the ancient world. If one poet became the priest of a family, if one family became supreme in a tribe, if one tribe became by conquest the ruler of a nation, the god praised by one individual poet could hardly escape becoming the supreme god of a nation, and having become supreme, would receive in time all the insignia of a supreme deity. In the Veda the old supreme deity of the bright sky, *Dyaus*, who remained to the end the supreme god among Greeks and Romans, is visibly receding, and his place is being taken by a god, unknown to the other Aryan nations, and hence probably of later origin, *Indra*. *Indra* was originally a god of the thunder storm, the giver of rain (*indra*, like *indu*, rain-drops), the ally of *Rudras* and *Maruts*, but he was soon invested with all the insignia of a supreme ruler, residing in heaven, and manifested no longer in the thunder storm only, but in the light of heaven and the splendor of the sun.

Something very like this has happened among the Teutonic nations. With them too *Tiu*, the Teutonic reflex

\* On the final *d* and *s* see my article on "Ceres" in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xviii. p. 211.

† *Pâraskara, Grihya-Sûtra*, iii. 17, 9. *Sitâ*, the furrow, in later times the wife of *Râma*, is here invoked as the wife of *Indra*. *Urvarâ* is *ἄρουρα*; from *Slâ* and *stiya*, frumentum, may have come *σῖτος*. On the days, as thirty sisters, see *Pâraskara, Grihya-Sûtra*, iii. 3, 5, a; on the seasons and the year, iii. 2, 2. *Sarad* is invoked in the same place as *abhayâ*, free from dangers.

of *Dyaus*, has receded and his place has been taken by a god who, to judge from the etymology of his name and many of the legends told of him, even after he attained his divine supremacy, was originally a god of storm and thunder. The gods of storm and thunder were naturally represented as fighting gods, as brave warriors, and in the end as conquerors; and with warlike nations, such as the Germans, such gods would naturally become very popular, more popular even than the god of light, who was supposed to live enthroned in silent majesty above the dome of heaven, the one-eyed seer, the husband of the earth, the All-father. I speak of course of the High German *Wuotan*, the Norse *Odin*.

It is possible, of course, to study the history of mythological gods and heroes, even without knowing the etymology of their names. There are many ordinary words of which we shall never know the etymology, because they belong to a stratum of language of which little or nothing is left. They generally belong to the most ancient formations, and lie about like boulders among formations of a different age. And these are the very words that would provoke folk etymology and folk mythology, just as large boulders scattered on a meadow provoke village legends. But in dealing with such words we become painfully aware how difficult it is, without etymological guidance, to settle on the starting-point and the first direction of a myth. We grope about, but we cannot put down our foot determinately, while as soon as we know the etymology we feel that we have found the true source of our river, and however much that river may meander afterwards, we know whence it draws its real life.\* With mythological beings there can be nothing earlier than their name, because they are names in the true sense of the word—that is, they are *nomina* or *gnomina*, concepts, by which alone we know a thing, however

long we may have seen, or heard, or smelt, or felt it before.

No doubt the sun was there before it was named, but not till he was named was there a *Savitar*, a *Páshán*, a *Mitra*, a *Helios*, or an *Apollo*. It is curious that this should require any proof, for to any one acquainted with the true relation between what we call language and thought it is self-evident. Some writers on mythology speak of *Jupiter* and *Juno* as of a well-known couple, who quarrelled and scolded each other, and did a number of things more or less extraordinary, and whose names are really of no importance at all. The idea that *Jupiter*, and *Apollo*, and *Athene* are names and nothing but names sounds almost like heresy to them. *Zeus*, according to them, was the child of *Rhea*, was swallowed and brought up again by *Kronos*, was educated in *Crete*, and, after conquering his father, became king of gods and men. I hold, on the contrary, that *Zeus* was born when *Dyaus*, the sky, was for the first time addressed as masculine and called father, *Dyaush pitā*, and that the whole of his subsequent career follows almost as a matter of course, if we once know his true beginning. The question of mythology forms part of the philosophy of language, and will never be fully solved till we see that the first and last word in all philosophy can be spoken by the philosophy of language only.\*

It is far better, however, to leave mythological names which resist etymological analysis unexplained than to attempt to explain them in violation of phonetic rules. The etymological domain of mythology must be allowed to remain sacred ground, which no one should enter with unwashed hands. There is really no conceit in saying this, for the same rule applies to all professions. It may sound conceited to outsiders, but as little as a chemist would allow a bishop, however clever he may be, to try experiments with his chemicals can an etymologist allow a lawyer, however eminent as a pleader, to play pranks with roots, and suffixes, and phonetic laws. It is quite true that

\* Otfried Müller, in his *Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*, 1825, says (p. 285): "Die Namen sind grösstentheils mit den Mythen zugleich geworden, und haben eine eben so nationale und lokale Entstehung;" and again: "Dass die Etymologie ein Haupt-Hilfsmittel zur Erklärung der Mythen ist, möchte schwerlich bezweifelt werden können."

\* "Das Wort macht, dass sich die Seele den in demselben gegebenen Gegenstand vorstellt" (Humboldt, *Grundzüge des allgemeinen Sprachtypus*). See Techmer's *Zeitschrift*, vol. i. p. 390.

there are mishaps and even explosions in chemical laboratories, nor do philological laboratories enjoy an immunity from such accidents. But even an explosion may not be too much to pay if only it teaches us what causes an explosion, and helps us to be more prudent in future. We must work on quietly and methodically, and on no account must we allow ourselves to be interrupted by men who do not know the A B C of our profession.

Scholars understand each other, and they soon yield to argument. What was more tempting than to identify the Sanskrit Samāsa (διασκευή) with *Ὀμηρος*? Yet it was given up almost as soon as it was thought of, for the simple reason that *s* between two vowels does not appear in Greek as *r*. The Vedic *Sôma*, the Old Norse *Són* (gen. *sonar*), even the Greek *οἶνος*, seem closely allied drinks; yet who would identify their names? It seems sometimes very hard to surrender, or at all events to mark as doubtful, an etymology which is all right, except perhaps in one consonant, one *spiritus*, one shade of a vowel; but it must be done. Benfey's argument, for instance, that (p. 20) "in Athana five elements of the Greek word correspond entirely or essentially and in the same order to five out of the seven elements in *Ἀπτήνῃ*," ought never to be listened to. If all but one single letter agreed, the two words would not be the same; nay, sometimes when all letters are the same the two words may still be, and generally are, as distinct as *Himmel* and *Himālaya*, *Atlas* and *Attila*. Though, for instance, every letter is the same in the two words, I at once surrendered the equation *Saramā*=*Helena* when it was pointed out to me that *Helena* had originally an initial digamma; and I only ventured to defend the identification once more, when it had been shown on how slender evidence that initial digamma rested, and how often a so-called digamma had taken the place of an original *s* and *y*.†

It is only due to the strict observation of phonetic laws that comparative mythology has gained the respect of true

scholars, whether classical or Oriental. As long as we deal with facts and laws—or, if that sounds too grand a name, with rules and analogies—we are on firm ground and hold a fortress well-nigh impregnable. Another advantage is that all warfare, within or without that fortress, can be carried on according to the strict rules of war, and when we cross swords we cross them with true swordsmen. Wild fighting is here out of the question, or if it should be attempted it would only excite ridicule among the *preux chevaliers*. If a bold antagonist challenged the legitimacy of *Dyaus*=*Zeus*, we must meet him point by point, but if a wary critic challenges the diphthong *oi* in *Φοῖβος*=*Bhava* we must yield at once. The diphthong *oi* does not point to *Guva* of *u*, but to *Guva* of *i*, and the mistake has been as readily acknowledged as when Curtius thought in former days that *Δολύχ* could be derived from *Δύω*, while it is the same word as the Sk. *dhenâ*.\*

We have now to advance another step, and try to make good a position which at one time was most fiercely contested by all classical scholars.

Though the etymological analysis of names forms the only safe foundation of comparative mythology, it is the foundation only, and not the whole building. The etymology of a mythological name may be perfectly correct phonetically, and yet untenable for other reasons. It stands to reason that no etymology can be accepted which does not account for the original character of the god or hero to whom it belongs. It is clearly impossible, for instance, to derive *Hermes* from *ἐρμηνεύειν*† and *Erinnys* from *ἐριννύειν*, because such derivations would account for the later chapters only, but not for the introduction to the lives of those deities. If, then, we hold that the original character of most Aryan gods was physical, we must also hold that no etymology of a mythological name can be acceptable which does not disclose the original physical character of the god.‡

\* *Grundzüge*, p. 484.

† *Selected Essays*, vol. i. pp. 447, 622.

‡ The "Nature-god," as Welcker says, "became enveloped in a web of mythical fable, and emerged as a divine, humanized personality." See Miss A. Swanwick, *Æschylus*; p. xxi.

\* See, however, *Corpus Poet. Bor.* vol. ii. p. 462.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii.

Most of the etymologies suggested by later poets and philosophers suffer from one and the same inherent defect; they are all calculated to explain the later development of a god, as it was known at the time, but not his original character. Popular etymologies too, a very rich source of modern myths and legends, are almost always vitiated by this defect.\*

Thus, when looking out for an etymology of the *Charites*, it would seem very natural to take them as goddesses of grace (*χάρις*), just as we take *Nike* as the goddess of victory. But then comes the question why *Charis* should have been the wife of *Hephaistos*, like *Aphrodite*; why the *Charites* bathe and dress *Aphrodite*; why, in fact, they should have entered into the very thick of Greek mythology. If *Charis* and the *Charites* are old goddesses, they must have started from some nook or corner in nature, and that nook or corner can only be discovered by their name. *Charis*, as I have tried to prove, is the same word as the Sanskrit *Harit*, and the *Haritas* in the *Veda* are the bright horses of the rising sun. Without, therefore, in the least supposing that the *Charites*, too, must have passed through that equine stage, we are justified in tracing both the *Charites* and the *Haritas* back to the same source, the bright rays of the rising sun.

It may seem difficult, no doubt, to trace so abstract a concept as the Greek *χάρις* back to a root *har*, which means to shine, to glow; still we see in Sanskrit how this root lends itself to the most varied applications, and what is real in Sanskrit may surely be admitted as possible in other Aryan languages.

In Sanskrit, by the side of *har*, we find the fuller form *ghar*, to glow. From it we have such words as *ghrina*, heat, *ghrinā*, pity, *ghrinin*, pitiful, kind; *ghrimi*, heat, sunshine, *gharma*, heat, (*Σεπυρός*), summer, kettle, hot milk, *ghrita*, melted butter, fat, &c.

The root *har* we find again in the verb *hriñte*, he is angry, lit. he is hot against a person, and in the verb *haryate*, he desires, i.e. he is hot after something. It is also used in the sense of to be

pleased with, and to love, as in *haryata*, desirable, *gratus*, while in *hri*, to be hot, it has come to mean to be ashamed. *Haras* means heat, fire, and force. *Hari*, *harina*, *harit*, and *harita*, all meaning originally shining and bright, have been used as names of color, and assumed meanings which sometimes we must render by yellow, sometimes by green. Out of these *hari* and *harit* have become mythological names of the horses of the son or of Indra.

Here then we see clearly that the ideas of shining, glowing, being hot, can be so modified as to express warmth, kindness of heart, pity, pleasure, love, shame, and likewise fierceness, anger, and displeasure.

That being so, I see no difficulty in deriving Greek words, such as *χαροπός*, bright-eyed (Sk. *haryaksha*), *χαίρω*, I rejoice, *χαρίζομαι*, I am kind and favorable, *χαρά*, joy, *χάρις*, brightness, grace, from one and the same root *har*, which in Latin has also left us *gratus* and *gratia* in all their various applications.

And here a problem presents itself to us which has to be carefully examined, because it is due to a want of a clear perception of all its bearings that different scholars have diverged so widely in their views of ancient mythology.

Supposing that *Athene* and *Daphne* were both originally names of the dawn, should we be right in saying that they were one and the same deity? Many scholars, I know, take that view, and are inclined to trace the whole mass of Greek or any other mythology back to a small number of physical sources. They look, in fact, on the numerous deities as mere representatives of a few prominent phenomena in nature. If *Apollon* and *Helios*, for instance, can be shown to have been originally intended for the sun, they would treat them as one and the same divine subject. If *Hermes* betrayed a solar character, he would share the same fate. Dr. Roscher,\* for instance, in a very learned essay on *Apollon* and *Mars*, after showing the same solar elements in the Greek and in the Italic god, treats these two gods as identical.†

\* Lersch, *Sprach-Philosophie der Alten*, vol. iii. p. 108.

\* Studien zur vergleichenden Mythologie, i. "Apollon und Mars," 1873.

† Ibid. p. 5.

We cannot deny that such treatment of mythology has a certain justification, and we may see from such papers as Dr. Roscher's that it may lead to very valuable results. But we must not allow it to interfere with the etymological treatment of mythological names. According to the principles of the etymological school, a deity begins from the moment it is named. It could have no existence as a deity before it was named. In Sanskrit, for instance, it is no doubt the sun that is meant by such names as *Sārya*, *Āditya*, *Savitar*, *Mitra*, and in certain cases even by *Agni*, *Pūshan*, and other names. But every one of these names constitutes a separate mythological individuality, and must be treated accordingly. Were we to say that because *Mitra* is meant for the sun, and *Savitar* is meant for the sun, therefore both are the same deity, we should be right perhaps logically, but certainly not mythologically. In mythology it is the name which makes the god, and keeps one deity distinct from the other, and it is the name alone which remains unchanged, however much everything else, the character, the attributes, the legends, and the worship may change. There is in the name, and in the name alone, that continuity which cannot be broken, which lasts through centuries—nay, which binds together the mythology of countries as distant from one another as India and Iceland. Other things may be like each other, but the names alone can be said to be identical, and in the names alone therefore rests the identity of mythological personalities. Apollo and Mars may share many things in common, as Dr. Roscher has clearly shown; but they are different from their very birth; they are different as mythological subjects. It would be possible to find deities, not only in Greek and Latin mythology, but in almost every religion, representing, like Apollon and Mars, the sun, as determining the order of years, seasons, and months, as bringing back every spring the life of nature, as conquering heroes, as patrons of clans and towns and states. But though we might compare them, we should never think of identifying them. And here lies the fundamental difference between what I call the Etymological and the Analogical Schools of Compara-

tive Mythology. I do not mean to depreciate the results of the Analogical School; I only wish to keep the two distinct, and, by keeping them distinct, to make them both work with greater advantage for one common end.

And this distinction is by no means always so easy as it may appear. In the earliest stage of mythological language, all names were no doubt *cognomina* rather than *nomina*, intended for the sun or the moon, the sky or the dawn, the earth or the sea. Every one of these aspects of nature had many names, and it was due to influences which are absolutely beyond the reach of our knowledge, whether one or the other of these *cognomina* should become a *nomen*, a new centre of a number of *cognomina*. This period in the growth of mythology, the settling of *nomina* and *cognomina* of the principal deities of a religious or political community, has hardly ever been taken into consideration, and yet its influence on the growth and organisation of mythology must have been very important.

In Homer *Apollon* has, no doubt, become a substantive deity. Still *Phæbos* occurs by himself about nine times in the *Iliad*, and *Phæbos Apollon* or *Apollon Phæbos* are found nearly half as often as *Apollon* by himself, or with his usual epithets of *ἐκάεργος*, *ἀργυρότοξος*, &c. In the *Odyssey* and the *Hymns*, *Phæbos* by himself occurs eleven times, *Phæbos Apollon* eighteen times, while *Apollon* by himself or with his usual epithets is found more than twice as often as the two together.

It is therefore quite possible that *Apollon* and *Phæbos* should have remained independent deities—nay, we may say that to certain poets *Phæbos* was a different person from *Apollon*, quite as much as *Helios*. But in time these two names of *Phæbos* and *Apollon* converged so much that to certain minds they presented one idea only, though even then it was always *Apollon* who was determined by *Phæbos*, not *Phæbos* by *Apollon*.

It is but seldom that we can watch this process of crystallisation in mythology. When we become acquainted with ancient mythology through literary channels that process is mostly finished. One out of many names has become cen-

tral, while all the rest have clustered round it as mere mythological epithets.

Dr. Mehlis\* has pointed out how, in the case of *Hermes* or *Hermias*, the name of *Argeiphontes*, or the two names, *Diaktoros* *Argeiphontes*, are still sufficiently independent to allow Greek poets to use them by themselves. But he adds that, with the establishment of the dynasty of Zeus, the position of Hermes in the circle of the gods became essentially changed. "This period, characterised by the hegemony of Zeus, differed from the pre-Homeric time chiefly by the anthropomorphising of all the gods, and the gradual disappearance of their physical meaning. . . . The god of the morning sun—the true *Argeiphontes*†—occupied a very prominent place in the former cult of nature among the Greeks, and was then very closely related to the god of heaven, *Zeus*. This former pre-eminence he retained even in the Olympian cult, but his original function became more obscured, and the Olympian *Hermes* grew as different from his physical prototype as *Zeus*, the father of gods and men, from the god of the bright sky."

Very little progress has as yet been made in analysing the transition from the physical Aryan mythology to the Olympian mythology‡ as we find it in Homer, and in distinguishing the elements which entered into the final composition of each Olympian god. Each of these gods is surrounded by a number of epithets; but, while some of these epithets are adjectives in the true sense of the word, others seem to have possessed originally a more independent and substantive character, so much so that they can be used by themselves, and without what may be called the proper name of the Olympian deity.

And here a new difficulty arises—namely, how to distinguish modern epithets from ancient *cognomina*. We are told that the *Erinyes* were called *Eumenides* and *σμεναιδεαί*, in order to indicate different sides of their character. This may be so; and if we keep

true to the principle that the original character of every ancient god and goddess must be physical, the name of *Erinyes*—i.e. the dawn goddesses—alone fulfils that requirement. But when the *Erinyes* are identified with, the *'Apaí*, this does not prove that the *'Apaí* or imprecations were not originally independent creations of Greek mythology, particularly as even in later times (Soph. "Electra," 112) *Aræ* and *Erinyes* are separately invoked. The same applies to the *Moiræ* who, originally quite distinct from the *Erinyes*, are afterwards treated as children of the same mother, and at last mixed up with them so as to become almost indistinguishable.

It may be quite true that the problem here alluded to is one that admits of no quite satisfactory solution, for the simple reason that the period during which the crystallisation of ancient divine names took place is beyond the reach of knowledge and almost of conjecture. Still it is well to remember that every organised mythology has necessarily to pass through such a period, and that in Greece particularly the well-ordered Olympian mythology, such as we find it in Homer, presupposes a more chaotic period. Etymology may in time supply us with a thread enabling us to find our way through the dark chambers of the most ancient mythological labyrinth, and we may even now lay it down as a rule that every name, whether *nomen* or *cognomen* which admits of a physical interpretation is probably the result of an independent creative act, represents in fact an individual mythological concept which for a time, however short, enjoyed an independent existence. Thus in Sanskrit *Apām napdi*, the son of the waters, is no doubt one of the many names of *Agni*, fire; but in the beginning it expressed an independent mythological concept, the lightning sprung from the clouds, or the sun emerging from the waters,\* and it retained that independent character for a long time in the sacrificial phraseology of the *Brāhmanas*.

*Sārameya* the son of *Saramā*, was in Sanskrit as independent a name as *Hermias* in Greek. They both meant

\* *Hermes*, pp. 38, 130.

† Decharme, *Mythologie de la Grèce ancienne*, p. 143.

‡ See some good remarks on this subject in *Some Aspects of Zeus and Apollo Worship*, by C. F. Keary (Roy. Soc. of Lit. xii. part ii. 1880).

\* R. V. i. 22. 6: "apām nāpātām āvase Savitāram ūpa stūhi."

originally the same thing, the child of the dawn. But while Hermeias became a centre of attraction and a germ which developed into an Olympian deity, the Vedic *Sárameya* dwindled away into a mere name of a dog. The germ was the same, but the result was totally different.

The *Haritas* in Sanskrit never became anything but the horses of the sun; in Greek they developed into *Charites*.

If then we ask the question once more, whether *Daphne* and *Athene*, being both originally names of the dawn, were therefore one and the same deity, we should say No. They both sprang from a concept of the dawn, but while one name grew into an Olympian goddess, the other was arrested at an earlier stage of its growth, and remained the name of a heroine, the beloved of Apollo, who, like the dawn, vanished before the embraces of the rising sun. Etymologically *Athene* and *Daphne* can be traced

back to the Vedic *Ahaná* and *Dahaná* with almost the same certainty with which the Vedic *Dyáush-pítar* has been identified with Ζεύς πατήρ, *Jupiter* and *Týr*. If there are still philosophers who hold that such coincidences are purely accidental, we must leave them to their own devices. The Copernican system is true, though there are some Fijians left who doubt it. But if for practical purposes we believe, though we shall never be able to prove it, that in spectral analysis the same lines indicate the existence of the same elements in the sun as well as on the earth, we may rest satisfied with the lesson of Jupiter, such as it is, and feel convinced that, as there was an Aryan language before a word of Sanskrit, Greek and Latin had been spoken, there was an Aryan mythology before there was an *Æneid*, an *Iliad*, or a *Veda*.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

THE race for possession of new territories in remote seas is at present so keen, that those who are by profession neither international lawyers nor diplomatists, are finding a subject of engrossing interest in those principles which at once stimulate the energy and restrain the cupidity of colonizing nations. The latest tidings of transpontine enterprise reach us from the Western Pacific. Germany, we are told, has occupied the Caroline Islands, and has sent notification of the fact to the European powers. Spain, it is said, asserts an ancient title to the same territory, and a difference is likely to arise between the two powers about a possession which has not yet been shown to be very valuable. Now, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, on the information which has yet reached us, to decide between the two claimants; but it may be useful to notice those rules which must govern the decision of the question if it is to be settled in accordance with international law.

The time-honored method which explorers used to adopt in order to appropriate the land which they had discovered, was for each one to set up his national standard on the most convenient

hill-top, and declare the territory to belong to the sovereign he represented. The plan had many advantages. The eager discoverer had no need to establish his power either by force of arms or by the patient aggression of colonization; he was troubled with no nice questions as to the rights of the aboriginal inhabitants, and his sweeping declaration of ownership did not condescend to define the limits of his appropriation. But those times are past. It is now more than a hundred years since our own Lord Kames, referring to the Law of Nations, wrote: "Symbolical possession will confer no right, either on the person who uses the symbol, or on the State whose subject he is. To acquire the property and to exclude others, there must be real occupation." This rule, which was then new, has now acquired the respectability of age, and it is at length universally recognized that to confer a good title, both the intention to possess and the actual possession must be proved. It is obvious that the adoption of such a principle must go far to simplify questions of ownership between rival nations, and how dangerous these may be, any one can realize who is

old enough to remember what was once known as the "Oregon Question." It will be observed that such a rule unceremoniously cuts down any claims founded on mere paper titles; and an old writer says, that navigators pay no more attention to a monument erected as evidence of possession, than they do to "the regulation of the Popes who divided a great part of the world between the crowns of Castile and Portugal"—an observation which is curiously in point at present, when we learn that the Spanish claim rests, in part at least, upon the famous bull issued by Pope Alexander VI. in the year 1493. This celebrated document has often before been used to check the enterprise of roving mariners; indeed, it was once cited as an objection against the acquisitive voyages of our own Drake; but on that occasion Queen Elizabeth plainly told the Spanish Ambassador that "she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of." Her Majesty's shrewdness had anticipated the reasoning of international jurists. In point of fact, no weight now attaches to royal letters-patent, or charters professing to make a grant of new territory, unless they are followed within a reasonable time by actual occupation; and this gives occasion to the inquiry, "What is proper occupation?" Strictly speaking, occupation can only be complete when the country is placed at the disposal of the occupying state, and this of course is best achieved when her colonists have settled themselves over the whole area. But how seldom this is accomplished, let the history of our own colonies attest.

In many cases, the size of the territory and the number of the settlers make such acquisition an impossibility; and then arise doubts as to boundaries. When Charles II. made grants of land in North America, the limits landward were not defined, and it was suggested that these grants might carry a right to territory straight across the continent to the Pacific. But the rule which is now acknowledged to apply to such cases is, that occupation of a tract of land on the sea-coast gives a title to all the country landward as far as the watershed line.

The circumstances of the case before us, however, are not likely to cause any difficulty as to boundaries. In all probability, no one of the islands which form the Caroline group is large enough to admit of a divided ownership; and in that case, the question between Germany and Spain as to each individual island will be decided wholly in favor of one of them, in accordance with that principle which declares that not only all the territory actually possessed by a settlement shall belong to it, but also all that in the hands of another power would be a menace to its security. For it is obvious that Spain could have but a precarious possession of the west side of an island of five-and-twenty square miles in extent, if Germany on the east side held a fort and coaling station. Yet it by no means follows that the whole archipelago must acknowledge the supremacy of the same state; for one of the three groups into which the islands are naturally divided, may be found to belong to one power, while the other claimant may successfully establish her right to the remaining two.

Discovery, then, is but an incomplete title unless it is followed up by Possession; but when so fortified, it will unquestionably extinguish every other claim. Now, the honor of discovering these scattered islands appears to rest with neither of the rival states, but with Portugal, by whom they were discovered in 1525; though as to the traders who are settled in them, Spain and Germany seem pretty equally divided. The proof, in short, in favor of one claimant's actual possession nearly balances that in favor of the other, and we are thrown back upon the effort to find some actings of one of the parties which shall establish at least an intention to possess; and if the whole matter should ultimately be submitted to arbitration, it is to this point that the arguments of the suitors will be mainly addressed. Germany will, of course, cite the definite act of appropriation which has at this moment raised the question of ownership, and will be able to show that notification of that act was duly given to the powers. Spain will point to her mission-work in the islands, to the announcement made in the last Cortes that she was about to appoint a special governor over

them, and perhaps also to the fact that that officer had actually set out for his destination before information of the German action was received at Madrid.

But it may be objected that, amid this balancing of pretensions, the rights of the original inhabitants have been wholly ignored. Are the native Malays, who are reputed the hardiest and most skilful sailors of Polynesia, expected to acquiesce without a murmur in the assumption of sovereignty over their land by some European state, which has found there a fulcrum for trade, and a mine of archæological wealth? The answer is, that no single nation is entitled to shut out another; and if the settlers of that other acquire importance by virtue of their trading energy and their skill in the arts, then annexation ought to be effected in the interests of the natives themselves, because, as a consequence of that public act, they will be protected in the peaceful possession of their lands—a right which they could not vindicate for themselves.

These, then, are the cardinal principles which must be applied to any proof which may be adduced by either power in support of her claim to these far-away islands. It is only by a process of very careful weighing the two masses of evidence, that a determination can be reached which will coincide with the facts of the case; and unless such a coincidence is attained, a substantial injustice will be done.

According to a contemporary, only five of the islands are of a mountainous character and apparently of remote volcanic origin; by far the greater number are flat coral islands. The vegetation is particularly rich and luxurious, if the variety of species is not great. The mountains are clad with trees to their summits. The character of the vegetation is pretty much that of other Pacific islands, approaching in the western islands to that of the Philippines and Moluccas. Ferns are found in extraordinary abundance, as are palms of various species (cocoa, areca, nipa and sago palms), and also pandanus. Round the coast are generally thick fringes of mangroves, followed by various fruit-trees, and further up the hills, mountain forests, among which various species of

figus are prominent, mixed with artocarpus, myristica, citrus, eugenia, crateva, &c. The fauna of the islands is not rich, and, except birds, probably of no commercial importance. The climate of the islands is essentially tropical, but without tropical regularity. It is pre-vaillingly moist. There does not seem to be any regular rainy period. The eastern and central islands especially are liable to violent rain-storms; yet on the whole the climate is agreeable, and, away from the coast, healthy. The people themselves evidently belong to the same well-formed, brown, comparatively intelligent Pacific race as the Hawaiians and New Zealanders, and, like them, alas, have suffered much in numbers, in physique, and in morals by contact with a certain class of whites. The total population, even including the Pellew Islands (which some regard as a separate group), does not probably exceed twenty thousand. The archipelago is naturally divided into three groups, east, central, and west, which, according to some authorities, correspond to political divisions, each group being under the general domain of one chief, who has his residence in the centre. The Caroline natives are great traders both among themselves and with Europeans. At present the principal articles bartered with Europeans for iron goods, tobacco, spirits, bottles, &c., are trepang and cocoa-nut oil. Europeans are settled in several of the islands, namely Ponape and Yap, and do considerable business with whalers.

We may add that hitherto these islands have not been regarded as being important, for they lie far out of the track of the great ocean highways. They are chiefly interesting from an archæological point of view, for they possess some remarkable ruins of what must once have been magnificent buildings. Some of the stones employed by these early architects are said to measure thirty-five feet long, and twenty feet broad by fifteen feet in thickness. The rude sculptures which are found there bear close resemblance to those of Easter Island, which, however, is six thousand miles away. The purpose and origin of these monuments are quite unknown.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## THE STORY OF HÉLÈNE GILLET.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

ONE day in October, 1624, a soldier who was walking on the outskirts of Bourg en Bresse, a little town between Macon and Geneva, was attracted by the strange conduct of a crow, which hovered about an old stone wall, perched on it, disappeared in a cavity, then reappeared drawing after it something white. The soldier examined the spot, and found in a cavity of the old wall the body of an infant wrapped in a linen shift marked H. G.

The wall belonged to the garden of the Sieur Gillet, royal châtelain of Bourg, the first magistrate in the place.

The soldier at once communicated with the authorities, and Hélène Gillet, the daughter of the châtelain, a young lady of twenty-one, was arrested on the charge of infanticide.

She denied her guilt, but various circumstances were produced at the trial which proved almost incontestably that the charge was well founded, and on February 6, 1625, sentence was passed upon her, that she was to be executed by decapitation. As she belonged to a noble family, she might not be hung. The cord dishonored, the sword did not; and cases were not rare in which gentlemen, desiring to prove their nobility in order to establish their qualifications for offices to which only the well-born were eligible, produced sentences of execution by the sword passed on their ancestors as patents of gentility. The old poet, Le Brun, made an epigram on a young coxcomb whom he heard boasting of his family because his father had been decapitated, which may be thus rendered in English:—

"My father fell beneath the blade;  
Your father's end was bad.  
My father's gentle blood was poured;  
The gallows stamps a cad."  
"Faith!" said the other, "what's the odds?  
Whether by rope or sword.  
The thread of life is cut alike  
By headsmen's axe or cord."

But to return to Hélène Gillet.

She appealed against the sentence to the parliament of Dijon. Her relations forsook her, with the exception of her mother, who followed her to Dijon,

where she was confined in the Conciergerie. Mme. Gillet went at once to the convent of the Bernardines at Dijon, to recommend her daughter to the prayers of the community, especially to those of the abbess, Mme. Courcelle de Pourlans, a lady who was associated with the Port Royalists, and whose name and some details concerning her are given in the "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Port Royal*." (Utrecht, 1742.)

Here also we may mention that one source of information for what follows is the life of this lady published at Lyons in 1699. For all the legal proceedings we are indebted to "*L'Histoire d'Hélène Gillet*," published at Dijon in 1829, which contains full verbatim extracts from the *procès* and all records of the court in the Dijon magisterial archives. The story, though very curious, never found its way into any of the collections of *Causes célèbres*, either of Pitaval, Estienne, Desessarts, or their successors. It is found in the "*Mercure français*," of the date 1625.

The abbess of the Bernardines, on hearing Madame Gillet's petition, called to her Sister Françoise (Madame de Longueval, who died in 1633), a devout lady, who had retired into the convent on being left a widow, and desired her to make the case of Hélène Gillet one of special prayer.

Some days after this the abbess asked her whether she had done so, and whether she had received any reply from Heaven to her prayers. "My mother," answered Sister Françoise, "the petitions of the servants of God have been heard; be not discouraged by events; whatever happens, Hélène Gillet will not die by the hand of the executioner, but will die a natural and edifying death."

On May 11 the parliament of Dijon heard the appeal; the case was carefully gone into, and the avocat, Jacob, appeared for the accused. The sentence was deferred till the morrow. On Monday, May 12, which was the last session of the parliament before the Whitsuntide recess, the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg was confirmed, with the addi-

tional order that the criminal was to be led to execution with a rope round her neck—an order very unusual, and intended as an additional mark of indignity.

Now let us return to the convent. We will quote textually from the "*Vie de Madame de Pourlans*." "The abbess, who had kept the prediction of Sister Françoise to herself, now announced to the community the confirmation of the sentence of the magistrates of Bourg, and regretted the fate of the unfortunate young lady. However, in spite of all, Sister Françoise spoke out repeatedly before the whole community, and declared that she would not die. Between three and four o'clock of the same day (Monday, May 12) Madame de Pourlans was informed that the condemned Héléne was about to be led forth to execution. She instantly called the entire convent together and bade them pray. Sister Françoise was then in the kitchen, where she was engaged cooking. She at once left her work and knelt down on the kitchen floor in prayer. At that moment they heard the trumpets, and then the roar of voices, as the mob rushed past the convent, attending Héléne Gillet with the executioner and the town guard. A nun was in the kitchen at the same time as Françoise, and she was unable to resist the temptation of saying to her, 'There! do you hear, sister?' 'Yes,' answered Françoise, 'I hear her pass, but, for all that, I know she will not die. Go to the mother, and tell her so from me.'"

For what follows we are indebted to the contemporary "*Mercur de France*," confirmed in every particular by the records in the Palais de Justice at Dijon. Outside Dijon is the place of public execution; it goes by the name of Morimont (Mortis-mons), the "hill of death."

It is as well here to give some idea of what the places of execution were in old France. When executions were tolerably frequent, and the bodies were left suspended in chains till they fell to pieces, a small range of gallows did not suffice. M. Viollet le Duc, in his "*Dictionary of French Architecture*," devotes an article to the Fourches patibulaires, and gives several engravings of that of Montfaucon restored. The place of the gal-

lows formed a quadrangular platform about forty-four feet square. This platform was raised about six feet above the level of the soil, and was built over a vault to contain the bones as they fell from the gallows. Sometimes in addition to this vault it contained a chapel. On three sides of the platform were piers rising to the height of thirty feet, united by beams of solid oak at the top and in two heights below, so as to form three ranges or stories of gallows. Of these stone piers there were six on each side. One side of the quadrangle was left free for the stairs, and for the block for executions with the sword. Thus, on the Montfaucon Fourches, forty-five men could hang simultaneously—or rather, ninety, as each opening was made to accommodate two persons. In the middle of the area was a stone with an iron ring in it, which could be raised to allow of the bones being pushed through the hole into the vault below. Access to this vault was also obtainable through a door at the bottom.

This description has been rendered necessary to explain what follows.

Héléne Gillet was conveyed to Morimont in a cart, the executioner, a man named Simon Grandjean, and his wife attending her, he holding the rope that was attached to her neck. There was also in the cart a friar to give her spiritual comfort; about it were the town guard, two Jesuit fathers, and another Capuchin friar. On horseback rode the deputy-procureur général of the king. On reaching Morimont, Héléne Gillet was taken out of the cart and conducted up the flight of stone stairs to the platform. All Dijon was present. The youth and beauty of the criminal had attracted general sympathy. She was dressed in black, her face was deadly pale, with deep rings about her sunken eyes which were red with tears.

As soon as she had reached the platform, with the deputy-procureur, the executioner and his wife, and the four clergy, the guard drew up across the entrance to the steps to prevent the people from ascending. The fourches were inaccessible from other sides.

The poor girl, assisted by Madame Grandjean, fastened up her hair tightly on her head, and removed a kerchief that had covered her neck and was

pinned across her bosom, and knelt down at the block, whilst one of the Jesuit fathers prayed with her.

Then the executioner took his sword, which in the Acts is called a *coutelas*, but which was almost certainly a two-handed sword, double-edged, the blade about four feet long, counter-balanced by a knob of iron at the end of the handle.

Grandjean had been suffering for three months from a fever and ague, and whether it was that the youth of the girl unnerved him, or that an access of his ague came over him, cannot be told, but as the procureur gave the sign to strike, his hand and the blade trembled, and instead of bringing the sword down on the girl's neck, he struck her on the left shoulder, inflicting a terrible gash. Hélène fell from her position on the right of the block, the executioner threw down his sword and covered his eyes. Hélène put up her hands to the bandage over her face, and tried to pull it off, but the wife of the executioner ran to her, restrained her, picked her up, and made her stand. Then the poor creature knelt again, and replaced her neck on the block.

In the meantime the excitement among the people had become extreme; they hooted and roared their curses against the executioner, who became more agitated and unnerved. Stones began to fly and to strike Grandjean, the procureur, and the priests indiscriminately. One or two even hit poor Hélène as she stood up and staggered to the block. Madame Grandjean picked up the sword and handed it to her husband, and exhorted him to be a man and finish what he had begun. He set his teeth, raised the sword again, and instantly the noise ceased. In the midst of a perfect stillness he smote. The sword struck the knot of hair at the back of Hélène's head, glanced from it, and cut into her neck a finger-breadth in depth.

Then the rage of the people knew no bounds. The whole concourse swayed like a rolling sea, and the guard had to use their pikes to keep them from bursting through and rushing to the platform. Stones fell like hail about the *fourches*, and the Jesuits and Capuchins fled for their lives through the little door into

the vault beneath. The executioner flung away his sword and followed their example. The deputy-procureur in vain shouted and addressed the people; he was struck by the stones and obliged to retreat. The only one who maintained her composure was Madame Grandjean; and now follows the most horrible incident of the whole case.

This wretched woman seems to have thought that the only way in which the people could be satisfied was to complete the work her husband had failed in. She looked about for the sword, intending to strike off Hélène's head herself, but she could not find it. The reason was that the poor girl, on feeling herself wounded the second time, had stood up and staggered about till struck again by the stones, when she fell *over the sword*. In the alarm and excitement, Madame Grandjean either did not observe this, or thought it best to destroy her elsewhere, for she seized the cord and dragged Hélène by it down the stone steps, kicking her in the chest and on the body, and when she got her on the stairs, where she was partly screened from the rain of stones, she knelt on her and dragged at the cord, trying to strangle her, and when this did not prove effectual, or speedy enough, she got her great scissors, and with them stabbed her and tried to cut her throat.

She was interrupted in her horrible work by the mob, which, frantic with rage, broke its way through the line of guards, rushed up the steps, caught the woman Grandjean, and tore her to pieces. Then they broke through the wooden door which the procureur and the priests held within, driving it off its hinges, and fell upon and trampled the executioner to death. Some butchers and masons tore down the door and were the first to enter and kill Grandjean. Then a great shout went up from the crowd behind, "Save the patient!" (*Savez la patiente!*) The Capuchins and Jesuits, crucifix in hand, came forth from the vault, and surrounded Hélène. Some of the people raised her in their arms. She asked for water, and some was brought her; then the bandage that had been about her eyes was tied round her neck to staunch the bleeding from the wound in it. "I knew God would come to my aid," she said, and fainted.

The mob got a hurdle or gate, placed her on it and carried her off to the nearest surgeon, a man named Jacquin, who, however, was afraid to meddle in the matter, till he had obtained permission from the Procureur du Rois to attend to her wounds. On examination it proved that, in addition to the two sword blows, she had received six wounds from the scissors of Mme. Grandjean, one of which had passed between her windpipe and the jugular vein, another had cut through her lower lip and had entered the palate of her mouth; she was stabbed in the bosom, the scissors having passed between two of her ribs, and the rest of the wounds were in her head, some of them very deep. She was also fearfully bruised with the kicks she had received from the executioner's wife, and from the stones that had hit her.

Whilst she was having her wounds dressed the poor girl continued asking, "whether anything more was going to be done to her?" She was encouraged by those who stood by, who assured her that her very judges would intercede for her; that the Whitsun holidays had begun and would last a fortnight, which would afford time for an appeal in her favor to the king.

This was not the first instance of the people taking the punishment of an executioner into their hands. In 1516, a little over a hundred years before the execution of Hélène Gillet, Bazart, the Paris *bourreau*, having missed when engaged in striking off the head of a gentleman, was assailed with stones. He also took refuge in the vault under the scaffold. The mob lit a great fire at the entrance, and the man was suffocated in it. Two of those engaged in this lynching were punished for it; one was hung, and the other whipped. No one was made to suffer at Lyons for the murder of Grandjean and his wife.

On the morrow, the magistrates of Dijon met to consider what had been done, and to order the arrest of those who had been implicated in the murder; but there the matter ended, no one was arrested, and no one was punished. It is curious that among the magistrates engaged in this affair occurs the name of Bénigne Bössuet, the father of the illustrious Bishop of Meaux. The great bishop was his fifth son. Bénigne Bos-

suet became Deputy-procureur du Roi at Dijon in 1631, and dean of the parliament at Metz in 1633.

The documents in the Palais de Justice at Dijon give us another subsidiary incident, connected with the affair of Hélène Gillet, which is perhaps worth quotation.

In France, the executioner received no fixed payment for his duties, but he had the privilege of taking a handful of corn, peas, hay, or whatever is exposed for sale in the market. In Paris he is not allowed to touch the articles, but had a tin spoon which he thrust into sacks and baskets, and had a right to what it drew forth. At Dijon, also, he might not touch anything with his hand, but he had a white wand with which he indicated what he fancied, and the seller of the goods then took a handful and threw it in the bag or basket of the hangman.

Now on the next market day after the murder of Grandjean a sergens-de-ville went about claiming the hangman's perquisites, on the plea that he was applicant for the vacant post. His demands were refused, and the case was brought before the town magistrates, who reprimanded and fined the man.

To return to the unfortunate Hélène Gillet, who, although she had escaped immediate death, was not without fear. She remained in the house of M. Jacquin, who showed her every attention. Her wounds began to heal, but in the fever that attended the healing she became restless, and asked incessantly, "Will they still kill me? Is it not over yet?"

Hélène Gillet was still under sentence of capital death, a sentence which could only be put aside by a royal pardon. Unless that could be obtained, the magistrates of Dijon would be obliged to carry out the sentence of the parliament of Burgundy.

However, her case had excited such general commiseration that some of the principal people of Dijon and the neighborhood drew up an appeal in her behalf to the king, Louis XIII., who in this case certainly deserves the title of "the Just," which was accorded him. The King, moreover, was in high good humor. Charles I., King of Great Britain, had just married Henrietta Maria

by proxy on May 11, the very day on which poor H      had been tried at Dijon. Charles acceded to the throne on May 27, and Buckingham was preparing to conduct the French king's sister to England.

Louis drew up and signed a full and free pardon to H      Gillet—"At the recommendation of some of our beloved and respected servants, and because we are well-disposed to be gracious through the happy marriage of the Queen of Great Britain, our very dear and well beloved sister."

On Monday, June 2, 1625, on the receipt of this pardon, it was presented by Charles Ferret to the parliament of Dijon, and registered in their acts, and on June 5 H     's acquittal was decreed. H      Gillet remained some time after this under the care of the surgeon, till she was completely restored. She had time to consider what course to take for the rest of her life. Her mother was now continually with her, and her father, an old man, much broken by the events of the past eight months, paid her occasional visits.

Was she guilty? or—to what extent was she guilty? That question has never been answered. She steadily denied that she had murdered the infant, though she admitted whose the infant was. She seemed to be screening some one else; and it is probable that, in this matter, she was sinned against, rather than a chief sinner.

Her mind was deeply impressed with the almost miraculous delivery from death she had undergone, and, considering that she would always be known and pointed at, if she remained in the world, she performed the probably wise resolution of retiring into a convent. Within the gates of one of the Bresse religious houses she disappeared from the world, and lived to an advanced age, and died there with great tokens of piety; "Thus," as the author of the "Life of Madame de Pourlans" says, "fulfilling the words of Sister Fran      to the letter."

We may add, in conclusion, that the only point in this very curious story which is not substantiated by independent testimonies is that one of the prophecy of Sister Fran     ; but then it is just one which, in the nature of the

case, could not be so substantiated. The book which contains this singular incident was not published till forty-four years after the events, and it is quite possible that the imaginations of the nuns may have played with very simple facts and invested them with a halo of the marvellous. Still, it is remarkable that where the narrative in Madame de Pourlans' Life can be checked with facts—down to such a matter as the hour of the day when the procession passed the convent—it is in full accord with them. We must leave this episode to the judgment of the reader. It would have divested the story of one incident of curious interest, if we had omitted to relate it.

In conclusion we may add that in the Middle Ages there were two chances of life at the last moment accorded to a malefactor condemned to death, besides a free pardon from the sovereign. One of these was the accidental meeting of a cardinal with the procession to execution; the other was the offer of a maiden to marry the condemned man, or, in the case of a woman sentenced to death, the offer of a man to make her his wife.

The claim of the cardinals was a curious one. They pretended to have inherited the privileges with which the vestal virgins of old Rome were invested. In 1309 a man was condemned to be hung in Paris for some offence. As he was being led to execution down the street of Aubry-le-Boucher, he met the cardinal of Saint Eusebius, named Rochette, who was going up the street. The cardinal immediately took oath that the meeting was accidental, and demanded the release of the criminal. It was granted.

In 1376, Charles V. was appealed to in a case of a man who was about to be hung, when a young girl in the crowd cried out that she would take him as a husband. Charles decreed that the man was to be given up to her.

In 1382, a similar case came before Charles VI., which we shall quote verbatim from the royal pardon. "Henrequin Dontart was condemned by the judges of our court in Peronne to be drawn to execution on a hurdle, and then be hung by the neck till dead. In accordance with the which decree he was drawn and carried by the hangman to

the gibbet, and when he had the rope round his neck, then one Jeannette Mourchon, a maiden of the town of Hamaincourt, presented herself before the provost and his lieutenant, and supplicated and required of the aforesaid provost and his lieutenant to deliver over to her the said Dontart, to be her husband. Wherefore the execution was interrupted, and he was led back to prison. . . . and, by the tenor of these letters, it is our will that the said Dontart shall be pardoned and released."

Another instance we quote from the diary of a Parisian citizen of the year 1430. He wrote: "On January 10, 1430, eleven men were taken to the Halles to be executed, and the heads of ten were cut off. The eleventh was a handsome young man of twenty-four; he was having his eyes bandaged, when a young

girl born at the Halles came boldly forward and asked for him. And she stood to her point, and maintained her right so resolutely, that he was taken back to prison in the Châtelet, where they were married, and then he was discharged."

This custom has so stamped itself on the traditions of the peasantry, that all over France it is the subject of popular tales and anecdotes: with one of the latter we will conclude.

In Normandy a man was at the foot of the gibbet, the rope round his neck, when a sharp-featured woman came up and demanded him. The criminal looked hard at her, and turning to the hangman, said:—

"A pointed nose, a bitter tongue!  
Proceed, I'd rather far be hung."

—*Belgravia*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE. THE EXPERIENCES OF A HUNTER AND NATURALIST IN INDIA, CEYLON, THE MALAY PENINSULA AND BORNEO. By William T. Hornaday, Chief Taxidermist United States National Museum, late Collector for Ward's Natural Science Establishment. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Adventures in the wild and strange parts of the world always have a peculiar charm. It is not only that the mind of man in his civilized state always reverts with a sort of irresistible fascination to the scenes and conditions of primitive nature; that he is drawn by the sense of the unaccustomed; that he is fired and stirred by the dangers and privations which such conditions compel—far more than this he recognizes in such occasional experiences a stimulus to his own strongest powers, physical, intellectual and moral, such as is impossible elsewhere. No doubt he returns again to artificial conditions with no less, even a keener pleasure than before; but roaming through lonely forests and pathless savannas which swarm with strange beasts and continual perils tax the resources to a degree that impels the highest enjoyment, the consciousness of successfully combating physical danger, coupled with the entire absence of mental worry. The interest of books of travel and adventure,

whether pursued simply in the interests of sport or for scientific purposes, thus appeals to old and young, and no class of publications has a surer hold on the public taste.

The volume before us unites the interests of science and of sport. Mr. Hornaday's object, the gathering of specimens of natural history, was primarily scientific, but he shows continually the passion of the keen sportsman. Whether he is engaged in shooting gavials, in bearding the royal tiger—that most dangerous of game—in Indian jungles, or in chasing the wild elephant, a foe hardly less terrible, we feel the keenest pleasure of the chase in his animated descriptions. Those portions of the book more specially connected with science, the descriptions of the methods of dissecting the game after killing them, disengaging the skeletons, and stuffing the skins for preservation, are of considerable interest; but, after all, it is in the adventurous character of the book that the general reader will take the most interest. Incidental also to the book, and not the least noteworthy, are the descriptions of strange and savage peoples, the striking features of the countries themselves. Mr. Hornaday well expresses his own feelings in these words:

"What follows is offered merely as a faithful pen-picture of what may be seen and done by almost any healthful young man in two years

of ups and downs in the East Indies. He at least who loves the mystic spell of life in 'a vast wilderness' will appreciate the record of my experiences. I love nature and all her works, but one day in an East Indian jungle among strange men and beasts is worth more to me than a year among dry and musty study-specimens. The green forest, the airy mountain, the plain, the river and the sea-shore are to me a perpetual delight; and the pursuit, for a good purpose, of the living creatures that inhabit them, adds an element of buoyant excitement to the enjoyment of natural scenery which at best can be but feebly portrayed in words."

Mr. Hornaday's hunting adventures begin with the pursuit of the Gangetic crocodile, known as the "gavial." He found none to speak of in the Ganges proper, but in the Yumna, one of its great tributaries, fortune favored his gun. His descriptions of the habits and nature of the "gavial" are of considerable interest, and show that the accounts which ascribe to this Asiatic saurian a superior ferocity and fearlessness are much exaggerated. Indeed, he is quite as harmless as the American "gator," and the Indian natives, timid as most of them are, do not hesitate to bathe and swim in places where these creatures haunt, though from time to time one of them is dragged under water by some crocodile more daring or hungry than his fellows. In elephant-hunting our naturalist did not succeed very well till he obtained permission from government to shoot in one of the great preserves in the Neilgherry hills, an important spur of the Himalayas. The destruction of the more important wild game in India proceeded so rapidly at one time that government found it necessary to interfere for the protection of the elephant, a creature in his tame state so important in India. Unlike the royal tiger, the panther, and other carnivorous creatures, the wild elephant is harmless when undisturbed, though a terrible foe when enraged. So great was the destruction of the elephant by hunters that his extinction seemed probable, when the Indian Government interfered to save perhaps the noblest of the world's fauna.

Once permission was gained to hunt for scientific purposes, Mr. Hornaday entered into the pursuit with the greatest zest, and gives us a very animated recital of adventures in which the mutual rôles were more than once reversed, and he became the hunted instead of the hunter. All elephant-hunters make narrow escapes of life and limb, and our naturalist was

no exception, if we can trust his account. He secured several fine elephants, though his permit only authorized the shooting of one. Scientific zeal, united with the ardor of spirit, proved too strong for him. His dread of this infraction of the permit being discovered, and thus subjecting him to a heavy fine, is amusingly expressed, and he was obliged to bribe his Indian attendants heavily to prevent discovery. But things turned out happily, and his poaching was kept secret, or at least winked at, by the English officials, who proved, on the whole, very agreeable and accommodating. The following description of killing a tiger will interest the reader, and give a notion of our hunter-naturalist's forest experiences:

"Sure enough, there was Old Stripes in all his glory, and only thirty yards away! The mid-day sun shone full upon him, and a more splendid object I never saw in a forest. His long jet-black stripes seemed to stand out in relief like bands of black velvet, while the black-and-white markings upon his head were most beautiful. In size and height he seemed perfectly immense, and my first thought was: 'Great Caesar, he is as big as an ox!'"

"When we first saw him he was walking from us, going across the bed of the stream. Knowing precisely what I wanted to do, I took a spare cartridge between my teeth, raised my rifle, and waited. He reached the other bank, sniffed a moment, then turned and paced slowly back. Just as he reached the middle of the stream he scented us, stopped short, raised his head, looked in our direction, and gave an angry growl. Taking a careful, steady aim at his left eye, I blazed away, and without stopping to see the effect of my shot reloaded my rifle in all haste. I half expected to see the great brute come bounding round that clump of bamboos and upon one of us; but I thought it might not be I he would attack, and before he could kill one of my men I could send a bullet into his brain.

"Vera kept an eye on him every moment, and when I was again ready I asked him with my eyebrow, 'Where is he?' He quickly nodded, 'He is still there.' I looked again, and, sure enough, he was in the same spot, and turning slowly round and round, with his head held to one side, as if there was something the matter with his left eye. When he came round and presented his neck fairly I fired again, aiming to hit his neck-bone. At that shot he instantly dropped on the sand. I quickly shoved in a fresh cartridge, and with rifle at full cock, and the tiger fairly covered,

we went toward him, slowly and respectfully. We were not sure but that even then he would get up and come at us. But he was done for, and lay there gasping, kicking and foaming at the mouth, and in three minutes more my first tiger lay dead at our feet. He died without making a sound.

"To a hunter the moment of triumph is when he first lays his hand on his game. What exquisite and indescribable pleasure it is to handle the cruel teeth and knife-like claws which were so dangerous but a brief moment before; to pull open the heavy eye-lid; to examine the glazing eye which so lately glared fiercely and fearlessly on every foe; to stroke the powerful limbs and glossy sides while they are still warm; and to handle the feet which made the huge tracks that you have been following in doubt and danger.

"How shall I express the pride I felt at that moment! Such a feeling can come but once in a hunter's life, and when it does come it makes up for oceans of ill-luck. The conditions were all exactly right. I was almost alone and entirely unsupported, and had not even one proper weapon for tiger-hunting. We met the tiger fairly on foot, and in four minutes from the time we first saw him he was ours. Furthermore, he was the first tiger I ever saw loose in the jungle, and we had outwitted him." The full dimensions of this great beast were nine feet eight and a half inches, exclusive of the tail, and three and a half feet in height. Well may the hunter have been proud of such a trophy.

Mr. Hornaday, after India, visited Ceylon, Malaysia and Borneo, in all of which regions he continued his hunting experiences; but we have no further space to allude to them in detail. The portion of the narrative devoted to Borneo and the hunting of the orang-outang, which reaches his greatest development in this island, is singularly interesting. The romantic story of Rajah Sir James Brooke, of Sarawak, who transformed the people there—a race of ferocious head-hunting barbarians—into a peaceful and civilized people, is retold in a dramatic and vivid way. Mr. Hornaday has given the public a book of much interest, because he has a good deal of interest to relate. But this cannot disguise the fact that the manner of the relation is often exceedingly bad. In his efforts to be easy and bright he becomes often culpably careless and vulgar. He has no respect for his grammar, and continually indulges in slang terms. If the charm of the book at all depended on style we fear Mr.

Hornaday would be a great failure as a writer without mending his ways. But this not being the case, the public is indebted to him for a work very entertaining and in large measure instructive.

**SOUVENIRS OF A DIPLOMAT.** *Private Letters from America during the Administrations of Presidents Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler. By Chevalier de Bacourt, Minister from France. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Comtesse de Mirabeau. Translated from the French. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*

Americans have grown so used to hearing themselves abused as well as praised that they are now becoming far more thick-skinned than formerly. To be sure they have not yet attained that superb self-satisfaction which utterly disdains criticism, so characteristic of our English cousins. But at least a comfortable degree of philosophy has come to them which stands them in good stead. Were a new Chevalier de Bacourt to write of the present America as our sprightly diplomat did of the country twoscore years ago we should regard it as a smart fillip, perhaps; but toward the present writer, as he only abuses our fathers and grandfathers, we can extend a cordial welcome, as to one who has given us a caustic and readable, and not altogether ill-natured book. Still fewer Frenchmen even than Englishmen like the United States very much. How much more so forty years ago, when the conditions of the country were far more raw and crude, and there was only here and there one who possessed any measure of the conventional varnish of the Old World.

Chevalier Bacourt, whose private letters are now edited for the edification of American readers by his niece, was an old-school diplomat, bred in the most polished circles of Europe, a thorough hater of republics and republican institutions, refined, vain, acute, sensitive, but thoroughly bomb-proof against any pleasant impressions, except through the medium in which his nature had already been moulded and fashioned. He regarded his appointment to Washington as a species of banishment, and he begins to bewail his fate long before reaching America. On arriving here he does what any man does, sees exactly what there is in him to see. His vision was determined by what lay behind his eyes, not what was in front of them. The net result was to him ignorance, rudeness, vulgarity, social barbarism. No doubt the polished and cultivated American of to-day, if projected back forty

years, would see much to annoy, even to disgust him in some of the ways of the past generation. But he would see what no foreigner probably could see, a social system built on a base magnificently broad and strong, vital with forces boiling and upheaving so restlessly as to give no time for things to get finished—a people so busy and energetic in achieving the necessary and useful that the time had not yet come for the development of the elegancies of life. Our Frenchman missing the one had not the perception to see the other.

It goes without saying that the reflections of an acute diplomat like our Chevalier had in them a large measure of surface truth. We hardly need to be told that not very many years ago legislators in Congress occasionally threatened to shoot each other on the legislative floors, and frequently did it on the street; that the same gentlemen would put their muddy boots on the tops of their desks, and got very drunk, both in and out of Congress; that it was not very unusual to see those purporting to be gentlemen eating with their knives, and piercing their teeth with their forks, etc., etc., *usque ad nauseam*. Such things naturally perturbed the soul of M. de Bacourt, and the stress which he lays on them shows how deep was the anguish to his sensitive nature. Some of his stories are very amusing and cast side-lights on our near social past. He tells us Mr. Van Buren's French cook told his footman the following: "For several months, during which the question of the re-election of Mr. Van Buren had been agitated, people had come constantly to see him, and in the rudest manner insisted on being asked to breakfast or dinner, threatening, in case of refusal, to refuse to vote against him. The cook says he has the greatest difficulty in satisfying them; that they often send back what he serves them, and order other dishes on the pretext that the first were bad." "So, he continues," said my servant, gravely, "it seems that it is not very pleasant to be President."

M. de Bacourt criticises many of his fellow diplomats as vivaciously as he does the Americans, and uses his keen French sense of ridicule ruthlessly. One great consolation of the earlier part of his residence was the flirtation he carried on with Funny Elsler, confessed naively, and with his acuteness and vivacity there is a garrulous simplicity which is quite charming. Though he vents his ill-humor freely, yet from time to time we see glimpses of larger and juster conceptions, and he criti-

cises himself severely in such passages as this: "It seems to me that most writers on America do not sufficiently consider the time and circumstances. The Anglo-American race is, in my opinion, charged with a special providential mission, that of peopling and civilizing this immense continent; they are proceeding in the accomplishment of this work undisturbed by any obstacle, and this explains the anomalies so easy to observe and criticise. But it is not fair to judge from details; one must see the whole, and this whole is grand, majestic and imposing. . . . The only fault of the Americans is that they will not rest satisfied with their success, but will always, in comparing themselves with European nations, claim superiority over them in everything. This is their great weakness, and encourages writers who come here to find fault." On the whole, M. de Bacourt is not a bad fellow, and if there is a trifle too much jaundice in his eye, it probably would have to be confessed that he does not always miss the mark.

MOVEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN BRITAIN DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. St. Giles Lectures. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Senior Principal of St. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Principal Tulloch is widely known among English-reading people as one of the foremost writers of his time, as an acute writer in that domain of literature which covers theology, philosophy and ethics, viewed not merely as subjects of controversy, but in their wider relation to the civilization of the day. The school, indeed, of theologians who regard the intellectual subtleties of creed as a profitable subject of study, who find full employment in spinning spiders'-webs *ad disputandum*, is becoming smaller each year; and their successors justly study such themes rather from their practical side, as factors, with many others, in the great problem of intellectual life, than for any intrinsic and ultimate measure of absolute speculative and dogmatic truth. Creeds and formulas are tested nowadays not for their value in the world of syllogism, but by the more crucial criterion of result. "By their fruit ye shall know them" holds good not merely of men, but of beliefs, of theories, of philosophies.

Principal Tulloch, in measuring the force of the religious movements in Great Britain during the present century, has a theme of great interest. Religion since the beginning of the

year 1800 has assumed phases consonant with the other characteristics of the age, and entered more vitally into the lives of men. By religion we mean that earnestness and recognition of the importance of such intellectual subjects which may land the inquirer in the most exalted mysticism or the most barren agnosticism, which may find an end in the dreams of Swedenborg or the negations of Schopenhauer or Comte. Principal Tulloch expresses the limitations of the subject in his opening chapter on "Coleridge and His School," in these words: "A movement of religious thought implies the rise of some fresh life in the sphere of such thought, some new wave of opinion, either within the Church or deeply affecting it from without, modifying its past conceptions. It is a moulding influence, leaving behind it definite traces, and working its way more or less into the national consciousness, so that this consciousness remains affected, even if the movement itself disappears. It is this character which gives significance to our subject, and will be found to lend to it interest for all who are really concerned with religious questions and the progress of higher civilization. . . . The interest and importance of our subject can hardly be doubted by any who understand it. The movements of religious thought in our own country lie, at least, very close to us and to the life and work of all our churches. We cannot escape the influence of those movements, whatever be our own position. Even those who most disown all connection with modern thought are sometimes found strongly reflecting its influences, more frequently, perhaps, mistaking its real meaning. It seems to be the duty, therefore, of all intelligent persons to try in some degree to understand the influences moving the time. Such and such opinions, it is often said, "are in the air." The thought of our own time in its evolving phases or folds of varied hues bathes us like an atmosphere. A certain class of minds remain indifferent, secure within their well-worn armor of traditionary judgment. Another class is apt to be carried away altogether and lose their old moorings. But religious thought, happily, is not in the mercy of either class. Rightly viewed, it is typified neither by tradition nor revolution. It is a continuous power in human life and history, moving onward with the ever-accumulating growths of human knowledge and of spiritual experience; ever new, yet old; linking age to age, it is to be hoped, in happier and more benign intelligence.

The writer begins with "Coleridge and his

School," who mark the outbreaking of religious feeling and opinion from the cast-iron conformities, the dead level of mere orthodoxy which had paralyzed the spiritual life of England. Coleridge was a new power in the thought of the world, not merely that headed to it, but was a fountain of revolution and inspiration, a seminal force, in the largest sense a man of genius as a philosopher. Next we have a study of the "Earlier Oriel (Oxford) School and Its Conveners," in which Archbishop Whately, the elder Arnold, Wilberforce, Milman, Thirlwall and the Hares were principal figures.

The Oxford or Anglo-Catholic movement is perhaps the theme of the most important chapter in the book, because it traces the beginnings and marks the career of that powerful secession which sent John Henry Newman to Rome, and practically shook the Anglican Church into two mighty factions, which are splitting apart more and more to the base. Among other chapters are "Carlyle as a Religious Teacher," "John Stuart Mill and His School," "F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley," and "F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing."

Principal Tulloch has a delightful, easy and pleasant style, free from all pedantry, and luminous in its simplicity. He has the art of presenting his thought in the most agreeable form, and the value of that thought can hardly be denied or underestimated. His book will take hold on all thoughtful readers, whether themselves sympathetic with the positivo-religious side of life, or merely students of the great intellectual forces of the age.

**THE BLOOD COVENANT. A PRIMITIVE RITE AND ITS BEARINGS ON SCRIPTURES.** By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D., author of *Kadesh Barnea*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Trumbull has made himself noted as a student in Scriptural and religious archæology, and anything from him on such a class of subjects may be regarded as having some weight, or at least suggestiveness. He tells us that while engaged on a still unfinished work, "The Sway of Friendship in the World's Forces," he came on facts concerning the primitive rite of covenanting by the Inter-transfusion of blood, which induced him to intermit his other studies. The value of the topic he conceives to be based on the fact that no modern student of myth and folk-lore, of primitive ideas and customs, and of man origin and

history has properly emphasized the fact of the universally dominating primitive convictions; that the blood is the life, that the heart, as the blood-fountain, is the very soul of every personality; that blood-transfer is soul-transfer; that blood-sharing, human or divine-human, secures an inter-union of natures; and that a mingling of the human nature with the Divine is the highest ultimate attainment reached out after by the most primitive as well as by the most enlightened mind of humanity. Our author traces the subject through all its primitive beginnings up to the mystery of the Christian Eucharist, and unfolds a wealth of curious lore, drawn from all sources and authors, sacred and profane. The majority of readers will be interested, though they may not accept Dr. Trumbull's evident conclusions, on account of the wide knowledge shown of primitive manners and customs, and as a contribution to the history of man.

**BOOK-KEEPING SIMPLIFIED. THE DOUBLE ENTRY SYSTEM. BRIEFLY, CLEARLY AND CONCISELY EXPLAINED, WITH VALUABLE RULES AND TABLES FOR COUNTING-ROOM USE.** By D. B. Waggener. Philadelphia: Charles R. Deacon.

A knowledge of the principles of keeping mercantile accounts is of value to every man, though he may never intend to be a book-keeper. However great his accomplishments in other directions, such an attainment as this is not to be despised or ignored. The author attempts to elucidate the principles and methods of double-entry book-keeping, which, of course, is the only scientific sort, in a way to be perfectly clear and free from every technicality. After a careful perusal of this little manual, it must be said that he does this very successfully. Any intelligent man from a single reading can easily grasp the whole matter, and with a little practice can quickly put it into use.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

"GREAT curiosity," says the *Athenæum*, "is felt regarding Dr. Schliemann's forthcoming work on Tiryns, just announced by Mr. Murray. It is well known that the work was printed in its four simultaneous editions, for England, France, Germany and America, six months ago. But no sooner were the last proofs corrected than most important discoveries were made at Tiryns by the excavations again begun at Dr. Schliemann's expense,

under the able direction of his architect, Dr. Dörpfeld. The results of these discoveries were telegraphed to the author during his visit to England in the early part of the summer, when some account of them was also given in the *Athenæum*. It was hoped that these new discoveries might have been dealt with in an appendix or fresh chapter, but the recent revelations have necessitated the preparing of quite a different ground-plan from that already printed. The workmen have now struck a deeper level and laid bare the walls of buildings of an earlier date than any hitherto suspected."

STEPS have been taken with a view to the preparation of an adequate memoir of the late Bishop Colenso. His family have materials of a very interesting character. He kept up for several years a continuous correspondence with his friends in England.

THE first volume of an extensive "History of Music," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, late scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, is in the press. This portion of the work will deal with the music of the ancient Greeks, Hebrews and Romans, Eastern music under the Caliphs of Bagdad, and the history of the art in Europe in the Middle Ages down to the times of the troubadours.

A VOLUME entitled *Letters and Letter-writers of the Eighteenth Century*, containing large selections from the letters of Swift and Pope, with illustrative notes, is in the press. Each section will be preceded by a critical biography and a portrait. The volume will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell.

THE Duke of Argyll's next piece of literary work will be a lecture "On the Connection between the Scenery of Scotland and its Geology," after which, as soon as his Grace is free, he will begin to prepare for the printer a work of research on the Land Question, on which he has for many years been engaged. The record will be based on a number of original documents, illustrating the ordinary transactions of life in the Highlands during the Middle Ages, and down to the close of the last century, touching the tenure of land, both as to ownership and as to occupancy. Though discussing the subject generally, the facts used for argument will chiefly relate to Inverness-shire.

Two lives of the great Duke of Marlborough are announced for immediate publication, the one an elaborate estimate of his mil-

itary genius, upon which Lord Wolseley is known to have been long engaged; the other a volume by Mr. G. Saintsbury, in the series of "English Worthies."

It is said that the Revised Version of the Old Testament is to be adopted by the council of the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge as the foundation of a new edition of the Scriptures for English-speaking Jews. Dr. Adler, who has warmly advised this step, is likely to take a leading part in the performance of the task.

THE new edition of Byron's poetry to be issued by Mr. Murray has been progressing in Mr. Buxton Forman's hands for some months past, although the first volume is not yet ready for press. The editor considers it essential that he should see, if possible, one of the "two, or perhaps three copies" of the quarto forerunner of the "Hours of Idleness" which are said to have escaped the destruction that overtook the rest of the issue when Mr. Becher took exception to the "high coloring" of one of the young poet's "first verse attempts."

MR. MURRAY will publish the life of the Rev. William Carey, D.D., the great Anglo-Indian missionary, who, beginning life as a shoemaker, attained eminence as a professor of Sanskrit and Mahratti, and as one of the most successful propagators of Christianity among the Hindus. Dr. George Smith, the writer of the lives of Duff and Wilson, has been long engaged upon this biography.

A SECOND part of *The Greville Memoirs*, extending from 1837 to 1852, has just been published. It seems that the publication of the past was kept a profound secret until the day before publication. *The Daily News* considers the Journal "one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to the political history of the middle of the nineteenth century."

A NEW series of small biographies, under the title of "English Worthies," has been commenced. The first volume of the series consists of a life of Charles Darwin and Grant Allen; the second will be a life of Marlborough and George Saintsbury.

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#### MISCELLANY.

THE CHINESE IDEOGRAPHS.—M. Dautremere's plea for the life of the Chinese ideographs, as set forth in a letter, does more credit to his heart than to his head. He ad-

vances no argument, but only an excuse and an appeal. His excuse is that, after all, the acquisition of the ideographs is not such a terrible labor. Of the forty thousand characters only five thousand, according to him, need be acquired. These five thousand a European, he thinks, coming to Japan at the age of seventeen or eighteen, can acquire in three years at most. It has never been our good fortune to meet such a European. To acquire five thousand characters in three years a student must learn five each day, without intermission. Of every character he must learn two, or even three forms. Even supposing that the limit of his purpose was to become sufficiently familiar with these characters to recognize them at sight, the task would still be herculean. But he must also learn to write them. In other words, he must have mastered each ideograph so thoroughly as to be able to reproduce it from memory. A man of such enormous capacity may exist in some part of the world, but he has never come within the sphere of our observation, or of M. Dautremere's either. It would seem, however, that in our correspondent's opinion a task demanding two or three years' labor at the hands of a European of mature age can be accomplished by a Japanese child in two years. Such children have never come within the sphere of our observation, or of M. Dautremere's either. We repeat, and M. Dautremere himself, on reflection, will be obliged to bear us out, that the ideographic system takes six years out of the intellectual life of every Japanese. Our correspondent's appeal is to the patriotism of the Japanese. "He tells them that by abandoning the ideographs they will denationalize themselves, forget their unique history, and lose everything that remains of their past. There is a story told of an Irishman who, though otherwise of civilized tendencies, persisted in sleeping with a pig, out of respect for the memory of his father, who had affected the society of that quadruped. That was the Irishman's way of thinking. His filial tenderness exhibited itself in a form about as rational as the phantasy that Japanese history cannot be written or Japanese traditions transmitted otherwise than ideographically. Does M. Dautremere think that Japan's civilization has its roots in the ideograph, and that the heroes he admires would have been smaller men had they used an alphabet instead of hieroglyphics?" —*Japan Mail*.

TRUNCHEON AND MASK.—The professors of the modern development of the science of

murdro-burglary have already commenced their summer season. A conversazione of a highly successful character was held by some of them on Tuesday morning last, at No. 37 Kensington Park Gardens and the adjoining houses. Police-constable Davis, 136 X, discovering that a party was being held, had the courage to present himself without waiting for the formality of an invitation. Whether on this account, or because he neglected to provide himself with a domino and mask—for the festivity seems to have partaken of the nature of a *bal masquer*—one of the revellers promptly resented Davis's intrusion, his resentment taking the form of firing four shots at him with a revolver, without which no murdro-burglar's arsenal is complete. They all hit him, but only one inflicted a wound, and that was only a flesh wound in the neck. The "masks" then "attempted to make their escape," and the wounded policeman, with the gallantry inseparable from persons in search of adventure at entertainments of this species, "pursued." The consequence was that the gentle fugitives, exasperated by the assiduity of the unarmed man's attentions, beat him on the head with a "jemmy" until he became insensible. Meanwhile another "Policeman X," who had noted from below the familiar sounds of dissipation, was endeavoring to come up a ladder to his comrade's assistance. Davis satisfactorily disposed of, it was easy for the "masks" to agitate the top of the ladder until they had shaken off Prettyjohn, the second unbidden guest, and make good their escape before the latter could summon assistance. If Davis had been armed, as he ought to have been, with a revolver, it is most unlikely that the intending murderer who shot him would have fired at him, and most unlikely that he would have hit him if he had. That Davis's assailant failed in his endeavor to add the guilt of a murderer to that of a thief is the merest accident. Every engagement such as that of Tuesday, while it must dishearten, if anything can, the combatants on our side, gives direct encouragement to the other side, and furnishes a fresh incitement to recruits to join the forces of disorder. As to the treatment of armed burglars when by good luck they are caught, there ought to be no dispute. Provision ought to be made by statute empowering judges, whenever any burglar is taken with firearms about his person, whether he has used them or not, to supplement his punishment with a flogging. His moral guilt is the same whether he misses, wounds, or kills. For our

own part, we see no reason why, in this matter of shooting for the purpose of avoiding a lawful arrest, his legal guilt should not also be the same.—*Saturday Review*.

THE PEACOCK'S THRONE AT DELHI.—India has been the place, no doubt, where diamonds have exhibited their most glowing splendors. That was a singular and wild fancy of Aurungzebe when, in 1658, he deposed his father, the Shah Jehan, and usurped his throne. He caused to be constructed the famous Takht-i-Taûs, or Peacock Throne, representing, by appropriate jewels, a peacock, its head over-looking, its tail overshadowing, the person of the emperor when sitting on the throne. The natural colors of the bird were represented by the rarest and most gorgeous stones of the Eastern world, and the eyes of the bird were supplied by the two celebrated diamonds, the Koh-i-nur, or the Mountain of Light, and the Koh-i-tur, the Mountain of Sinai. The gentleman who put up this very pretty piece of machinery called himself Aurungzebe—that is, the ornament of the throne; and he seems to have occupied it until he was eighty-seven years of age, when, by-and-by, after the reign of several successors, the Peacock throne was broken up and all its splendor scattered. When Nadir Shah broke up the Peacock Throne, the Koh-i-nur was missing, and all his efforts to obtain it were baffled. At last a woman of the harem betrayed the secret, informing Nadir that the vanquished emperor wore it concealed in his turban. Nadir had recourse to a very clever trick to obtain possession of the prize. He had seized already on the bulk of the Delhi treasures and had concluded a treaty with the poor deposed Mogul Emperor, with whom he could not very well, therefore, get up another quarrel, so he availed himself of a time-honored custom seldom omitted by princes of equal rank on State occasions a few days after. Upon a great ceremony held at Delhi, Nadir proposed that he and the Emperor should exchange turbans in token of good faith! The Emperor, astonished, was taken aback. He had no time for reflection. Checkmated, he was compelled to comply with the insidious request. Nadir's turban was glittering with gems, but it was only itself a plain sheepskin head-gear. The Emperor, however, displayed neither chagrin nor surprise; his indifference was so great that Nadir supposed he had been deceived, but, withdrawing to his tent, he unfolded the

turban, and gazing upon the long-coveted stone, he exclaimed, "Koh-i-nur!" (the Mountain of Light!) When the Punjaub was annexed in 1849, and the East India Company took possession of the Lahore Treasury in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore Government, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-nur should be presented to the Queen of England. Here happened one of the most entertaining incidents and the last little romance in connection with its history. At a meeting of the East India Board the priceless diamond was committed to the care of the illustrious John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence. He received it, dropped it into his waistcoat pocket, and thought no more about it. He went home, changed his clothes for dinner, and threw the waistcoat aside. Some time after a message came from the Queen to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, ordering the jewel to be at once transmitted to her. Lawrence said at the Board to his brother Henry—his brother-in-arms also in the greatness of Indian conquest—"Well, send it at once." "Why, you have it," said Henry. Lawrence used afterwards to say how terror-stricken he was at his own carelessness, and how he muttered to himself, "This is the worst trouble I ever got into." This mighty chieftain, whose eagle eye and iron hand were equal to the largest and smallest interests, and who saved for us our Indian Empire, had treated the famous diamond with disrespect! However, it was found where he had put it, and the delightful biographer of Lawrence says: "Never, I feel sure, whether flashing in the diadem of Turk or Mogul, or the uplifted sword of Persian, Afghan, or Sikh conqueror, did it pass through so strange a crisis or run a greater risk of being lost forever than when it lay forgotten in the waistcoat pocket of John Lawrence." The Koh-i-nur is now preserved in Windsor Castle, but a model of the gem is kept in the Jewel Room of the Tower of London.—*Leisure Hour*.

**A TRAGIC TALE.**—Ercole Strozzi was a poet of the famous Florentine house, living in exile at the Court of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara. The Latin verses he composed in honor of Lucrezia Borgia, then Duchess of Ferrara, won him the applause of Italy. They may still be read with pleasure. He passed, moreover, for one of the handsomest men of his time, dressed splendidly, and enjoyed the favors of many gentle ladies. His heart, at last, was

permanently engaged to Barbara, a daughter of the noble Torelli family, and widow of Ercole Bentivoglio. She returned his affection, and they were married on May 29, 1508. Thirteen days after this event Ercole Strozzi was found at daybreak, dead, wrapped in his mantle, near the church of S. Francesco in Ferrara. His throat had been cut, and his body was pierced with twenty-two wounds. Locks of his beautiful long wavy hair, torn from the head, lay on the street around him. No inquiry was made into the murder. The duke, usually so rigid in his justice, offered no reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of this crime. It was, in truth, Alfonso d'Este who had instigated the assassination. He cared for Barbara Torelli, and the courtier-poet, who had presumed to marry her, paid the penalty by a tragic death. Rumor laid the blame of the deed upon Mesino del Forno, the duke's bravo. But only one voice was raised against the tyrant. That was the voice of Barbara, who, in the sonnet I am going to translate, hinted in covert phrases at the powerful author of her misery. Giosuè Carducci, the foremost living poet of Italy, says rightly that this sonnet ranks among the very few fine poems written by Italian women.

*BARBARA TORELLI'S LAMENT FOR HER HUSBAND ERCOLE STROZZI.*

☞ MURDERED AT FERRARA BY THE ORDER OF DUKE ALFONSO I.

Extinguished is Love's torch, broken his bow,  
His arrows, quiver, and all empery,  
Now that fierce Death hath felled the forest tree  
Under whose shade I slept, nor dreamed of woe.  
Ah, wherefore may not I, I also, go  
Down to that narrow tomb where destiny  
Hath laid my lord, whom scarce ten days and three  
Love bound in holiest chains before this blow?  
I'd fain with my heart's fire that frosty chill  
Loosen, and with these tears moisten his clay,  
Stirring to quick new life that dust so cold:  
And afterwards I'd fain, dauntless and bold,  
Show him to One who broke Love's band, and say—  
"Such power hath Love! Monster, thou could'st but  
kill!"

—*Time*.

**TELPHERAGE.**—A most interesting ceremony took place recently when the first telpherage line was formerly opened at Glynde. This line has been constructed for the New-haven Cement Company, and is employed for conveying gall clay from the place where it is found to the Glynde railway station, where it is transferred to the railway trucks. The system to which the name of telpherage has been given may be best described as one by which

goods may be sent in an almost continuous stream along a single overhead rope or rail by the aid of electricity. This new method of transport is due to the invention of the late Professor Fleming Jenkin, and has been brought to completion with the aid of Messrs. Perry and Ayrton, who have very ably furthered his designs. The work involved in the construction of the telfer line has been gone about by all those concerned in it in most thorough fashion, and has been successfully accomplished, with the result that on Saturday last a perfect practical illustration of the working of the line could be afforded. The Glynde telfer line is nearly a mile in length. It consists of an up and a down line of steel rods, of three-fourths of an inch in diameter, suspended in spans of sixty-six feet on wooden posts. Where curves are necessary bulb iron is substituted for the steel rods, and each span has several intermediate supports. The alternate sections of each side of the line are insulated, and the insulated sections are joined by cross-over pieces at the posts, as are also the unused sections. The line may be worked by an automatic block system. The Glynde line has a modified block, worked by hand. In the case of the automatic block an idle section is used. One section of the cross-over system is cut out, and as this is done when no train is on the line no flash occurs. The locomotive employed is named the Tandem, and is carried on two wheels coupled and driven by a pitch chain. The grip is obtained by india-rubber tires. The governor employed for controlling speed and power is a charming contrivance. It consists of a pair of weights so arranged that they are in unstable equilibrium at the critical speeds. At a certain number of revolutions the weights fly out, breaking contact, and do not return until the speed has fallen. When the circuit is broken a flash occurs, which is prevented from doing any injury by a carbon rod which is provided as a secondary contact, and which is very slowly consumed. By this means, also, the power is perfectly regulated, the current being full on in mounting a steep incline, and completely cut off in descending gradients, and so supplied on levels that no waste takes place from shunts or interposed resistances. The tension on the line is regulated and compensation for changes of temperature is afforded by a system of straining-posts, of which there are four to a mile. The trains are so arranged that their weight is evenly distributed over one or two spans of the line,

as the case may be. Hence there is no loss occasioned by the sag of the line, one truck descending the catenary while another ascends. The trucks are equidistant from each other, and are connected by wooden bars. Tipping trucks, technically known as "skeps," are employed. The trucks run on, or rather under, two wheels, from which they are suspended. The line is easily and cheaply constructed, and can be used as a source of power at any point throughout its length. It seems to us that for the conveyance of goods over rocky or marshy ground, and in places where very steep gradients cannot be avoided, the future of the telferage system is assured.—*Saturday Review*.

IN PARAGUAY.—Cleanliness is the rule in Paraguay, and it extends to everything—dwellings, furniture, clothes, and person—nor are the poorer classes in this respect a whit behind the richer. Above all, the white sacques and mantillas of the women and the lace-fringed shirts and drawers of the men are scrupulously clean; nor is any one article in greater demand, though fortunately with proportional supply, throughout the country than soap. Each house has behind it a garden, small or large as the case may be, in which flowers are sedulously cultivated; they are a decoration that a Paraguayan girl or woman is rarely without, and one that becomes the wearer well. Without pretensions to what is called classical or, ethnologically taken, Aryan beauty, the female type here is very rarely plain, generally pretty, often handsome, occasionally bewitching. Dark eyes, long, wavy, dark hair, and a brunette complexion most prevail; but a blonde type, with blue eyes and golden curls, indicative of Basque descent, is by no means rare. Hands and feet are, almost universally, delicate and small; the general form, at least till frequent maternity has sacrificed beauty to usefulness, simply perfect. As to the dispositions that dwell in so excellent an outside, they are worthy of it, and Shakespeare's "Is she kind as she is fair?" might here find unhesitating answer in the affirmation that follows, "Beauty dwells with kindness." A brighter, kinder, truer, more affectionate, more devotedly faithful girl than the Paraguayan exists nowhere. Alas, that the wretched experiences of but a few years since should have also proved, in bitter earnest, that no braver, no more enduring, no more self-sacrificing wife or mother than the Paraguayan is to be found either.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

## Be Warned

in time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

## Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

### Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

## INDIGESTION

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from Indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

## Cured

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

## By Using

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

## Ayer's Pills,

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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TO ENABLE CONSUMERS TO DISTINGUISH AT

*Aromatic Schnapps is superior to every other alcoholic preparation. A public trial of over thirty years' duration in every section of our country of UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, its unsolicited indorsement by the medical faculty, and a sale unequalled by any other alcoholic distillation, have secured for it the reputation for salubrity claimed for it.*

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9 Beaver Street, New York.

## CANCER OF THE TONGUE.

A case which resembles General Grant's condition. The wonderful cure of Mrs. Comer, of Troupe Co., Ga.

LA GRANGE, GA., May 14th. 1885.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand which gave me great trouble. It was treated and seemingly disappeared. Some years after an ulcer made its appearance on my left knee. This, too, under the old-time treatment, was healed up and I supposed I was well. I found, however, it had only been driven into the system by the use of potash and mercury, and in March, 1882, it broke out in my throat and concentrated in what some of the doctors denominated Cancer. I was placed under treatment for this disease. Some six or seven of the best physicians in the country had me at different times under their charge, among them three specialists in this line, but one after another would exhaust their skill and drop me, for I grew worse continually. The cancer had eaten through my cheek, destroying the roof of my mouth and upper lip, then attacked my tongue and palate and lower lip, destroying the palate and under lip entirely and half my tongue, eating out to the top of my left cheek bone, and up to the left eye. From a hearty, robust woman of 150 pounds, I was reduced to a mere frame of skin and bones, almost unable to turn myself in bed. I could not eat any solid food, but subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. The anguish of mind and the horrible sufferings of body which I experienced never can be revealed. Given up by physicians to die, with no hope of recovery upon the part of friends who sat around my bedside expecting every moment to be my last; in fact, my husband would place his hand on me every now and then

to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country. Such was my wretched and helpless condition the first of last October (1884), when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. It was the only straw left in sight of a frail and sinking heart. I was so feeble that I could not take it according to directions but they gave it to me as best they could. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely and the tongue which was almost destroyed, is being recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and I can eat solid food again and am able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. All this under the blessing of a Merciful Heavenly Father is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in south part of Troupe County, Ga. I most cheerfully and gratefully subscribe myself,

Mrs. MARY L. COMER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed Free. Call on our Physician, No. 157 W. 23d St., N. Y. Consultation free.

## ECZEMA!

My wife has been sorely afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermittent fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I determined to try S. S. S. She commenced seven weeks ago. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them

off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone, and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 40 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold.

JOHN F. BRADLEY, 44 Griswold St. Detroit, Mich., May 16th, 1886.

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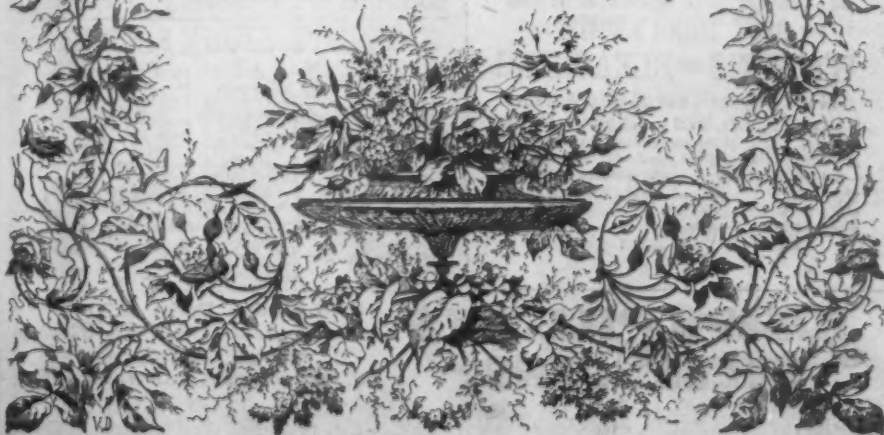


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### A GEORGIA WILLOW FARM.

A flying trip yesterday to the osier willow farm of I. C. Plant, a mile below the city, presented a surprise. In a building on the premises were a number of negro women and boys at work stripping the bark and leaves from the willow switches. This is the first cutting of the crop of two years' growth, and the yield will be two or three tons. These switches are from four to seven feet long, and are cut and placed in bundles like sheaves of wheat. They are then taken to the stripping building and placed in a vat filled with water. The large ends are then placed in a peculiar little machine, which loosens the bark for a couple of inches. Passing along on the table they are placed one by one in the strippers, a little machine, the invention of Mr. Plant, and with a pair of pliers are pulled through with one jerk. This process takes off all the bark and leaves. The switches are then wiped off with a woolen cloth by passing them through the hand. They are then bundled and laid away to dry. The little contrivance used for stripping performs its work admirably. Mr. Plant sent to Switzerland and the willow farms in the North and West for machines, but all were crude and worked unsatisfactorily. He set about and soon made one for the purpose which does its work rapidly and effectually. All the leaves and bark are dried and baled, and command a price of 25 cents per pound. They are used for a certain kind of medicine. Mr. Plant has 400,000 willows now growing on his farm. He has within the past week set out 80,000, and they are growing finely. He will set out his entire levee with them, and will then have 60 acres in willows alone. A ton to the acre is the average yield, and the willows, when shipped dried, command \$200 per ton in a dozen markets. In three years all he has set out now will be high enough to cut. The willow farm is a success throughout, and Col. E. C. Grier, who was looking at it yesterday, says the bark and leaves alone, to say nothing of the valuable switches, pay better than cotton.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*.

FRANCIS J. FARGUS, known to all the readers of current fiction by his pseudonym of "Hugh Conway," died at Monaco, May 15, of

typhoid fever. Mr. Fargus was an auctioneer in Bristol when his first story, "Called Back," appeared. Its sale was enormous, and it was scarcely less successful in the form of a drama on both the English and the American stages. "Dark Days," a second story, was not less successful, the sale amounting to 160,000 in the first fortnight. In his later work Mr. Fargus, while preserving the sensational elements of his first successes, has taken much more pains with the literary quality of his work. The Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* contained a short story from his pen, "A Dead man's Face," and his latest completed work, "Carrington's Gift," is to appear, illustrated, in three numbers of *Harper's Bazar*.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.—Tuesday's *Gazette* states that the Queen has been pleased to signify her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon Gunner Albert Smith, Royal Artillery, whose claim has been submitted for Her Majesty's approval, for conspicuous bravery at the action of Abu Klea, on January 17 last. When the enemy charged, the square fell back a short distance, leaving Lieutenant Guthrie, Royal Artillery, with his gun, in a comparatively unprotected position. At this moment a native rushed at Lieutenant Guthrie with a spear, and would in all probability have killed that officer, who had no weapon in his hand at the time (being engaged in superintending the working of his gun), when Gunner Smith with a gun handspike warded off the thrust, thus giving Lieutenant Guthrie time to draw his sword, and with a blow bring his assailant to his knees, but as the latter fell he made a wild thrust at the officer with a long knife, which Gunner Smith again warded off, not, however, before the native had managed to inflict a wound in Lieutenant Guthrie's thigh. Before the Soudani could repeat the thrust Gunner Smith killed him with a handspike, and thus for the time saved the life of his officer, though the latter unfortunately died some days afterwards of his wound.

A VERY GRADUAL SETTLEMENT.—In the Bristol County Court, on Tuesday, May 5, a money-lender named Clements sued a butcher named Ford, residing at Cheddar, for £20 due

on a promissory note, and it transpired that the rate of interest charged was 730 per cent. Judge Metcalfe held that, as the promissory note was a written contract, he was bound to give judgment for the plaintiff, but marked his sense of the transaction by ordering payment at the rate of sixpence per month. It was calculated that ten years would elapse before the plaintiff would be reimbursed the amount he had to pay for Court fees.

**ARTISTIC STAINED GLASS.**—Messrs. I. & R. Lamb, of this city, have issued four very artistic hand-books or catalogues of their goods. They cover a very wide field, from a small piece of stained glass costing \$20, to a magnificent memorial window costing \$500 or more; but whether the cost is large or small, all are graceful and artistic, and the catalogues of their goods are in themselves quite a study in art. Besides their specialty of stained glass, they make a great variety of goods for church and home use, embroideries, book-marks, banners, and church furniture generally. This house has been in business twenty-seven years, and they are the leading house in the country in their line. Their store, at 59 Carmine Street, is well worth a visit for its beautiful and artistic treasures.

**WHY GOOD STOCKINGS ARE MARKED WITH COLORED LINES.**—Everyone has probably noticed that all good stockings are marked at the top with colored lines, the threads of which the lines are formed being dyed either blue or red. The dyes are not what are called "fast" colors, but are "fugitive." The reason for the lines being placed there by the manufacturer was to show that the texture of the material of which the stockings were made was not injured when the articles were bleached, the bleaching being effected by the action of chlorine. Although this chlorine, when carefully used, and when proper care is taken that the goods are not exposed too long to its influence, is comparatively harmless, still, if employed in excess, it so destroys the texture of the stockings that they quickly come into holes; hence the adoption of these colored lines, as before the chlorine can injure the material to this extent the red or blue color of these lines will be removed. For this cause, any stockings which do not show these colors are always sold at a lower price; but however low the prices at which they are sold, for the reason mentioned, they are not cheap, nor is it advisable to purchase them.—*Household Guide.*

**SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.**—In these days when alcoholic liquors are so largely consumed and consumers are so much in doubt whether their systems are not being gradually impaired by adulteration, it is well that one at least of the popular beverages of the period is reliable as pure—that is, Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps. After making reasonable deductions from the varied and many active and neutralizing virtues it is said to possess, it is something to be assured by physicians and other of the scientific cognoscenti that we have in this article a genuine extract which, taken in moderate quantity, and under ordinarily healthy conditions of body, affords a beneficial stimulus to the animal functions, and even if taken in excess leaves but a minimum of the inevitable evils of abuse. The fact that in the latter respect it is incomparably superior to the mass of other liquors of a like class, is attributed to the entire absence of fusel oil; its palatableness, its tonic properties, and its effect in increasing the vital energy, may be traced to the purity of its main constituent. It differs from other Holland gin—the produce of juniper communis—the schnapps being made from Italian juniper, which gives a finer aromatic liquor. If it is necessary in the interests of the public to denounce the too common practice of manufacturing noxious compounds as wines and spirits, it seems only just to point to this meritorious exception.

**THE UTILIZATION OF THE SUN'S RAYS FOR HEAT AND VENTILATION.**—Professor Edward S. Morse, of Salem, has succeeded in utilizing the sun's rays for the ventilation and to a slight extent warming two buildings. One was a hall of 80,000 cubic feet capacity, where a shallow flue of corrugated iron, about 5 feet in width and painted black, was secured against the side of the building, receiving the outdoor air at the base and discharging it into the upper portion of the hall. The whole air in the hall was changed about once in eight hours, and the mean of the observations showed that the temperature of the air was increased thirty-one degrees Fahr. in passing through the flue. As a matter of heating the efficiency of the apparatus is calculated to be 45 per cent., which is certainly in excess of that of other methods of artificial heating in practical operation.—*Engineering.*

GARIBALDI'S widow announces through the medium of the *Italia* that she will shortly publish two manuscripts of her husband, entitled "Mille," and "Manlio." Garibaldi's memoirs, which are in the hands of his son, Menotti, will be published later on.

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Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand which gave me great trouble. It was treated and seemingly disappeared. Some years after an ulcer made its appearance on my left knee. This, too, under the old-time treatment, was healed up and I supposed I was well. I found, however, it had only been driven into the system by the use of potash and mercury, and in March, 1882, it broke out in my throat and concentrated in what some of the doctors denominated Cancer. I was placed under treatment for this disease. Some six or seven of the best physicians in the country had me at different times under their charge, among them three specialists in this line, but one after another would exhaust their skill and drop me, for I grew worse continually. The cancer had eaten through my cheek, destroying the roof of my mouth and upper lip, then attacked my tongue and palate and lower lip, destroying the palate and under lip entirely and half my tongue, eating out to the top of my left cheek bone, and up to the left eye. From a hearty, robust woman of 150 pounds, I was reduced to a mere frame of skin and bones, almost unable to turn myself in bed. I could not eat any solid food, but subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. The anguish of mind and the horrible sufferings of body which I experienced never can be revealed. Given up by physicians to die, with no hope of recovery upon the part of friends who sat around my bedside expecting every moment to be my last; in fact, my husband would place his hand on me every now and then

to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country. Such was my wretched and helpless condition the first of last October (1884), when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. It was the only straw left in sight of a frail and sinking heart. I was so feeble that I could not take it according to directions but they gave it to me as best they could. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely and the tongue which was almost destroyed, is being recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and I can eat solid food again and am able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. All this under the blessing of a Merciful Heavenly Father is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. S. Bradford of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in south part of Troupe County, Ga. I most cheerfully and gratefully subscribe myself,

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off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is gone, and her flesh is soft and white as a child's. Her headaches have disappeared and she enjoys the only good health she has known in 40 years. No wonder she deems every bottle of S. S. S. is worth a thousand times its weight in gold.

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**DEBTS AND TAX RATE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CITIES AND TOWNS.**—One of our consuls has compiled tables showing the debt and taxation of 14 representative English, and 14 representative American towns. The English 14 begin with Liverpool, having over 500,000 people, and run down to Cardiff, which has 85,378. The American towns start with New York and end with Providence, which has 104,857 people. The comparative tables are presented by the state department in its last volume of consular reports. They are interesting, but not flattering. In the first place, they show that the American towns owe \$41.56 for each inhabitant, while the English towns owe \$21.56 per capita. And it is added that if the smaller towns of this country were included in the list, the showing against us would be still more unfavorable. For example, Portland, Me., has a debt of \$127.84 per capita. The cost of governing cities is also much greater in this country. The actual cost of governing the 14 English towns is \$4.96 for each inhabitant, or, if we add the poor-rate, \$7.52. The expenses of the American towns are \$16.34 per capita, or 117 per cent more. And the English figures include several items that do not appear in the American reports at all. The result is, taxation in the English towns is \$3.69 per capita, while in the American towns it is \$14.18. In an American town a police force costs twice per capita what it does in an English town. The fire brigade of Manchester costs 11 cents per capita; in New York it costs \$1.22. The cheapest English fire department is that of Leeds, 2 cents per head; the cheapest American that of Baltimore, 52 cents.

**BROADWAY'S WONDERFUL TRAFFIC.**—Four men were recently stationed at Fulton Street and Broadway to count the vehicles passing through Broadway at that point from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. The total number was 22,308 for the period of eleven hours—about 2,000 an hour, thirty-three a minute, or one every two seconds.

The largest number of any one kind of vehicles was of single and double trucks, 7,384; the smallest number was two; these were ambulances. There were 3,390 single and double

express wagons. The 2,310 stages, and the 1,022 cabs were next in order of quantity, peddler's wagons numbering 938, produce wagons 446, rag trucks 375, carriages 354, coal carts 324, and venders' wagons 300. Then there was a drop to hacks, 288, and butcher wagons 223.

The variety of vehicles was striking, there having been eighty kinds, according to the schedule. Every conceivable article of transfer appears to be poured into Broadway. The private carriages were completely engulfed in the 150 ash-carts; the two ambulances and three funerals made a melancholy showing amid the seventy-three loads of dead hogs, the sixty-four garbage and the seventy-three dirt-carts.

The lager-beer wagons and the orange peddlers flourished on an equality; the bone and lumber wagons went neck-and-neck; the pie and sugar wagons were half-and-half, which should give the pies sweetness; the milk were left behind by the swill wagons.

The mixture presented was something appalling. Kerosene, milk, old iron, saw-dust, rags, sugar, ice, beer, bones, oranges, ashes, pie, hogs, tripe, tin, tallow, tea, tar and undertakers were commingled in a bewildering confusion. Broadway is certainly a remarkable thoroughfare.—*N. Y. Times.*

**PROJECTING LIFE LINES AS FIRE ESCAPES.**—The New York Fire Department have recently made a series of experiments with several new appliances for projecting life lines over burning buildings with a view to test its merits. The experiments were made on the "palisades" of the River Hudson, the well-known rocky escarpment beside the river which is admired of tourists. The appliances consisted of rocket-firing guns; the life line being attached to the missile. Some of these urged the projectile by the explosive force of gunpowder, and one by compressed air; but no device employing the tension of a spring or india-rubber was shown. Lines varying in length from 200 feet to nearly 700 feet were thus cast over the cliffs of the palisades. What is required by the department is a simple appliance easy to handle and work in all weathers, and of comparatively light weight. It must be able to

raise a line to the roof of the highest house, and preferably to shoot one into any window. Such an apparatus would supply a want in the service.—*Engineering.*

**COAL MINING IN CHINA.**—It is stated that the Chinese Government, casting aside national prejudice, are on the point of working the coal mines of China in a more systematic manner than has hitherto been done, calling in the aid of European miners. They recently applied to the Société Cockerill, Belgium, for a contingent of experienced miners to superintend the extensive collieries which they propose to open up in certain of the rich deposits already prospected. Very liberal salaries were offered, and it is said that the appointments were eagerly accepted. Thirty miners were engaged, and they are likely to be followed by another thirty, who will proceed to China on the chance of obtaining an engagement on their arrival. As the Government will probably be glad to avail themselves of European aid, there is hardly a doubt that the latter will speedily obtain the appointments they desire. It is also probable that the Chinese will obtain the necessary plant to work their mines properly. But they will soon learn the proper methods of working, and in opening up other mines they will adopt the system they have learned, dispensing in the future with the aid of Europeans. The Chinese, like the Japanese, learn things readily, and then conduct matters themselves. There are large deposits of coal in China, and, with the assistance now obtained, they will very quickly be developed, so as to be of more importance than heretofore.

**A VALUABLE TRAIN.**—Perhaps the richest train that has passed over any road in this part of the country, says a Western newspaper, was that which went over the Hannibal and St. Joe one day recently. The train was composed of two cars of gold bullion, three cars of silver, eight cars of silk, and four cars of tea. The gold and silver were from Colorado, destined to the Philadelphia Mint. The silk and tea were from California, going to New York. A Pennsylvania paper, not to be outdone by the Westerner, claims that the *longest train* ever seen on the Lehigh Valley road was one that passed over that thoroughfare about the same time the *richest train* was coming East over the Hannibal and St. Joe road. It consisted of 123 eight-wheel coal-cars, all loaded, and was drawn by a single engine.

**PANAMA HATS.**—The famous Panama hats are all made in Guayaquil, Ecuador, and get their name because Panama merchants formerly controlled the trade. They are made of the pita fibre, a sort of palm, and are braided under water by native women, of strands often twelve and fifteen feet long, and fine ones are very expensive. It often takes two or three weeks to braid a single hat, which sells for five or six dollars, and lasts forever. A traveller speaks of one made of a single straw or fibre, as fine as thread and soft as silk. The woman who made it was engaged four months in the work, and it was valued at \$250.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Matilda.* 2 vols., paper. 12mo. 620 pp. New York: Gottenberger. Price, 50 cents a volume.

*Annals of a Sportsman.* By J. TURGENIEFF. 12mo, cloth. 311 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00.

*Ten Laws of Health.* By J. R. BLACK. 12mo, cloth. 413 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$2.00.

*History of People of U. S.* Vol. 2. By J. B. McMASTER. 8vo, cloth. Gilt Top. 656 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.50.

*A Millionaire's Cousin.* By E. LAWLESS. Leisure Hour Series. Cloth, 223 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00.

*Life of Emory Upton.* By P. S. MICHIE. 12mo, cloth, 511 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$2.00.

*Carriston's Gift.* By HUGH N. CONWAY. Leisure Hour Series. 12mo, cloth. 260 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, \$1.00.

*The Song Celestial.* Translated from the Sanskrit text. By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A. 12mo, cloth. pp. 185. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.00.

*The Devil's Portrait.* By ANTON GIULIO BARRILL. Paper, 312 pp. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Price, 50 cents.

*O, Tender Dolores.* By THE DUTCHESS. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 338. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, 50 cents.

*A Maiden all Forlorn.* By THE DUTCHESS. 12mo, cloth. Pp. 377. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, 50 cents.

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Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand which gave me great trouble. It was treated and seemingly disappeared. Some years after an ulcer made its appearance on my left knee. This, too, under the old-time treatment, was healed up and I supposed I was well. I found, however, it had only been driven into the system by the use of potash and mercury, and in March, 1883, it broke out in my throat and concentrated in what some of the doctors denominated Cancer. I was placed under treatment for this disease. Some six or seven of the best physicians in the country had me at different times under their charge, among them three specialists in this line, but one after another would exhaust their skill and drop me, for I grew worse continually. The cancer had eaten through my cheek, destroying the roof of my mouth and upper lip, then attacked my tongue and palate and lower lip, destroying the palate and under lip entirely and half my tongue, eating out to the top of my left cheek bone, and up to the left eye. From a hearty, robust woman of 150 pounds, I was reduced to a mere frame of skin and bones, almost unable to turn myself in bed. I could not eat any solid food, but subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. The anguish of mind and the horrible sufferings of body which I experienced never can be revealed. Given up by physicians to die, with no hope of recovery upon the part of friends who sat around my bedside expecting every moment to be my last; in fact, my husband would place his hand on me every now and then

to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country. Such was my wretched and helpless condition the first of last October (1884), when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. It was the only straw left in sight of a frail and sinking heart. I was so feeble that I could not take it according to directions but they gave it to me as best they could. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely and the tongue which was almost destroyed, is being recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and I can eat solid food again and am able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. All this under the blessing of a Merciful Heavenly Father is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in south part of Troupe County, Ga. I most cheerfully and gratefully subscribe myself,

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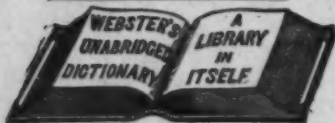
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### GRANT.

Our thro' the wind and the rain it sped ;  
A grand soul gone. A great man dead,  
And a whisper of rain soft tears fell down,  
And wet the streets of the dark old town ;  
But never a tear had my eyes to shed.

For I could not weep. At rest at last,  
The pain and the passion of life all past.  
After the pain and the victory,  
The bright sword bared and sheathed, to die,  
In the blame and the praise upon him cast.

My old commander ! the fight is done.  
No rising of morn, no setting of sun  
Shall take from your glory, or break the peace  
Whose radiant light lies on your face.  
The last great battle is fought, and won.

—*Tricatrín, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

**A MONSTROUS ESTABLISHMENT.**—The latest published report of the establishment of Messrs. Krupp, Essen, shows that the works continue growing not merely in extent, but also as regards the number of persons who find employment there. In 1860 only 1764 men were engaged at the works ; this number had risen in 1870 to 7084 ; now it is over 20,000. If the women and children are taken into account whose livelihood depends upon the establishment, we find a working class population of not fewer than 65,351, of whom nearly 29,000 live in the houses owned by the works. The various departments of Krupp's undertaking number eight, and comprise the works at Essen, three collieries at Essen and Bochum, 547 iron ore mines in Germany, mines near Bilbao, Spain, the smelting furnaces, a range for testing ordnance at Meppen, besides other places. There are eleven smelting furnaces, 1542 puddling and reheating furnaces, 439 steam boilers, and 450 steam engines of 185,000 horsepower. At Essen alone railway tracks of a total length of thirty-seven miles are laid down, with a rolling stock of 88 locomotives, 893 wagons, 191 trollies, besides 69 horses. There are forty miles of telegraph wires, 34 telegraph stations, and 55 Morse instruments.

**NEW PROCESS OF MAKING STEEL.**—The iron trade is greatly interested in a new steel process called the Clapp-Griffiths, which rivals the Bessemer process. Puddling will largely be done away with, as machinery will take the place of puddlers. High phosphorous ores, heretofore

of no use, will be available. Bradstreet's says "its adoption will mean a genuine revolution."

**EDUCATIONAL NOVELTY FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.**—The Milton Bradley Co., of Springfield, Mass., have issued something entirely new in the way of maps for home and school use.

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For primary and elementary schools, or for home teaching, we know of nothing so well suited to the purpose.

**PORPOISE FISHING.**—A fishing steamer may be seen any day cruising off Rockaway Beach in search of porpoises, and the sight of netting a school of these creatures is decidedly interesting. It is a new enterprise, started by Captain Gardiner, of Connecticut, and he is meeting with success. The average value of a porpoise is about \$25, and so far the captain has caught an average of six a day. When porpoises are not in sight the time is employed catching menhaden. The oil obtained from the porpoise brings a high price, and the meat is dried and sold in Philadelphia. The hide makes a fine quality of leather, and the bones are also utilized. The rendering factory is at Shelter Island.

**BUTTER BY ELECTRICITY.**—Mr. A. C. Tichenor has lately patented a process by which a current is passed through milk contained in a vessel of special form, and butter is formed in little balls on one of the electrodes. It is said that to extract the butter from 45 litres of milk, the current from a

dynamo-electric machine equivalent to that of about 40 Daniell cells, for from three to five minutes, is all that is required. With such a current, the balls of butter are sufficiently voluminous to detach themselves from the electrode and float to the surface of the milk; but the butter thus obtained has still to be churned, so as to work the small pieces into a compact mass.

**PEARLINE.**—We are very cautious in recommending anything to our readers, unless absolutely certain that we are on the right side. Practical experience proves that James Pyle's Pearlina will do all that he claims for it, and claiming *much*, Pearlina is the more valuable. We take pleasure in advising every one not acquainted with this article to get a package at once, and give it a fair trial—for by reducing the toil and drudgery of washday and house-cleaning it promotes health and happiness, both so desirable.

**AN ELECTRIC LAUNCH FOR PATROL PURPOSES.**—An experimental trip was recently made with a newly-fitted electric launch from Millwall to London Bridge and back, and also a further trip was made from Westminster Bridge, with the intention of demonstrating the superiority of electrically propelled boats to any other for the purpose of patrolling rivers and harbors. One of the novelties on this launch is a search light of 3,000 candle-power, which is actuated by a set of E. P. S. accumulators, which also propel the launch by means of a Reckenzaun motor, at a speed of eight miles an hour. The search light is sufficiently powerful to illuminate the whole width of the river at will.

**WHERE WOMEN ABOUND.**—Women are numerous on Nantucket; probably more so even than on the mainland of Massachusetts, from the men's having gone elsewhere to seek fortune. The minister at the Orthodox Congregational Church is Miss Louise Baker, a native of the island, and the superintendent of the Sunday-school is a woman also. To another of the same sex it was recommended to ride for her health. Her acquaintances desired to ride with her, so she now keeps a public carriage, which she drives. This is a pretty safe population for a woman, the wooden jail having only one inmate. One of the popular pastimes in which ladies have joined is going out to deep-water "sharking." When these large fish seize the bait the force of two or three

persons is sometimes exerted in drawing them on board; blows on the head deprive them of life, and the bodies dragged upon the beach furnish manure for the farmer. I hear that from sharks' livers is made much of the "cod liver oil" of the market.

**WHAT IS A BILLION?**—The English billion (a million millions) has set Sir Henry Bessemer to calculating. He reckons that a billion seconds have not elapsed since the world began, as they would reckon 31,678 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, and 5 seconds. A chain of a billion sovereigns would pass 736 times around the globe, or laying side by side, each in contact with its neighbor, would form about the earth a golden zone 26 feet 6 inches wide. This same chain, were it stretched out straight, would make a line a fraction over 18,328,455 miles in extent. For measuring height Sir Henry chose for a unit a single sheet of paper about one three hundred and thirty third of an inch in thickness. A billion of these thin sheets pressed out flat and piled vertically upon each other would attain an altitude of 47,348 miles.

**MUSIC BY TELEPHONE.**—On the 5th inst. began the regular transmission to the Antwerp Exhibition, by the Van Rysselberghe system, of the instrumental music played at the Vauxhall concert in the Brussels Park, a distance of fifty kilometres, or about thirty miles. The notabilities of the Telegraph Administration and of the Exhibition were present, and commented favorably on the clearness with which the sounds were reproduced.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Lawn Tennis.* By Lieut. PEILE. 12mo, clo., 90 pages. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 75 cents.

*Lady With the Rubies.* By Mrs. WISTER. 12mo, 334 pages. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

*A Maiden All Forlorn.* By the DUCHESS. 12mo, 377 pages. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, clo., 50 cents, paper, 25 cents.

*O Tender Dolores.* By the DUCHESS. 12mo, 338 pages. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, 50 cents.

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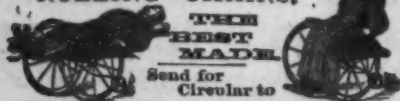
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to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country. Such was my wretched and helpless condition the first of last October (1884), when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. It was the only straw left in sight of a frail and sinking heart. I was so feeble that I could not take it according to directions but they gave it to me as best they could. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely and the tongue which was almost destroyed, is being recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and I can eat solid food again and am able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. All this under the blessing of a Merciful Heavenly Father is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in south part of Troupe County, Ga. I most cheerfully and gratefully subscribe myself,

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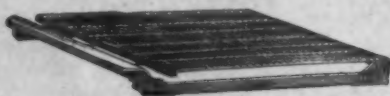
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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**A MECHANICAL TELEPHONE.**—What is described as a "mechanical telephone" has just been introduced to telegraphic scientists of this country by two American electrical engineers, Messrs. A. A. Knudson and T. G. Ellsworth. The object of this telephone is to establish communication on short distances without the aid of electricity. The apparatus consists of a wooden case similar to a small ordinary clock face, in which is fixed the diaphragm, formed of small strips of willow wood interlaced and varnished. This wood has been found by experiment to be highly sensitive to sound vibration. In the centre of the diaphragm is attached a small metal disc to hold the end of the wire, which may then be carried any distance desired up to two miles, where the other end is attached to a precisely similar instrument; the telephone being, in fact, a sender and a receiver in one, the slightest sounds travelling freely over it. It is stated that communication by word of mouth can be carried on with the greatest ease and several feet distant from the instrument. It is anticipated that the new telephone will be of great use in large business places, between railway stations and signal boxes, and in many ways where prompt and easy means of communication are desired.—*Iron.*

**THE AMERICAN SUGAR INDUSTRY.**—An annual statement, showing the importation and consumption of raw sugar in the United States for 1884, has been issued by the New York *Shipping and Commercial List and Price Current*. It appears that the receipts were 946,574 hogsheads, 9,860 boxes and cases, 7,290,091 bags, mats, and baskets, making a total of 1,082,340 tons. This was an increase of 149,818 tons over the receipts of 1883. The maple sugar crop is estimated at 25,000 tons, and sugar from beetroots at 1,650,000 lbs. The survey of the sugar industry shows that there is no lack of sugar, but the ability of the markets to absorb what may become available is the all-important question. The estimated supply of the world for the coming crop year is as follows:—Cane sugar, 2,100,000 tons; beet sugar, 2,505,000 tons: a total of 4,605,000 tons.

**ALARM FOR ICEBERGS.**—The recent collision of the steamer *Baltic* with an iceberg and the

delays and narrow escapes from accidents on the part of other vessels on the Atlantic has stimulated the wits of American inventors, and numerous suggestions and experiments have followed. Professor Alexander Graham Bell and Mr. Frank Della Torre have been experimenting in the Chesapeake Bay with a speaking trumpet attached to the muzzle of a musket and judging of the proximity of objects by means of an echo. The results of the experiments are of a satisfactory nature and may lead to some means for a more practical application of such devices. When the gun was aimed at passing vessels clear echoes were returned up to the distance of a mile, and the interval between the report and the echo would serve as a basis for estimating the distance in the night. A small steam tug, approaching the vessel bow on, produced an echo in answer to the discharge of the gun when at a distance of one-fourth of a mile although the echo did not have the clearness of those sent back from sailing vessels. The ripples and waves on the surface also gave continuous echoes like the rolling of distant thunder, and the experiments were more satisfactory in calm than in rough weather. As the motion of the water in the open sea is always considerable in comparison with the land-locked Chesapeake Bay, and the large bulk of a steamer would, in itself, reflect sounds, it is probable that in its present form the utility of this ingenious device is, to say the least, unproven; but some application of the principles governing the reflection of sound appears to be the most feasible manner of giving warning of the approach of icebergs and even of other vessels.

**AN ELECTRICAL WEATHERCOCK.**—In order to make the reading of weathercocks and wind vanes more convenient from a social point of view, Mr. F. M. Rogers, of Finsbury Pavement, E. C., has devised an electrical indicator attached to the main weather vane, which reproduces the movements of the latter indoors; that is to say, in a house, office, or observatory. A dial, having the points of the compass engraved upon it, is traversed by a rotating needle, which is actuated by coils in circuit with a battery and the weather vane, which controls the current by its movements in such a

manner that these are imitated by the needle at a distance. The apparatus is on view at the International Inventions' Exhibition, and from the variety of purposes to which it can be applied (meteorological as well as practical) it ought to be very useful.—*Engineering*.

**AMERICAN COALFIELDS.**—In a lecture on coal, recently delivered at Philadelphia, it was stated by the author that the United States have an area of 440,000 square miles of coal-fields; 100,000,000 ton of coals were mined in the country last year, enough to run a ring around the earth at the equator  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick, and there is enough coal in the United States to supply the whole world for a period of 1,500 to 2,000 years. The question of the exhaustion of the coal supply, therefore, is not immediately important. The anthracite coal in Pennsylvania, it is stated, will last 250 years, while the bituminous coal in the same district will supply the world for fifty-seven years, and the United States for 350 years. The same lecturer stated that it took a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal; that it was estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer only one-eighth of an inch thick, and that it would take a million of years to form a coal bed 100 feet thick.—*Iron*.

**A NEW CURE FOR CANCER.**—Another addition to the long list of so-called "cancer cures" is chronicled by the *New York Medical Record*, the fresh claimant being a plant called alveloz, the habitat of which is Brazil. The active part of the shrub is the juice, which has a strong cauterising effect, and which is brushed over the surface of the cancerous sore with a camel-hair pencil. Twenty-four hours after the application lint dipped in arnica and water is to be spread on the cancer, and subsequently a fresh application of the alveloz juice made. Inflammation is set up by the remedy, and cicatrization is ultimately obtained, the good result being vouched for in many cases by Mr. S. S. Schindler, who has written an account of many hitherto unknown Brazilian plants. The same authority asserts that among these are no less than three hundred and twelve which possess high medicinal value, and of which the *materia medica* is as yet not cognisant, and many of them are said to possess the most remarkable properties. It might be worth while to send out some one from here to report on this superfluity of remedial products, with a

view to discovering how far the enthusiasm of Mr. Schindler has led him astray, and to what extent the natural wonders he describes have a real existence in fact.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The Coming Struggle for India.* By ARME-  
NIUS VAMBERY. 12mo, cloth. 214 pages.  
New York: Cassell & Co. Price, \$1.00.

*Memoirs of Karoline Bauer.* From the Ger-  
man. 12mo, cloth. 544 pages. Boston: Ro-  
berts Bros. Price, \$1.50.

*Stories of Inventions.* By E. E. Hale.  
18mo, cloth. 293 pages. Boston: Roberts  
Bros. Price, \$1.00.

*The Will: a Novel.* By ERNST ECKSTEIN.  
From the German, by CLARA BELL. 18mo,  
2 vols., paper. 700 pages. New York:  
Gottsberger. Price, 50 cents per vol.

*Healey.* Leisure Hour Series. By JESSIE  
FOTHERGILL. 12mo, cloth. 409 pages. New  
York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.00;  
paper, 35 cents.

*Study of Political Economy.* By J. LAURENCE  
LAUGHLIN, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth. 153 pages.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.00.

*Why We Believe in the Bible.* By J. P. T.  
INGRAHAM, S.T.D. 12mo, cloth. 152 pages.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 60  
cents.

*The Old Doctor.* By JOHN VANCE CHENKY.  
12mo, paper. 109 pages. New York: D.  
Appleton & Co. Price, 50 cents.

*Premises of Political Economy.* By SIMON  
N. PATTEN, Ph.D. 12mo cloth. 244 pages.  
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price,  
\$1.50.

*A Feather from the World's Wing.* By AL-  
GERNON SYDNEY LOGAN. 12mo, cloth. 124  
pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Price, \$1.00.

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cloth. 343 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lip-  
pincott Co. Price, \$1.00.

*For Lilies.* By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.  
12mo, cloth. 304 pages. Philadelphia: J. B.  
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to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country. Such was my wretched and helpless condition the first of last October (1884) when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. It was the only straw left in sight of a frail and sinking heart. I was so feeble that I could not take it according to directions but they gave it to me as best they could. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely and the tongue which was almost destroyed, is being recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and I can eat solid food again and am able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. All this under the blessing of a Merciful Heavenly Father is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in south part of Troupe County, Ga. I most cheerfully and gratefully subscribe myself,

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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**NIAGARA AS A SOURCE OF POWER.**—In an article on this subject, which appears in a recent number of *Science*, Professor John Trowbridge points out that the cost of long conductors, the maintenance of the insulation, and the interest on the cost of any method of subdivision may be found to offset the cheapness of the source of energy. Furthermore, he considers the remoteness of the seat of energy, and the possible accidents to the plant and its distributing elements which this distance implies, serious drawbacks to the electric lighting of cities by this means. He ascribes the true reason of large sources of water not having been used for electric lighting on a large scale to the fact that small details, and what are called the small items, assume great proportions, and bid fair to consume all profits which come from a saving of coal. Thus, he maintains, the city of Buffalo could have been lighted by the utilization of the water power along the Niagara river, and the failure to do so has not, in his belief, been due either to the opposition of the gas companies or to the lack of imagination of capitalists. In short, in Professor Trowbridge's opinion, the facility with which energy in the shape of coal can be transported from place to place counterbalances at present the cheapness of a very remote source of energy in the shape of a waterfall.

**A NEW CALCULATING MACHINE.**—In an article giving some particulars of a machine to lighten the labor of computation, published in the *Financial News* of the 9th inst., it is stated that there is at work in the Massachusetts census office a little machine, the device of Charles F. Pidgin, chief clerk of the State Bureau of Statistics, which bids fair to do even more to lighten the labor of computation than the typewriter has done for penwork. It is literally a "lightning calculator," electricity being the motive power. Over 130 calculating instruments have been in use at various times, but this is said to be the first operated by electricity, without cogs, capable of entering any digit by one motion, that "carries" automatically up to any number of places, and that can also have any dial set back by hand independent of the motor.

**A SINISTER INVENTION.**—The Antwerp correspondent of a French journal gives a description of a new species of coffin, for which the

inventor, a Belgian, had hoped to secure a place in the Exhibition, though to his great mortification the committee refused to allow it to figure among the other attractions of the big show. The peculiarity of the "*cercueil perfectionné*" is an ingenious piece of mechanism fitted into it which effectually obviates the possibility of being buried alive. The pressure of the earth thrown on the coffin liberates a sort of stiletto, which is so placed that on being disengaged it pierces the heart of the occupant. An idea prevails in France that the mistake of burying a living person is by no means so rare an occurrence as could be desired. The writer of an article which appeared some time ago in the *Figaro* stated that it was an exceedingly common thing for Frenchmen to insert a clause in their will directing their surviving relatives to call in a surgeon to perform the operation which the Belgian coffin performs automatically. That apprehensions of the same sort are not uncommon in Belgium the very invention of the contrivance in question shows. Had the "*cercueil perfectionné*" been known in Meyerbeer's time, he need not have asked his friends on his death-bed, as he did, to bury him with a loaded pistol in each hand.—*Galignani*.

**A BIG BLAST.**—A mass of granite estimated to weigh at least 500,000 tons was displaced recently on the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad, Missouri, by a single blast. A shaft 65 feet deep was sunk, with lateral chambers, in which five tons of powder were stored. After the shaft had been nearly filled to the top, an electric spark from a battery half a mile distant fired the magazine, with the result indicated.

**THE FIRST AMERICAN FOUR-MASTED SHIP.**—Early in August the first four-masted ship ever built in America was launched at Rockland, Maine. This new craft is 2628 tons burden, measuring 291 feet in length at waterline. The frame is Virginia oak, and the plank Southern pine. The masts are solid, the main sticks being Oregon pine, and 90 feet in length. The main truck is 181 feet above the deck, the main yards are 90 feet in length, and the rigging carries 1200 square yards of canvas. The cost of this craft complete will be about \$150,000, nearly £31,000, or about £11 15s. per ton.—*Engineering*.

**IRON TELEGRAPH POLES.**—Iron telegraph posts have been introduced with great success in Switzerland, and are now being extended daily. They have been already put up on Swiss railways a distance of 350 miles. In Prussia they are being placed experimentally on the railway from Weissenfels to Gera, and on the line between Berlin and Potsdam. As iron is now so cheap, it is considered that in a short time they will altogether replace the old wooden poles in Germany, which cause frequent interruptions to telegraphic communication from rotting or being blown down by every high wind, especially in exposed situations.

**PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.**—While the existence of cholera in the Spanish provinces does not necessarily indicate that it will visit our country, the fact of its prevalence in another portion of the globe and of a type of pronounced virulence, should spring the alarm upon our people and prepare them for the calamity should it befall us. In all cases of epidemics the fatality is generally measured by the physical status of the patient at the time of the attack. Nor is there any doubt that the susceptibility to disease is materially affected by the condition of the system. If it is debilitated from any cause; if its full force of vitality has been impaired; if its functions are deranged, its nervous organism unstrung, it will readily yield to the existing malady. But if, on the contrary, it is in a sanitary state, the digestive organs unaffected, and the whole interior framework in sound repair, it will often foil even an insidious assault, and not infrequently recuperate from an aggravated attack. To secure this protection to the system there is nothing with which you can so effectively fortify it as Udolpho Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps. It is so gentle in its stimulation that it does not excite the operations of digestion, but aids them by joining the gastric juices in their absorbent work. It is a mild adjuvant, a most reliable tonic, with diuretic and alterative properties. Its record is beyond all question and precedent, and the only note of warning to be sounded is a suggestion to the public to guard against the weak and impotent imitations that have endeavored to usurp its place.

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*Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré.* By BLANCHE ROOSEVELT. Illustrated. Large quarto, extra cloth, gilt top. 502 pages. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, \$7.50.

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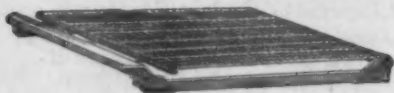
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to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country. Such was my wretched and helpless condition the first of last October (1884), when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. It was the only straw left in sight of a frail and sinking heart. I was so feeble that I could not take it according to directions but they gave it to me as best they could. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely and the tongue which was almost destroyed, is being recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and I can eat solid food again and am able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. All this under the blessing of a Merciful Heavenly Father is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in south part of Troupe County, Ga. I most cheerfully and gratefully subscribe myself,

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**THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS.**—The proceedings at the meeting of the American Forestry Congress, at Boston, on the 22nd of last month, show that the Americans are fully alive to the importance of husbanding the splendid supply of timber still at the disposal of the United States. The invitation to the meeting stated that the natural source of a yearly product of 700,000,000 dols., which the American forests at present represent, deserves careful husbanding with the view to its continuity, and calls for due consideration of its interests by the legislature as well as by the people at large. Without indulging in the cries of alarmists, the conveners of the Congress have good reasons and sufficient data for asserting that the present policy, if continued, must seriously affect this factor of wealth at no distant time. They are equally justified in stating that, in view of the far-reaching influences exerted by the forests, wastefulness in the methods of lumbering and the reckless destruction by fires have become criminal. The American Government has therefore been requested to pursue a wise and conservative policy in regard to its own forest lands, consisting still, at the present time, of 85,000,000 acres. The questions which have been discussed by the Congress—including the importance of forests in climatic and hydraulic respects; the duties and rights of the State to protect its forest resources; the causes of forest fires, and the way to restrict them; education and research in forestry matters; practical forestry—all prove that its work was thoroughly practical, and may lead to some good results.

**THE GREAT RUSSIAN FAIR.**—The great annual fair at Nischnij Novgorod, which has just been concluded, and which is of great importance to all Russian industries, has, it is said, disclosed some interesting new facts. The fair this year had been looked forward to with some apprehension, on account of the flat state of the market last year, which was further increased by the general stagnation in trade and industry. But business has this year come from a new unexpected quarter, say Russian journals, viz., Central Asia. Merchants came from Merv and other parts of Central Asia, whilst from Turkestan there was a great demand for goods which formerly used to be taken from India. Business with Central Asia is stated to be be-

coming so great that merchants have petitioned the Government to establish a branch office of the Imperial Bank at Khiva and Bokhara. The same journals maintain that every step forward in Central Asia will benefit Russian trade, and that, although the enterprise may be costly, it will be fully repaid when the railway in Central Asia has been completed, which will immensely increase Russian commerce in these parts. It is urged on the Government to establish a separate office for trade, industry and commerce, which now lie in the hands of the Ministry of Finance.—*Wool and Textile Fabrics.*

**MINERALS IN CENTRAL ASIA.**—The Russian Government is determined to leave no stone unturned to develop to the utmost the resources of the region which it has recently conquered from the Turcomans. During the last few days it has despatched to Askabad one of the foremost mining authorities of the day in Russia, M. Gulishambaroff, to investigate the mineral treasures of the region. Gulishambaroff's name is probably already familiar to some of our readers as the chief Russian writer on petroleum. In this line he has achieved a great reputation as a specialist, but he is also well skilled in mineralogy generally; and although petroleum will be one of the products that he will have to report upon in the newly annexed region, there are others that will attract on his part greater attention still. One of these is sulphur, of which such enormous deposits have recently been discovered in the Turcoman desert that they are probably the largest of the kind in Asia. Iron also is known to abound in many parts of the Akhal oasis, in which Askabad is situated, specimens of a very fine ore having been collected by the mining engineer, Konshin, during one of his journeys. Gulishambaroff, who will be well furnished with funds and a suitable staff, will no doubt effect other discoveries; for the Herat district, which is contiguous with the territory acquired this year, is particularly rich in almost every kind of mineral. This fact would appear to be unknown to those politicians who counsel resigning Afghanistan to Russia, but we may be sure Russia is well aware of it.—*Engineering.*

**A NEW USE FOR EUCALYPTUS TREES.**—The patenting of a process for the manufacture of a preparation of the gum of *Eucalyptus globulus*,

which has the effect of thoroughly removing the scales which form on steam-engine boilers, and of preventing rust and pitting, has created a largely increased demand for it both in this country and in Europe. The effect of this preparation in preventing the pitting and corrosion of boilers will, it is expected, extend the period of their usefulness 100 or 150 per cent., and, at the same time, effect a great saving in fuel, as scale is a non-conductor of heat. The Company owning the patent, at Piedmont (Cal.), has also embarked in the distillation of essential oils of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, which has heretofore been supplied by Australia, it being found that they can be produced at a profit. With this object in view the Company proposes to set out extensive forests of *Eucalyptus* trees, in order to have at its command a sufficient supply of leaves, the portion of the tree consumed in the manufacture of the oils.

**A NEWLY-DISCOVERED RUBENS.**—The story is current in Belgium that a picture by Rubens has been literally brought to light in the city of Alost. It had been bought at an auction by a master tailor for the sum of 1 franc, and he hung it in his sitting-room. Here it was seen by a painter whose fancy was taken by it, and he obtained permission to clean it. He was most successful. The picture was signed and dated 1614, and is a beautiful specimen, in wonderful preservation. It is 80 centimetres high by 62 broad, and represents Christ blessing the world. A veritable pilgrimage has set in to Alost from all parts of Belgium, and considerable sums have been offered to its owner for the picture, but he cannot make up his mind to part with it.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Susette.* By MARY SPEAR TIERNAN. 16mo, cloth, 306 pages. *New York: H. Holt & Co.* Price, \$1.25.

*Oblivion.* By M. G. McCLELLAND. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, cloth, 290 pages. *New York: H. Holt & Co.* Price, \$1.00.

*An Ill-Regulated Mind.* By KATHARINE WYLD. Leisure Hour Series. 16mo, 284 pages. *New York: H. Holt & Co.* Price, \$1.00.

*Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War.* By ADMIRAL PORTER. 8vo, cloth, 357 pages. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* Price, \$2.00.

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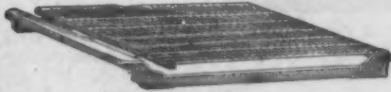
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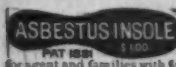
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# HAY FEVER.

Once established, the return of Hay Fever is counted on at a fixed hour of the fated day with the same certainty as the rising of the sun. And until it has run its course the words "endurance" and "patience" have to the sufferers an emphasis of meaning known to no others. Some persons are affected as early as in June, others as late as September. It is, like nasal catarrh, a disturbance of the mucous membrane, and its most appropriate title, perhaps, is "annual catarrh." It has been by some called "rose cold," "hay asthma," etc. Hundreds of our patients who have used "Compound Oxygen" report a removal of unhealthy conditions predisposing to catarrh and asthma and hay fever, and several who were at one time acute sufferers from hay fever report that they believe themselves to be entirely cured. The following letters are of especial interest to hay-fever sufferers now looking forward with dread to the coming of their annual visitor. They have here an indication of a pleasant way to avoid the necessity of entertaining so unwelcome a guest.

A gentleman in Greenfield, Mass., wrote to us in regard to his wife. In stating her case he gave the following particulars:

"One year ago last spring she had rose or hay fever, which terminated in asthma, and was sick in bed most of the winter, with soreness of the chest, cough, and hard breathing. Coughs hard now and raises considerable, and is very thin and feeble. No strength and very little appetite."

The last report was at the end of six months. The following letter gives the patient's condition at the time it was written. Tracing the case along through the reports given, the change in six months was indeed "wonderful."

"To Drs. Starkey & Palen:

"DEAR SIRS:—My wife is, she says, well. A wonderful change in six months from the bed to good health or nearly so, and all from Compound Oxygen."

"Has used nothing else. Appetite good, strength and flesh returning; everything looks like sound health again."

"We are grateful. Words cannot express the gratitude we owe you for this great cure."

From Baltimore, Md., a patient sends us most favorable accounts of the action of Compound Oxygen in his family:

"I am glad to be able to say that with the single exception of my throat, I am feeling better than for a long time; I say better, when in fact I should say I am feeling first-rate, my cough troubles me during the day, and not often at night. As I wrote you in a former letter, my wife's health was giving me trouble. On her return from the country this fall, she lost all she there gained. I prevailed on her to join me once a day in inhaling Compound Oxygen. The result has been of the most satisfactory kind. Her spirits have returned, she is bright and cheerful, and I am confident in the use of one more bottle of Compound Oxygen she will be in the enjoyment of perfect health."

"My son's wife is a great sufferer with hay fever. It came on her while in the country. When she came home her eyes were so swollen she could hardly see out of them, and it was truly distressing to see her. I prevailed on her to give the Compound Oxygen a trial, believing it would do her good. I told her it would not make a cure of the disease, but I was sure it would help her. She consented to try it, and in three days she was better, and in two weeks no one would know she ever had the hay fever."

"From what I know and what I have seen of the effect of Compound Oxygen, I believe it will do what no other medicine will, and do all it proposes, but your rules and directions must be observed. I find some persons who don't believe because they can't understand it. I tell them neither do I understand, but as the healed blind man said, how or by what means He did it he knew not, but one thing he did know, that whereas he was once blind, now he saw. I do not understand or know how Oxygen is brought into the shape I get it and don't care much, but I do know it has restored me to health, and though sixty am as active on my feet now as I was twenty years ago—while my friends thought last spring I was going to die, and a half-dozen have told me so since I got well."

A lady in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who had suffered from hay fever and asthma, procured our

Oxygen Treatment. After using it as directed, she found herself so much benefited that she ordered a second supply. In writing for this she said:

"I presume you wish to know how I am enjoying myself this hay fever weather. I will give you a list of my doings this week, which will enable you to form an idea of my powers of endurance. Monday morning, at seven A. M., left home for a drive of seven miles and a sail on the lake. Returned at two P. M., ate my dinner, and walked from my home to town, a distance of one and a half miles. Made three calls (sufficient to exhaust the most robust) and drove home. Tuesday—Did all the ironing (all plain clothes) for our family of six; received two calls, and then drove up street to see a gentleman whom you will see before long, if talking Oxygen has taken effect. I fancy he has bronchial consumption not of long standing."

A lady patient at Covert, Michigan, writes:

"It was very helpful in hay fever, and is the best remedy for colds or any lung trouble."

A physician at Newsum's Depot, Virginia, wrote in October, 1884:

"Having recommended your Compound Oxygen Treatment to my friend, E. M. D., of this place, and also his lady, who have been suffering for several years—himself fifteen years from the most trying and severe attacks every fall from 'HAY FEVER,' his wife from chronic catarrh and bronchitis—both have experienced the greatest benefits, and especially Mr. D., who has entirely escaped his usual fall attacks, although he did not get your Treatment before it set in quite severely; yet in less than two weeks he was entirely relieved; to-day he tells me he is all right and well of it."

"So, having so greatly benefited them, I have determined to try it on two other of my patients at once. I write to-day to get you to send me, per express, a complete outfit marked C. O. D. Send me also some of your treatises, pamphlets, and oblige. Should I again get the benefit I hope for and expect, you will hear from me again, and I shall think myself fortunate in finding so great a remedy among diseases that have always baffled our most skillful physicians."

In confirmation of the Doctor's statement about hay fever, we have a letter from Mr. D., the gentleman referred to, dated October 14th, 1884, in which he says:

"I am much benefited. Have entirely escaped my usual attack of hay fever. Before I received the Compound Oxygen it had set in quite severely, yet in less than two weeks I was entirely relieved, and to-day am all right."

A letter of later date says:

"If you remember, I ordered of you a supply of your Compound Oxygen last August to use for hay fever and asthma myself, and for my wife, whose right lung was very much affected; in fact, she was given up at one time as having consumption. I think it did me more good than anything I ever used for hay fever, and now the doctor says my wife's lungs are all right; still, she takes it occasionally."

A patient in Oquawka, Illinois, who had suffered very much from hay fever, each fall, for five or six years, beginning the last week in July and lasting through August and September, last year used Compound Oxygen, and the good results attained led to other orders for Home Treatments from some of his acquaintances, though no direct report has been received from the patient himself.

The experience we have had satisfies us that almost every case of it may be cured. But it is of little use to expect that an attack can be stopped if the treatment be delayed until it is fully established.

To be surely successful, treatment should be commenced long enough before the expected invasion of the disease to have taken one full supply of Compound Oxygen—or two months.

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Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO.,** Dorchester, Mass.

EFFICACIOUS.

ECONOMICAL.

PORTABLE.

## TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT.



A  
 palatable  
 effervescing  
 draught;  
 affords  
 immediate  
 and  
 permanent  
 relief in



**CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE,  
 HEARTBURN, FLATULENCY, DYSPEPSIA.**

Corrects acidity of the stomach, allays fever, and gently operates upon the bowels. It is emphatically a Household Remedy, invaluable for Travellers. As acceptable to the smallest child as to the strongest man.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

## THE RIGHT SORT OF A JURY.

There are juries and juries. In some there are thoughtful persons who carefully listen to and thoroughly weigh all evidence laid before them. They then give their verdict, as a body or when polled separately, without any doubt or hesitation. Such a jury we have in the case of the great question, "What is Compound Oxygen good for?" The foreman of the jury is no less a person than the celebrated Judge Kelley, called in Congress "the Father of the House of Representatives." This name he bears because he has for some time been the one who has continued longest in uninterrupted service—having represented the Fourth Pennsylvania District in the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and been re-elected to the Forty-eighth, Congress. His title of Judge came before his election to Congress in ten years' service as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia. He makes a first-class foreman.

Second. A well-known Philadelphia editor, Rev. Victor L. Conrad, who is, and has for many years been, in charge of the editorial work of the widely circulated *Lutheran Observer*.

Third. Rev. Charles W. Cushing, of Rochester, N. Y., the editor-in-chief of the new and vigorous paper, *The American Reformer*, published in New York city.

Fourth. Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon, editor of the daily and weekly *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, Ill.

Fifth. Judge Joseph R. Flanders, of Temple Court, in New York city, N. Y.

Sixth. Mrs. M. A. Cator, the widow of an eminent physician, the late Dr. Harvey Cator, of Camden, N. J., formerly of Syracuse, N. Y.

Seventh. Mrs. Mary A. Doughty, a well-known, retired lady living at Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.

Eighth. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the well-known lecturer, to whom more Americans have listened with pleasure than to any other lady upon the platform. Her residence is in Melrose, Mass.

Ninth. Judge R. S. Voohees, of New York city.

Tenth. Mr. George W. Edwards, of Philadelphia, a merchant of wide acquaintance, and proprietor and owner of St. George Hotel.

Eleventh. Mr. Frank Siddall, of Philadelphia, also a well-known merchant.

Twelfth. Mr. W. H. Whiteley, of Philadelphia, also a well-known merchant and silk manufacturer.

These twelve names—all of persons of intelligence and character, are of the class from whom juries at their origin were always formed—that is, the class familiar with the fact or question to be decided upon. They all have the quality inherent in "a jury of the vicinage," the personal knowledge necessary to a correct decision. Each one was sick and each one purchased and used Compound Oxygen and to each one health came; each one has, as a polled jurymen, verbally and in

writing, expressed an opinion on the merits of Compound Oxygen. Their verdict is such that it will appeal to the judgment of every one seeking for some word on which they may depend. The jury is a remarkable one, composed of three judges, three editors, three intelligent and well-known ladies, and three business men. They are all of the class who may claim exemption from jury duty, but here they come gladly, and for the sake of others who may be seeking health, serve in this case with no thought of evasion.

There are, as we said at our outstart, "juries and juries." Thoughtless persons, who have not looked into the merits of our new Treatment, occasionally say, "Humbug" or "There is nothing in it." They remind us of the story of the talesman who, on being brought into court on the usual hasty summons and asked by the judge the *pro forma* question, "Have you formed an opinion on the question now on trial before the Court?" arose, and, without knowing anything of the evidence, after looking at the prisoner for a moment, turned to the judge and answered, "I's agin him, jedge; he's guilty!" an answer which, of course, set him aside.

There is a choice given. Each one who cares to read what the fair-minded and intelligent jury whose names we have given above has to say on this question, may have it mailed to him promptly, free of cost, on application by letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

(On July 1st Drs. Starkey & Palen removed from No. 1109-1111 Girard Street.)

### HAY FEVER BROKEN UP IN ONE WEEK.

Mr. Ellis P. Cayce writes to Drs. Starkey & Palen, from Iron Mountain, Mo., April 6th, 1885, as follows:

"I have a profound reverence for Compound Oxygen, and regard it as a great remedial agent for many ills. It is now about a year since I was suffering intensely from neuralgic pains. Three or four weeks' use of Compound Oxygen cured me, and I have had no return of the disease. I have suffered severely from periodical attacks of hay fever for several years. Last summer I caught it at the usual time, but a week's use of Compound Oxygen broke it up. I expect always to keep a supply of Oxygen in my family for the future."

### FROM A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D., President of Middlebury College, in Vermont, early last year ordered a "Home Treatment," and we have a report, "after many days," as follows:

"I derived so much benefit from your Compound Oxygen last year that I will ask you to send me the same supply for Home Treatment, with the inhaler, for which I inclose the price. By my advice others have tried it, and never without benefit."

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 TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.  
 Warehouse 112 Fifth Avenue, New York & 204 & 206 Baltimore St., Baltimore.

**KNABE PIANOS**

**GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.**

**BAKER'S**

## Vanilla Chocolate,



Like all our chocolates, is prepared with the greatest care, and consists of a superior quality of cocoa and sugar, flavored with pure vanilla bean. Served as a drink or eaten dry as confectionery, it is a delicious article, and is highly recommended by tourists.

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# LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
 Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
 Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
 Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

# LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

A box containing samples of all the above five articles prepaid to your nearest Railroad Express Office (which should be named) for Fifty Cents—Money Order, Stamps or Currency.

Address: TONG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

Cures Constipation.

THOMASVILLE, GA.,

Dec. 25, 1883.

Have used your Seltzer Aperient for some time, and can safely recommend it as certain to give relief in cases of Constipation and Headache.—F. M. CUMMINGS.

Relieves Headache.

Aids Digestion.

ALBION, N. Y.,

July 30, 1883.

Having used your Effervescent Seltzer Aperient for thirteen years, I can cheerfully recommend it as a reliable remedy for Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and irregularity of the Bowels.—R. R. WILLIAMS.

Regulates the Bowels.

# TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT

Is the most effective combination of a pure tonic, wholesome laxative, refreshing febrifuge and powerful anti-bilious agent known. Invaluable to Travelers on account of its portable form; indispensable in the Household on account of its pleasant taste and certain action.

Manufactured only by **TARRANT & CO., N. Y.** Sold by all Druggists.



# THE AWARD.

Last month's *ELECTRIC* gave the names of "The Right Sort of a Jury" on the great question, "What is Compound Oxygen good for?" We now give a brief abstract from each one's statement:

**Judge Kelley**, in a letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, says: "Gratitude to you and duty to those who may be suffering as I was from chronic catarrh and almost daily effusion of blood, in greater or less quantities, but always sufficient to keep one reminded of his mortality, impel me to say to you and to authorize you to give any degree of publicity to my assertion, that the use of your gas, at intervals, has so far restored my health that I am not conscious of having discharged any blood for more than a year; and that my cough, the severity of which made me a frequent object of sympathy, has disappeared."

"Thanking you for renewed health, strength, and the hope of years of comfortable life, I remain your grateful friend."

**Rev. Victor L. Conrad**, office-editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, became a broken-down invalid, but is now in as good health and as able to go through with his arduous duties as at any time in his life. He says: "Recovery was a simple and pleasant process. My health was fully restored and I could perform my editorial duties as well as ever. This restoration to health took place several years ago and has been permanent."

"A case even more wonderful than my own is that of my brother, Rev. F. M. Conrad. For several months he was entirely laid aside. He is now busy among the churches, as well as attending to his duties as editor-in-chief of the *Observer*."

**Rev. Chas. W. Cushing, D. D.**, editor of the *American Reformer*, New York City, writes:

"For fifteen years I found myself gradually losing the power of endurance; my whole nervous system was giving way; my mind was losing its grip. Sleep was insufficient and unrefreshing."

"Under these circumstances, four years since I began using Compound Oxygen. Restful sleep followed. At the end of three months I found myself able to preach Sunday morning, teach a Bible-class of seventy-five or a hundred after sermon, attend an afternoon service often, and preach in the evening; and say in truth, at the close of my evening service, that I was not conscious of any more weariness than when I began in the morning. My mind has never worked better than during these four years, and in no other time of my life could I do as much work or do it with as much ease."

**Hon. Wm. Penn Nixon**, editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, writes:

"I have never given a testimonial to any patent medicine, and I would not; but I do not consider Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen a patent medicine. It is a vitalizer and a restorer, and to it I owe my life. In my family we set a high value on its efficacy in cases of need, and several of my friends have found the advantage of it. You may put me on record as being a hearty and thorough believer in it."

**Judge Flanders**, of New York, says:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and dyspepsia. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had departed. I commenced taking Compound Oxygen. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time, until to my astonishment and that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work."

"My present health is such that I can, without hardship or undue exertion, attend to the business of my profession as of old. My digestion is good, my sleep is as natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire."

**Mrs. M. Cator**, the widow of an eminent physician, the late Dr. Harvey Cator, of Camden, N. J., says: "The Oxygen had an immediate effect on me the first time Dr. Starkey gave it to me at the office. I had much to regain, for my lungs were seriously impaired and my body was greatly emaciated. In three or four months I was a new woman. Now I have a good appetite and I sleep well." This lady had a happy experience in being entirely rid of neuralgic pains of long standing. She also writes of a number of cures by means of this treatment which have come under her immediate notice.

**Mrs. Mary A. Doughty**, of Jamaica, L. I., tells a very remarkable story of her illness and restoration: "Some twenty years ago I became a victim of the most intense nervousness and sleeplessness. I wasted away and was hopeless and helpless; I could not even turn myself in bed."

"Compound Oxygen drove away my sleeplessness. I am in good spirits and free from pain; eat moderately,

with fair appetite, and am not restricted in diet. Dyspepsia is gone."

"But for the Compound Oxygen I should still be in the helpless and emaciated condition I was or, more probably, in my grave. Under the blessing of God, Compound Oxygen raised me from the edge of the grave and opened to me a new life."

**Mrs. Mary A. Livermore**, the celebrated lecturer, says of her experience:

"Four years ago this spring, at the end of a very severe and exhaustive winter's work, I found myself utterly broken down in health. My physician recommended a trip to Europe. While in England some American acquaintances told us of the Compound Oxygen and were enthusiastic in its praises."

"My husband immediately ordered a Home Treatment. I used it for a month, punctiliously obeying the directions, before I began to rally. Then my return to good health was rapid, and since then I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted perfect health and youthful vigor."

**Judge B. S. Voorhes**, whose office is at No. 55 Broadway, N. Y., writes:

"I have just entered my sixty-second year. From infancy until I arrived at maturity, I was subject to catarrh in the head, which developed in the winter season in inflammation of the interior ear, going through the stage of suppuration. This tendency is inherited. The last attack of this kind I suffered, except a recent one, was about my majority, and resulted in final deafness in my left ear. Finally the right ear became so much impaired in hearing that I was obliged to abandon my profession, the law. It is now almost a year since I began the use of the Oxygen Treatment, under the advice of an aurist. Compound Oxygen at once began to build me up in a way that was surprising and most gratifying. My strength increased daily, the buoyancy of my spirits was enhanced, and my intellectual faculties brightened. Compound Oxygen, though slow, was wonderfully sure. The diseases in my system have finally yielded to the more powerful agent of Oxygen. It has broken up the destructive elements in my system and forced them out."

**Mr. George W. Edwards**, a well-known merchant and owner of St. George's Hotel, Philadelphia, says:

"I had Bright's disease. For three years I was so prostrated as to be unable to attend to business. I was utterly exhausted. Nearly all the while I suffered with severe neuralgic pain in my head and rheumatic pains in my joints. My digestion was miserable."

"I was in this exhausted condition when my friend, Mr. Arthur Hagan, of Front Street, who had been made a new man by the use of Compound Oxygen, said to me that he believed there would be some chance for me if I were to try that Treatment. I therefore did try it."

"Now I am able to attend to my business regularly and cheerfully. I live in the country and come to town every day. I sleep soundly; take a good deal of active exercise; eat everything I want, and my digestion is good."

**Frank Siddall**, of Philadelphia, whose name, because of his enterprise, is a household word everywhere, writes:

"I and my wife and son, also Mr. Johnson, a clerk in our employ, all owe our present good health to Compound Oxygen. I consider that in its discovery there has been given to the world something as valuable and as notable as Jenner gave it in the discovery of vaccination. I never lose an opportunity to speak a word in its favor."

**W. H. Whiteley, Esq.**, a well-known silk manufacturer, of Philadelphia, considered himself one of the incurables, yet he now says:

"Compound Oxygen made me a new man. It was a severe test for the Treatment, for my nervous system was shattered, my digestion in bad order, my eyesight troubling me, my legs falling me, and my powers of sleep practically gone."

"I took the Treatment at Drs. Starkey & Palen's office. Improvement was not rapid. I had to be patient, but I continued the Treatment with persistent regularity and with the most satisfying results. I became able to attend to business. I could eat without distress and I could obtain refreshing sleep. My tormenting nerve-pains were gone. Compound Oxygen had triumphed over one of the worst cases of sciatica and nerve prostration that the doctors had ever known. I now enjoy excellent health—really enjoy it, for you can imagine what a joy it is to be well again after my long years of suffering."

"Any one who cares to read the full statement of this 'Right sort of a Jury,' may have it mailed promptly, free of cost, on application by letter to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia."

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

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## TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT



Cures Constipation,  
Aids Digestion,  
Relieves Headache,  
Regulates the Bowels.



Gentle and sure in its action; easily carried by every traveler; invaluable for ladies; readily taken by children. Thousands of testimonials from physicians, the clergy, and the public from 1844 to the present time give evidence as to its efficacy and the general esteem in which it is held.

Manufactured by TARRANT & CO., New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

## FROM FOUR TO SIXTY-FOUR.

A visitor to a school examination in Athens or Rome on a day in the year A. D. 1 might have heard the question asked by the teacher, "How many elements are there in nature?" and the scholars' answer, as found in the books, would have been, "Four—earth, air, fire, and water." That answer was as far as science had reached at that time, but diligent research, prosecuted in the intervening ages, has given to the scholar of to-day a different answer. A visitor to a school in London or Paris or Philadelphia would hear the same question replied to by a modern scholar with "Sixty-four!" Though there are no more elements to-day than ever, we are getting acquainted with them. One of the most interesting discoveries made in modern times by delvers into the mysteries of nature is that of "Compound Oxygen." Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, the physicians who have been for years treating their patients with this remedy, are in constant receipt of letters full of grateful acknowledgment of benefits received from its use. A few recent testimonies are the following:

"MOUNT PLEASANT, PA., August 4th, 1885.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs:—I take great pleasure in stating that my wife derived great benefit from the use of your 'Compound Oxygen.' She had not known a well moment for several years until my attention was called to your Treatment through your advertisement in *The Scotsdale Tribune* about two months ago. In that time it has brought new life to her system. Very truly yours,

"REV. L. R. BEACON,

"Pastor Mt. Pleasant M. E. Church, Pittsburgh Conference."

The following is an extract from an English patient's letter in answer to an inquiry from a lady:

"MADAM:—Instead of being a trouble, it would at any time give me pleasure could I in any way assist a fellow-sufferer from asthma in getting the least relief, as I well know what the feelings are.

"On the 16th of January, 1883, about three o'clock in the morning, I was first attacked with the disease. Next morning, at the same hour, I had a second attack, and I thought I was going to die. On the third morning I learned from my physician the name of my ailment. In spite of all the attention and care of which he and his assistants were capable, I continued to get worse until I was not able to lie down or have one minute's sleep for four days or nights. I then tried patent medicines, various kinds, too numerous to mention—in fact, I tried everything that I thought would benefit me, but the benefit was only of short duration. What I suffered I cannot describe, neither do I want to think about it. In July last I heard of the Compound Oxygen. I wrote to Mr. Garner for a supply. I began inhaling at once, and continued according to directions. In a fortnight I was able to lie down in bed and sleep well—what I had not been able to do since my first attack—and I am still getting stronger now. I cannot say I am free from asthma, for I find a little of it at times. But it does not prevent my sleeping well, and I am able to eat without feeling the least pain from indigestion, but am still continuing the use of the Oxygen, but not so often; and intend continuing for some time, as I cannot expect after so much suffering to be well all at once, but am better now than I ever expected to be again in this life, and am thankful beyond measure.

"JAMES MOORE,

"Superintendent of Police,

"Blandford, Dorsetshire, England."

For more than half a century the author of the following letter has been a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and though eighty-four years old his face and voice are known to more people than any other man living in Philadelphia, for he maintains the vigor and energy of those younger by a score of years, constantly using his preserved strength in going about doing good:

"TO DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs:—I had thought of publishing something in relation to your life-giving remedies. Compound Oxygen stops my cough instantly. A swallow of the Oxygenaqua will stop the irritation (if the water has been more than a month in my house). So much it has done

for an old man in his eighty-fourth year. A young man might be cured permanently of all such irritation. I recommend Compound Oxygen to all who suffer from throat diseases. Yours truly,

"A. ATWOOD,

"809 North Seventeenth Street.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 2d, 1885."

A patient at Olmsted, Ill., writes:

"I find that the inhaling of the Oxygen is a great remedy for catarrh. It has cured my little boy and helped me.

"Last summer I sent to you for your Home Treatment. I suffered with catarrhal sore throat. After using the Oxygen for three months I entirely recovered."

The following is from an editor in Iowa:

"OFFICE OF THE 'STAR-CLIPPER,'

"TRAER, IOWA, May 1st, 1885."

"MESSRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs:—It affords me pleasure to freely offer testimony as to the merits of your Compound Oxygen Treatment. My mother, a lady over sixty years old, was induced by a friend to try it, and a marked improvement is noticed in her health. The Treatment seems to build up the system, which helps a patient afflicted with almost any disease. My mother had had headache for many years; this has been almost cured. She has had a cough for twenty years: this has been greatly helped. And in other ways the Treatment has been a benefit to her. The principle of the Compound Oxygen is sensible; it is natural, and I believe the Treatment is something that would renew the health of thousands of the suffering and debilitated overworked people of America.

"ELMER E. TAYLOR,

"Editor Star-Clipper."

Dadabhoj Byramjee is a gentleman of Bombay, India, who has for some years been living in London. For several months he was on a visit to America, and one of the principal objects of the visit was a search for health. Learning of Compound Oxygen, he used, in New York, the Home Treatment with good effect, and then in Philadelphia took the Office Treatment. Before leaving for London he did us the kindness of the following letter:

"CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

"NEW YORK, May 11th, 1885."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs:—Before leaving New York for London, I desire to express my sense of gratitude to you for the benefit I have derived from the use of your Compound Oxygen Gas. I have been suffering for the last five years from chronic bronchitis, contracted in Bombay. During this long space of time I tried a great number of remedies, but failed to get rid of it altogether. In September last I came to New York, when my attention was drawn to your Compound Oxygen Gas. I forthwith commenced the Treatment under the guidance of Dr. Turner, in charge of your depot here, and I am glad to say, with very gratifying results. I feel I am fully fifty per cent. better now than I was before I began the Treatment. Considering the obstinate character of the complaint and the long number of years it has had its hold upon me, I have every reason to be satisfied with the progress I have made toward recovery through the beneficent action of your gas, and am fully persuaded that by persevering with the use of this valuable remedy I shall be able to shake it off before long.

"I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

"D. BYRAMJEE."

However difficult it may be to declare just what this new "Compound Oxygen" is, it is not difficult to be convinced that the good it is doing mankind can scarcely be estimated. We do not propose here to go into a detailed account of individual cases, but the fact remains undisputed that it has cured thousands of cases of many of the ills that flesh is heir to when all other remedies have failed. Anyone who wishes to look into this matter further can do so by simply addressing a postal to Starkey & Palen, 1520 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., asking for *The Compound Oxygen Treatment*, and a book of about two hundred pages will be mailed free of expense. In addition to this it also gives many hygienic hints worth the time and trouble of reading.—*Christian at Work, New York.*

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1844. POPULAR. STANDARD. RELIABLE. 1885.

INDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

New York, Oct. 26, 1844.

Your Effervescent Seltzer Aperient meets my fullest approbation. In all cases of irritation or acidity of the stomach, heartburn and costiveness, particularly during pregnancy, it has invariably proved a medicine of great utility.—  
 JAMES KENNEDY, M.D., 186 Duane Park.



LYNN, MASS., Sept. 23, 1883.

I take pleasure in offering my testimony to the valuable properties of your most efficient Seltzer Aperient. I frequently prescribe it, and find it completely answers all the purposes for which it is intended. — J. J. MACMAHON, M.D.

WITH A RECORD OF OVER FORTY YEARS.

## TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT

Regulates the bowels, is invaluable to Dyspepsia and Constipation; removes all the unpleasant effects of over-eating; is indorsed by Physicians and recommended by Druggists everywhere.

## HEARTS.

"There are two hearts, called right and left. Each heart is composed of two parts, an auricle above and a ventricle below.

"The use of the hearts is, by contracting and dilating, to receive and throw out the blood, and assist in keeping it in motion. (Their utility may be judged by comparing the amount they throw out and the number of their beats per minute. The number of beats varies according to the constitution, the age, the sex, the health, the exercise taken, and the wants of the system in any respect, the position of the body, etc. There is so much variation in cases of healthy people in the same circumstances that there should be no alarm if the heart beat uniformly slower or faster by much than the average.)

"The average beat in case of healthy men at maturity is seventy-five per minute, in women eighty in this country, as shown by many experiments. From one to three ounces of blood are thrown out at each beat or pulsation. Say one ounce only, and that the heart beats but sixty-four times per minute, and the result will be sixty-four ounces or four pounds per minute—two hundred and forty pints, or about a barrel. This labor is also accomplished by each heart. The blood is therefore coursing along with unthought-of rapidity, and will run the circuit of the system in an almost incredibly short space of time. All this blood is exposed to the action of the air in the lungs every moment, that it may be purified and, what is still more essential, may cause the production of heat. In coursing through every part of the system, it bestows upon it life-giving nourishment and heat. The importance of the heart's action is very great, and little do the thoughtless dream of the tremendous amount of blood which is rushing through the system, driven along by the impetuous contractions of the heart, which all the life long beats on day and night, summer and winter, without ceasing for an instant, but always, in health, in precise accordance with the wants of the system, and without a moment's thought or trouble or even producing the least fatigue.

"The heart must be influenced to beat by means of the nervous system, and the connection between it and the heart must be very intimate, and whatever affects it must show itself by altering the beats of the heart. Any disease of the system will show itself in the action of the heart, which may be determined by feeling the pulse. The heart may beat very violently without any disease of the heart existing. Hence, the doctors feel the pulse not so much to know the number of the beats of the heart as the state of the nervous system that causes the beats of the heart, and many of the states of the health that other parts will exhibit. Hence, dyspepsia will produce palpitations of the heart; diseases of the lungs, the liver, and the brain will do the same. States of the mind will act through the nervous system on the heart, etc."

The above is the teaching of the best physiologists as to the heart, and little can be added to or taken away from it to give a clear understanding of what the heart is and what it does. Until within a few years the diseases of the heart and of the system were in nearly all cases reached through the stomach, for the doctors said, "We cannot, of course, reach the heart directly. How can we?"

This question, asked twenty-five years ago, was only partially answered—it was only guessed at—until the discovery of "Compound Oxygen." Drs. Starkey & Palen, the physicians who have been so successfully administering "the new remedy," answer the question by telling of their experience. They call attention to the fact that on the completion of the circuit of the system, all the blood which has been thrown out by the heart comes back to the heart by the way of the lungs. Here it finds a great field for aeration, exceeding in area the entire outer surface of the body; here, with the air, the oxygen reaches the blood. The returning blood, entering the heart invigorated, adds new vigor to that organ, and, with less effort, a greater volume is sent forward, carrying vigor and comfort through all the arteries and veins in its circuit. This is a very brief statement of the method of cure by oxygen. But a reading of the letters of patients who speak of the comfort the Treatment gave them, of the relief of heart trouble, and of the ability to sleep, after being for months or years deprived of it

by palpitation or fluttering of the heart, will be the best evidence that could be produced that the right method of cure for disease has been found in "Compound Oxygen." And the value of the statement will not be decreased by its brevity.

We give a few statements by patients as illustrating its effect upon the heart.

From a lady in North Anson, Maine: "Have been improving slowly. I find my heart does not beat and palpitate as it did before. That is what I have not been free from for twenty-one years. During all those years could not lie on my left side. Now can lie on the left and do not have any inconvenience. It seems such a relief to be free from that beating and palpitation."

From Leeds, Mass., another: "I have no long spells of palpitation, though my heart still beats uncomfortably hard or faint at times. I feel pretty well most of the time, and my spirits are superb."

A patient at Mount Rosa, N. Y., writes: "My circulation is good. I do not notice any variation, as I formerly did. It is steady and regular."

From a gentleman living in the city of New York: "The action of my heart has become more gentle and regular. My dyspepsia is altogether better. I can sleep nearly all the night through without awakening, and feel refreshed when I get up in the morning. It seems wonderful that any agent could produce such wonderful results in so short a time."

From a patient in Phillipsburg, Pa.: "I feel none of my former symptoms of pain in the breast or fluttering around the heart."

From a lady of Fredonia, Ohio: "Your Treatment has done wonders for me. Have very little heart difficulty or trouble in breathing, and really feel in many respects like a new being."

From a lady of Rockford, Illinois: "I used to wish I could die—life seemed such a burden. Now it seems a blessing. When I wrote you I was run down with sore lungs and heart disease. Lately my lungs seem somewhat better, and my heart does not trouble me except when startled, or when lying on my right side, when it beats rather too fast for comfort. I feel as well and in some respects better than I ever did before taking the Oxygen."

From a patient at South Haven, Michigan: "The action of the heart was also greatly disturbed, accompanied by a dull, heavy pain. Both of these troubles ceased at once and effectually, as they have never troubled me since the first inhalation (two years ago)."

From a lady (a teacher) in Wisconsin: "To have day after day and week after week pass without one of those heart troubles, to enjoy seven or eight uninterrupted hours of sleep at night, to have a good appetite and no inconvenience of stomach troubles, to feel quite comfortable and free from pain most of the time, is 'happiness without alloy.'"

A father, writing from Pleasantville, Iowa, says: "My daughter was liable to sinking and smothering spells, also her heart would not beat regularly. Every hour or two it would stop its pulsations or feel as if it was going to stop. On the second inhalation her lung expanded to its fullest capacity, which, of course, caused great distress of body (as the chest had sunk in over her lung), but ever since she has had no symptoms of smothering. The heart pulsations are regular and she feels like a new person—is gaining rapidly in flesh. Her lung is not yet strong, but is gaining. We are truly grateful to you for rescuing her from an untimely grave."

From a young lady of Lynchburg, Va.: "Recovery has been remarkable. Action of heart is quiet and soft."

The curiosity as to what Compound Oxygen is may be gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write a postal card or letter of request to Drs. Starkey & Palen, at 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They publish a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, entitled, *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results*, also monographs on asthma, catarrh, consumption, dyspepsia, hay fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.; also, once a quarter, they issue *Health and Life*, a record of cures of patients made by the patients themselves. This publication has been issued every quarter for six years, and is a complete answer to all questions as to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. All this literature, or any part of it, will be sent, postpaid, freely to any address on application.

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## BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.



Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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H. H. TAMMEN, Denver, Colorado.

## ILLS OF CHILDREN.

The July **HEALTH AND LIFE** contained a very interesting statement by Mrs. M. J. French, of Ludington, N. Y., of the treatment of her child for "diphtheria" with "Compound Oxygen." Mothers are finding it an aid to them in many cases, and are enthusiastic in their praise of this pleasant remedy.

Writing from Italy Hill, N. Y., says:  
"I never told you that I gave it to my two children. They had always been very slender and had to call in a doctor for them since. They are both healthy now."

From a clergyman of Houlton, Me.:

"About one month ago our son Willie, eleven years old, began taking Compound Oxygen, and since that time he has steadily improved every day. For three months previous to his taking the Oxygen he was almost constantly pressed for breath and coughed badly, especially nights, was very weak, and seemed to be failing every day. He would take cold apparently every four or five days—could not bear the least exposure; but since he began the Treatment he has not seemed to take cold once. Is quite strong and full of vigor, and for the last two weeks his cough has nearly ceased, his countenance looks much better, his appetite is excellent, and in every respect apparently he is much better. When he began taking the Oxygen I could count thirty only during a single inspiration; now I can count almost three hundred (two hundred and ninety-three) during a single inhalation. To us it seems almost like a miracle."

A gentleman of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives a very interesting unsolicited testimonial. Many such letters are gratifying proof of the high value of the Compound Oxygen in families:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 29th, 1885.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—*Gentlemen*:—About four years ago my son, about ten years old, had suffered a relapse after an attack of gastric difficulty that seriously reduced his strength, so that we were somewhat alarmed for his general health, as there had always been a tendency to take cold "on slight provocation," when an intermittent fever set in that seemed to defy our efforts. We began using "Compound Oxygen," and were surprised as well as gratified with the rapid improvement that followed. Within three weeks all signs of the old troubles had left the boy. His appetite improved, he gained flesh, and was well again. On several occasions we found that a return to "Compound Oxygen" checked any new attack of cough or bronchitis, and kept him up.

My wife also has had occasion to try the "Compound Oxygen" for chills and coughs, to which she has been subject, and never has failed to get relief, followed by cure with repeated applications.

In fact, all of us have found benefit in the use of your Inhaler in cases of colds, coughs, night-sweating, debility, etc., though I cannot say we had a case of chronic disease to treat. But we value the "Home Treatment" highly as a certain relief in all cases of catarrhal or bronchial trouble or nervousness, and have no hesitation in recommending its use to any who require a healing tonic.

Yours truly, J. E. CHAPIN,  
414 Quince Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Lewis S. Patterson, of Roxbury, N. Y., writes the following, with liberty to print:

"From infancy I had been a great sufferer from asthma. The slightest exposure or change in the weather would bring it on, and the paroxysms would last four or five days, and sometimes come on every week for months in succession. I was very much emaciated, and my shoulders were drawn forward until I looked like a natural hunchback. Four years ago next month (August), when in this terrible condition, and while suffering beyond words to express, unable to lie in bed by day or night, my kind friend, Mrs. Cator, brought me the Oxygen and instructed me in the use of it. At first I could inhale but a short puff or two at a time, and Mrs. Cator suggested that I should use it several times during the paroxysm. I did so, and in twenty-four hours I was greatly relieved and have never since then had so severe an attack. I continued the inhalations daily, according to the directions, and in two months gained twelve pounds in weight. I was then fourteen years of age. I used two Treatments and thought I was cured; but last

October had a slight attack again. I immediately sent for another Treatment, and after using it a few days, found the asthma symptoms had all disappeared, and I hope they will never return. I am now, thanks to the Oxygen Treatment, nearly as straight as any one, and wish I could tell every asthma sufferer the value of Compound Oxygen."

## TESTIMONIES FROM PHYSICIANS.

Dr. A. L. Potter, A. M., of Albion, Highland Care, N. Y., wrote us the following letter, Aug. 13th, 1885:

"Some three or four years ago your brochure fell into my hands, and the more I read the more I was convinced that a new curative agent had been discovered."

"I had practiced my profession quite successfully for twenty-five years (Homoeopathic), and yet I longed to find something that would uproot chronic diseases, especially catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, and consumption."

"While under conviction and undecided about adopting the Oxygen Treatment, I wrote Dr. Turner, of N. Y.; R. C. Strather, of Monroe, La.; Dr. R. G. Smedley, West Chester, Pa., and Rev. I. H. Platte, M. D., Ridgefield, Conn.; T. S. Arthur, Wm. Penn. Nixon, and the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, Pa., and their replies in testimony and advice made me a firm convert, and convinced me that Oxygen was the most safe, successful, and wonderful treatment of the nineteenth century."

"In February, 1882, I had a patient with weak lungs who desired to try it; but she was poor. I told her that I would bear one-half the expenses. I sent for a Home Treatment, and gave it to her. After six or eight weeks she declared herself cured. I very soon ordered two or three others, and from time to time have caused to be ordered some ten or fifteen of your Home Treatments."

"A paralytic, who fell from a building and well nigh broke his neck, lay helpless for six weeks, and was unable to do anything, when I commenced to treat him. He can now do double the work I can, and appears to be quite restored. This was in 1883. One order, a few weeks ago, was for a lady who was helpless and bedridden three months ago. She now drives her own horse to town and attends to business."

From Russellville, Ala., a physician writes:

"I once more send to you for a supply of Compound Oxygen. I have never prescribed it in a single instance without, in my judgment, decided improvement to my patient."

From Jonesboro, Ind., a physician writes:

"About four weeks ago one of my patients ordered a treatment of Compound Oxygen. He was very low with lung trouble, consumption. He read about your Compound Oxygen and was anxious to try it, as my treatment was not doing good. I advised him to have it ordered. He did so, since which time he has been feeling better in every way, to the great pleasure of himself and myself. Now, as I have been in poor health for some time, and have used all the ordinary medicines to prevent and keep off colds, but without avail, please send me your Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen immediately, C. O. D."

## COMPOUND OXYGEN LITERATURE.

We give herewith a part only of the cures of diseases, of which patients have written us. We have very much more material than we can use. But these are a fair sample of the statements of grateful appreciation by the patrons of Compound Oxygen. They have tried and proved it, and now tell the story that we may refer to their cases to inspire others with the hope that they also may find relief by the same means. We print few names in **HEALTH AND LIFE**, none without permission, and we repeat our offer to send to any address additional evidence of the value of the Treatment. We publish monographs on asthma, catarrh, hay fever, consumption, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism. We also publish "the right sort of a jury," consisting of twelve statements by cured patients, three of whom are judges, three editors, three well-known ladies, and three prominent business men, also a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, "What Compound Oxygen Is—Its Mode of Action and Results." These will be sent free, with postage paid, to any address on application, so that any one who desires the fullest evidence can have it for the asking. We are glad to furnish it to all who apply.—From *Health and Life*, October

Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,  
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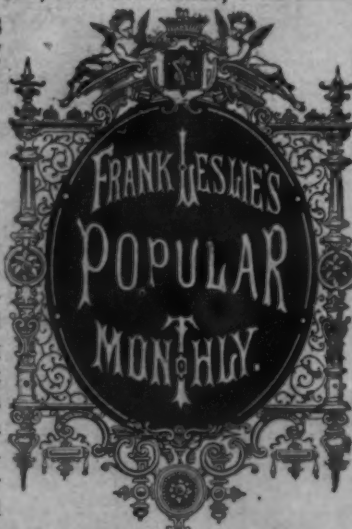
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